

TH, SEE WHAT JULIAN STREET DONE

Page 1

Everybody's Magazine

JULY
15
Cent



MY IS IN THIS BOOK
STORY

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The New Locomobile

With 105 Refinements

Touch the Button to Start

Something new originated by our Engineers and developed by the Westinghouse Company for us.

Left Drive "The Style"

Last year we built both right and left drive—*this year left drive only.* The owner, who wishes to sit next the driver, does not have to walk around the front of the car in the mud.

Centre Control is in Favor

The Locomobile driver changes gears with the right hand, the safest and most natural way. Few drivers are left handed. The Locomobile is the only left-drive quality Six with four speeds, and centre control.

One-Man Top Refinements

Storm curtains adjusted and fastened inside of car. Clear vision for driver. Two oval plate glass windows in rear. Adjustable fastening, top to windshield.

Smart Low Lines

The New Locomobile will be greatly admired on account of its low, sweeping lines.

Style in the Chassis

The Locomobile is the only quality car with six cylinders, four speeds, multiple disc clutch, left drive, and centre control.

The First Electrically Locked Car

An owner can now leave his car feeling that it will not be tampered with or stolen. A turn of your "Yale" key automatically locks the car dead—ignition, lights—everything. Another turn locks the signal lights on. Another turn—the car is free to operate. The first car to be *automatically, electrically and mechanically* locked.

The New Mode in Lamps

Abroad you see smooth, unbroken lines. We interpret this by incorporating the side lamps in the head lights. This places the signal lamps in a better position and beautifies the car.

Style Features

The New *Radiator*. The New *Bonnet* panelled at the front, with vertical openings at the rear in the Continental Style. A longer and more sweeping *Cowl*. Fine proportion between *Body* and *Bonnet*. *Pure stream line*. The new one-piece Fenders are molded to graceful contours, carrying out the foreign effect.

Four Speed Selective

High grade cars abroad have four speeds, not three. Four speeds are decidedly the thing.

Our Four Car a Day policy is back of all these refinements. Not to see how *many* cars we can build, but how *well*. In addition to our standard bodies, we have ordered special bodies from the fashionable builders of Paris and New York. Exclusive upholstery fabrics selected by our artist from patterns imported to our order. Send for the Locomobile Book.

The Locomobile Company of America
Bridgeport, Conn.

Everybody's Magazine

JULY 1914

VOL. XXXI NO. 1



Editors' Note:— We hate to write this note. But there are those in the office who feel that— Well, anyhow, LISTEN!

Do you remember our broadside, some months ago, against indecent fiction? "Tainted Fiction" we dubbed it. Now you know nothing is so effective as ridicule. So we thought * * * Well, you "get" us, all right!

I.

ALLEGRETTO

AMONG the several million (guaranteed) readers of the periodicals known collectively in publishing circles as the "Armstrong Quartette," there was none more constant than the beautiful Mrs. Armstrong herself. Advance copies were invariably sent her from her husband's office, and she allowed nothing to interfere with her perusal of them. Considering all they did for her, it seemed the least that she could do for them. But that was not the only reason why she read them. As the wife of their publisher, she felt that she had a kind of literary and

artistic standing to maintain. She could talk to you about the Armstrong publications, and when she did so you saw at once that she believed in them devoutly.

Of the four, she cared least for the *Household Helper Magazine*; but that was as it should be. Her husband had said so himself. The *Household Helper* was not meant for the kind of women who have lady's-maids and limousines, but for the other kind: those who like to read about such things—along with articles on wholesome subjects such as home hygiene, the domestic life of the Russian royal family, and economical substitutes for butter and eggs.

Of course the *Household Helper* made a

lot of money, but—as Mrs. Armstrong had once remarked to a maid discovered in dishonesty—money isn't everything. For instance, there is Literature and Art.

That Literature and Art can be made to pay, was demonstrated by *Armstrong's Magazine*. *Armstrong's* was the unquestioned leader of the "Quartette"—the sensational Tenor of the organization, so to speak. Each month, when it appeared upon the news-stands, it came right down to the front with the confidence of a Caruso, took High C, and held it while the other magazines lined up humbly behind and hummed a low accompaniment.

And well they might! *Armstrong's* was the GREATEST MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. The fact was printed with conspicuous frankness on the cover of each issue, and if more proof was required one had but to glance at the summary of contents—also on the cover.

Consider, for example, a certain December number, a copy of which was carried to the Armstrong residence early in November in one of the immaculate doeskin gloves of Mr. Braithwaite Ball, of the Editorial Staff.

Mr. Ball might have left the magazine with the butler to be given to Mrs. Armstrong, but he admired her intensely and had spent two years in attaining a slightly personal relation to her. Also, it was about tea-time. So he sent up his card.

Mrs. Armstrong caused him to be shown up to her sitting-room. He entered, looking like the best man at a fashionable afternoon wedding, and bowed low over the hand which she extended. As he did so, it occurred to her that he was an agreeable and attractive-looking young man. His light hair grew well, and always looked as if it had just been cut. His scarfs, shirts, handkerchiefs, and hose invariably attained a happy harmony of color. Nor was the elegance of his appearance mitigated in the least by the round, tortoise-rimmed glasses which he wore, attached to a broad black ribbon. The glasses were becoming to Mr. Braithwaite Ball. They added a look of owlish erudition which in an editor seemed most desirable.

With a graceful gesture he held up the magazine for her inspection.

"Ah!" she said, regarding the cover. "You'd know her for a Studley Girl as far as you could see her, wouldn't you?"

Mr. Ball beamed at the picture, then at her. "Yes," he said. "And of course a Studley Girl on a magazine cover means just one thing—*Armstrong's*."

She nodded. "Let's see: we pay Studley——?"

"Fifty thousand a year for five years to work exclusively for us." He mentioned the figures with exactly the proper blending of magnificence and nonchalance.

Mrs. Armstrong held out her hand for the magazine. He bowed slightly as he presented it. His air of deference pleased her.

"Would you like tea?" she invited.

"I should be charmed."

"Please ring—three times. The button is there by the door."

Mr. Ball rang. Then he took a chair at her side, and together they admired the magazine.

Pictorially there was little to conceal the proud bosom of the Studley Girl, but the requirements of publicity had in this instance also served the needs of modesty. She was cut off at the bust by a wall of type:

TWENTY GIGANTIC FEATURES THIS MONTH!

Beginning in this number

CYPRIAN LETCHWOOD'S

greatest serial

"LORETTTE"

A Smashing Story of Illicit Love!

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstrong. "So our new Letchwood novel begins in this number! 'Lorette'—I like that title. Letchwood always does get wonderful titles, doesn't he, Mr. Ball?"

"Ripping! But then he *would*. Of course he's the greatest artist, in a literary sense, we have to-day. Do you know what he makes, Mrs. Armstrong?"

"I suppose he does very well?"

"*Rah-ther!* You can judge for yourself. This is the third novel he has done in fourteen months. We pay him thirty thousand for the serial rights, and his publishers give him thirty thousand more as advance royalty on the book. Oh, he must make over a hundred and fifty thousand a year at the very least."

"Well," she said, "he deserves it!"

"IT MUST BE FASCINATING TO EDIT A MAGAZINE!" SAID MRS. ARMSTRONG. "ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU ARE TEACHING PEOPLE NOT TO BE PRUDES, BUT TO LOOK SQUARELY AT LIFE."



"Of course he does," Mr. Ball agreed, as a maid appeared, wheeling a little wagon on which reposed a heavy silver tea-service.

"And you see we have him. The other magazines can't afford him."

Mrs. Armstrong put the periodical on

the lower shelf of the tea-wagon. It lay face downward. Mr. Ball took it up and showed her the back cover.

"That," he said, "is the reason we can pay Letchwood his price. Do you know what that concern gives us for that cover? . . . A hundred and eight thousand a year! And look at the volume of advertising we carry." He divided the advertising section from the reading-matter. "See? More than half!"

"Have you read 'Lorette' in proof?" she asked.

He smiled. "I've read the first three instalments. That's all there is, as a matter of fact, so far. He's just two jumps ahead of the presses. But of course Shrimpton knows the story. And with Letchwood one can't go wrong. From what I've read I should say it was his best—quite. He's getting more and more the Gallic touch—always coupled, of course, with Anglo-Saxon restraint. And occasionally, if he *does* run over the edge a bit, Shrimpton knows *just* where to stop him. An ordinary man couldn't handle him, but you see Shrimpton is certainly the greatest editor—outside Mr. Armstrong, of course—the country has ever seen. Your husband is not paying Shrimpton sixty thousand a year for nothing!"

"Of course not. But will Letchwood actually let him change his stories?"

"Ab-so-lutely!" said Mr. Ball. "A case in point—do you remember the big love scene in 'Molecules'? We ran it last June."

Mrs. Armstrong reflected. "You mean the scene where Van Kleek finds Caro asleep beside the lake?"

"Yes. Well, in his original writing of that, Letchwood really overdid it a bit, but Shrimpton got at him, and——"

"Overdid it? How do you mean?"

A slight pinkness mounted from the cheeks to the temples of Mr. Braithwaite Ball. He looked down at his tea and stirred it for a moment. Then, meeting her eyes with a quizzical smile, he replied:

"Frankly, Mrs. Armstrong, Letchwood wanted her to be lying there on the bank quite—quite unclothed."

"Well, but she *was*!" put in the lady.

"Oh, yes, of course," said Mr. Ball. "Unclothed. But don't you remember the leaves? She was partly covered by them, so that only the arm under her head, and one—ah—limb, showed. Shrimpton felt

that without the leaves the situation might jar some of our subscribers."

She nodded over her tea-cup. "School-girls, possibly," she assented.

"Oh, no!" said Ball. "The schoolgirls don't object to anything at all nowadays. They're among the broadest-minded readers that we have. It's their parents and grandparents who complain when we are—ah—frank. . . . Shrimpton had to put his foot down that time. Letchwood was a little bit annoyed at first. He thought we were quarreling with the naturalistic quality of the story; that is, that we didn't believe a girl like Caro would go swimming in that way, and then come out and sleep on the bank without pausing to dress herself. But when he saw that that wasn't it—that we were only concerned about *les convenances*—he took it all right. He just switched the scene to autumn and let the leaves fall on her while she was asleep. It didn't take ten minutes to do it, and it helped us out, without injuring in the least the artistic value of the story—for of course she *was* undressed just the same, leaves or no leaves."

"It must be fascinating to edit a magazine!" said Mrs. Armstrong, setting down her cup. "Especially when you are really educating people—teaching them not to be prudes, but to look squarely at life."

"Yes," answered Ball. "But they aren't quite ready to look at life that way yet. They still want—ah—leaves, so to speak."

"But don't you think that it is all in the way such things are handled? . . . Another cup?"

"No, thank you. . . . Yes, of course that's it. That's where Letchwood is supreme. Just take that situation as Balzac, or Hugo, or De Maupassant would have handled it. They'd have made it gross. But Letchwood gets the French charm into it without the—the— What I mean is that one knew that girl Caro to be pure and sweet. Somehow she wasn't conscious of her—her lack of clothing. She was above such thoughts. And when he made love to her, there, in the woods, and under those circumstances, he was so careful not to touch her—there was something very idyllic about it all."

Mrs. Armstrong agreed enthusiastically. "That's exactly it!" she said. "I've been thinking about that kind of thing a good deal—in connection with the magazines, of course—and I've come to the conclusion

that the reason Letchwood can make his characters do these things is that he draws them in such a way that you don't feel them to be real flesh and blood. Take Caro: she was so slim and chaste, with her white skin and golden hair, that you—well, you know what I mean. And Van Kleek too. He was such a gentleman at all times that when he found her there you felt perfectly certain that he would—that he would do the right thing."

"Precisely."

She took up the magazine again. Ball glanced around the room.

"But what does this mean?" asked Mrs. Armstrong, pointing to a line on the cover. "A smashing story of illicit love?"

"Just that," said Ball. Again he colored slightly. "Lorette is a married woman. She has the same purity as Caro, in a way, but—well, naturally, as Letchwood grows older his themes become more mature. Lorette really does almost—almost——"

"I see," said Mrs. Armstrong quickly.

"—But not *quite*, of course," put in Ball hurriedly. "So far, none of Letchwood's heroines *have*—quite. But mark my words, Mrs. Armstrong, sooner or later one of them *will*. I'm certain of it. It's his trend."

"And when she does," said the lady confidently, "she will do it as all those wonder-

ful women of his do everything: in a way that will be entirely free from—from—What I mean is that it won't seem real at all."

The maid entered and wheeled out the little tea-wagon.

Mr. Ball arose. "This has been delightful!" he exclaimed. "You'll pardon my speaking of it, but this room—it is such a perfect setting for you. Louis Quinze, with just a touch of

the Italian Renaissance here and there to relieve it. And old rose. You are quite *Madame la Marquise*."

"I'm so glad you like it," she said genuinely.

"And your *bibelots*," he said. "Not too few—not too many. It is all perfect. And if I may say so, it is all—you."

He spoke with a deference, a sort of Old World formality, which made his compliments seem just impersonal enough.

"You have a feeling for such things," she said. "I know it. I wonder, Mr. Ball, if you would be interested in thinking of a color-scheme for my new limousine?"

"Oh, I should be delighted! And I know just the thing. Let me see—" He stepped back, and with his head to one side and his eyes half-closed regarded her for a moment, as if he had been a portrait-painter. "It should be a setting for you, just as this room is. There's a shade of dark brown—very, very dark—dark as your hair—which could be made to go with a deep blue, exactly repeating the note of your eyes. And inside there would be brocade upholstery, repeating again the blue and brown, in a fine pattern. That would make the whole harmonious, you see."

"Oh, it sounds charming!" she cried, in frank delight.

"I'll have the colors mixed," said Mr. Ball, "so that you may see precisely what I have in mind." He emphasized the precision of the thing he had in mind with a nice gesture of the hand. "I'll run in and show you samples in a day or two."

"You're very kind," she acquiesced. "You must come often and have tea with me. So few men seem to care for it."

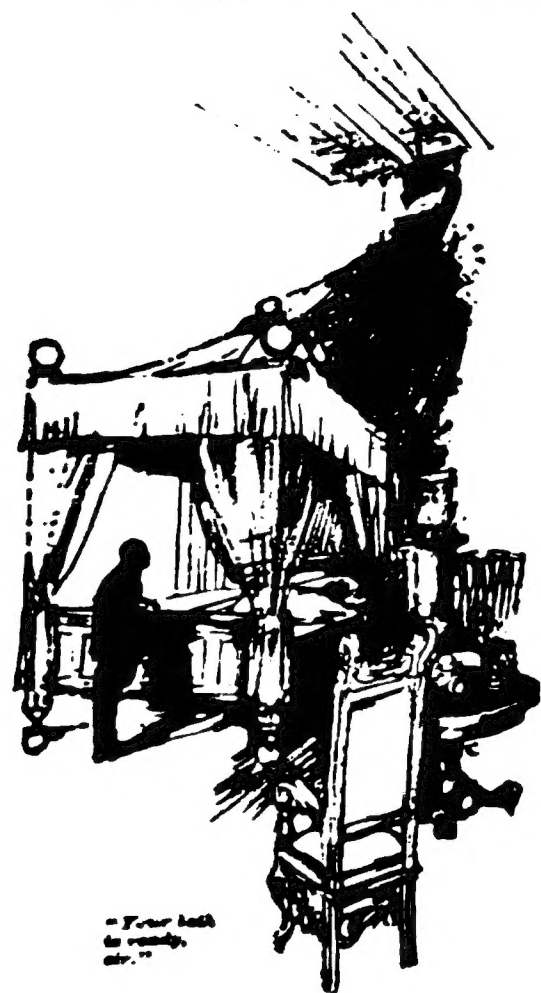
"I *adore* tea!" said Mr. Ball. "And with you—ah, thank you so much! You use a mixture of Ceylon and Pekoe. Delicious. But I must be scampering along."

She gave him her hand. Again he bowed over it.

"*Au revoir, madame!*"

She noticed that he managed, without the least awkwardness, to back all the way to the door. Then with a charming smile he was gone.

Mrs. Armstrong took up the magazine, adjusted herself on the cushions of her sofa, so that the soft light of the reading-lamp fell across her shoulder, and turned to the first page of "Lorette":



— From book by L. L. L.

Young Bobbie Desbarets turned over. He had heard Meadows raising the shades and drawing back the heavy inner window-curtains, but had not opened his eyes. They dreaded the sharp morning light, not because of its brilliance, but because it heralded another day. But day had come again. There was no helping it. The thought added to the sense of powerlessness, which was new to him, and which filled him like a great ache. He was powerless against the day, and against other days to come, as against the cruel Fate which had decreed that Lorette Coventry was the wife of another man.

"Your bath is ready, sir." Meadows, his impeccable man servant, was standing attentively beside the massive four-post bed. Three generations of men servants had stood beside that bed and awakened three generations of Desbarets with those self-same words: "Your bath is ready, sir."

Bobbie thrust his two feet out. "My slippers!" he commanded.

Deftly, the perfectly trained servant slipped them on.

Bobbie opened his eyes. "Well, here goes!"

As though struck by a hurricane, the bed-clothes went flying to the floor, and with a spring the blond young giant, in lavender silk pajamas, leaped to his feet.

As he moved across the huge chamber, toward the bathroom door, his fingers worked eagerly at the buttons of his pajama coat. The cold water! Ah, how he loved the feel of it! A moment later a sound of splashing told the valet that his young master was in the massive porcelain tub.

A typical Letchwood opening! The man servant—the great bedroom—the massive bed and bath-tub—the three generations—the cold bath! How perfectly Letchwood "keyed" his story in his opening paragraphs. One sensed immediately the elegance and cleanliness of all that was to follow. And Lorette: she was married and he was unhappy about her.

Mrs. Armstrong laid the magazine down, open, in her lap, clasped her hands behind her head, and gazed into space. She had suddenly become conscious of a very vivid mental picture of young Bobbie Desbarets. . . . He looked like Mr. Ball! True, Mr. Ball was not a giant, but he was blond, and something told her that he did wear laven-

der silk pajamas. A flush came to her cheeks; a smile to her lips.

"He's a darling!" she whispered to herself. "A perfect darling!"

Her husband came home presently, and found her sitting there. He brushed her cheek with his mustache. "Oh," he said, seeing the magazine in her lap. "You have the December number?"

"Yes; I'm just beginning Letchwood's new story."

"Like it?"

"It starts well."

"Plenty of pep?" he inquired.

"I *wish* you wouldn't say pep!" she declared irritably. "It sounds vulgar."

"All right," he said good-naturedly as he moved toward the door. "Maybe it is."

Without replying she took up the magazine and resumed her reading.

With his hand on the knob, Armstrong turned.

"Are we going out to-night?" he asked.

She nodded, without looking up. "To the opera."

Armstrong's sigh was something between an *Oh* and an *Uh*. He opened the door and passed from the room.

"Jim!"

He turned back. "Well?"

"What are *bibelots*?" she asked, as his large head reappeared in the opening.

"*Bibelots*?" he repeated. "You can search *me*."

II.

DA CAPO CRESCENDO

Never before or since has the history of authorship and publishing recorded a sensation so profound as that created by the opening numbers of "Lorette." Everywhere it was conceded that this time Letchwood had outstripped himself.

Consider this passage:

After Bobbie Desbarets had bathed, he was put into his riding-clothes by Meadows. Then a furious half-hour on a mettled horse. And then, of course, another bath—an ice-cold shower, which, though it caused his skin to tingle, did not relieve the awful heaviness which lay upon his heart. He breakfasted in his sitting-room, wearing a dressing-gown of lavender brocade. He could not bear to go down-stairs and face the inquiring gaze of his dear old Mater.

Over his egg he tried to read the morning paper, but the words ran together. . . . Lorette! . . . Lorette! Her name sang in his ears like some terrible, sweet song! O God! The pity of it all! . . . For he knew that he must never see Lorette again.

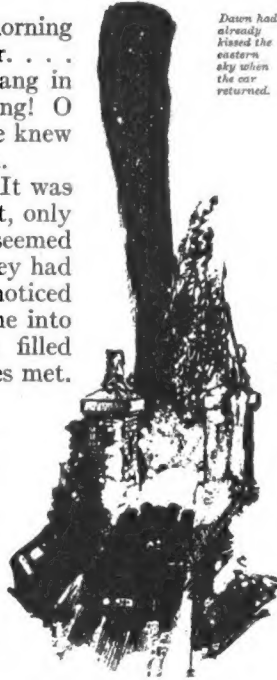
He recalled his first sight of her. It was at a formal dinner, there in Newport, only a week before. Only a week, yet it seemed a year! Owing to some oversight they had not been introduced, but he had noticed the strange start she gave as he came into the room, and he, too, had been filled with inexplicable emotion as their eyes met.

She sat across the table from him. On his right the Duchess of Everleigh was placed; on his left the beautiful Comtesse de Rougemont. It was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to talk with them or look at them, so conscious was he of the radiant being across the board. And when now and then their eyes would meet above the snowy napery, the costly flowers, the priceless plate and crystal under the weight of which the table groaned, a peculiar smile of sympathy and understanding would pass between them. That was all—yet it seemed to Desbarets that he had known this beautiful woman always!

Strange, too! For they had not even spoken together, and he did not know her name. He had only overheard his hostess calling her "Lorette." Lorette! It seemed to him that he had never heard a name so beautiful; a name so like—*her*.

After dinner he was mad to go to her, but he was held in conversation by David Coventry. Almost any man in America would have been glad to listen to the great David Coventry. Not so young Bobbie Desbarets! Yet, by the irony of fate, Coventry, the man of power, who held American finance in his pudgy hand, even as he held his great cigar, selected Desbarets to talk to. He told a story of how he had squeezed a great corporation until it yielded to his indomitable will, and as he told it young Desbarets loathed him the more. What a brute the man was! Yes, and ruthless as he was in business, he would be no less ruthless with a woman!

At last he managed to escape to the drawing-room, but only to fall into the clutches of the Duchess of Everleigh, who



Dawn had already kissed the eastern sky when the car returned.

bored him for half an hour with her efforts to exact a promise from him to visit her at Everleigh Towers, in Herts, and hunt with the Everleigh pack.

Then he saw Lorette rise and say good night to their hostess. She was going! He had not spoken with her! Gad! Would the tiresome titled woman never let him go? With a muttered exclamation he shook her off and stepped to the door. As Lorette passed from the great salon, their eyes met in a long, lingering glance. He had never seen a light like that in any woman's eyes before. Her hand moved slowly to her corsage. She plucked a single flower from the bouquet of rare orchids she wore and drop-

ped it to the floor. Desbarets bent and picked it up. Then, though she did not speak, he saw her lips form the words:

"For you!"

That night he could not sleep for thoughts of her. He tossed and tossed, living over in memory the wonderful evening. "You are not well, sir," Meadows remarked, solicitously, at his bedside in the morning. Curse the fellow for his impudence!

That afternoon, while tooling his powerful racing-car, Desbarets saw her again. She was driving a pair of spanking bays. They shied, but she handled them superbly. And there was in her eyes the look that he had seen the night before. It told him everything—everything! Dazed, half-stunned by the glory of it all, he very nearly ditched his car. It trembled for an instant on two tires before, with an adroit turn of the wheel, he brought it to the road again.

"Careful, Mr. Bobbie!" warned the chauffeur. "That was a close shave, sir!"

Desbarets looked at the man coldly. "Smeed," he remarked, "you forget yourself!"

The next day he walked, restless, in the woods. The leaves were turning and the autumn sunlight filtered through the branches. All nature seemed to sing her

name Lorette! Lorette!
Rounding a turn in the path he beheld what he took at first to be but a transcendent dream—the incarnation of his thoughts. Then she moved toward him. It was Lorette! For a moment they stood there, gazing at each other, speechless, transfixed.

"You!" she murmured.

"At last!" he breathed. . . .

There followed one of those idyllic Letchwood conversations, in which they pretended, fancifully, that they were the only man and woman in the world. Then something seemed to snap within him. He tried to control himself, and to that end dug his finger-nails into his palms. He told himself that he had seen her only twice; that he had never spoken to her until now; that the feelings which surged through him were nothing short of madness—sheer madness! And yet—a great wave of longing swept over him.

"Lorette!" he burst out passionately. "I love you! We are meant for each other! You know it! I saw it in your eyes when we first met!"

"Don't!" she whispered, going white.

"It was bound to come!" he cried, his deep, well-bred voice throbbing with suppressed passion. "It is Fate! You love me! Tell me that you love me!"

Her pallor deepened. She swayed like an aspen in the wind. As she was about to fall he caught her in his strong arms. She lay there radiant, palpitant, like an imprisoned bird. He felt the warmth of her slender young body.

"Look at me!" he cried exultantly.

His tone was masterful. She obeyed.

"You love me!" he said.

She smiled up at him with dreamy eyes and nodded. Then, with the glory of the sunset all around them, he rained his kisses on her sweet, moist mouth.

Slowly the twilight fell about them, while still he held her in his arms.

"And to think," he whispered, "that to me you are only Lorette! That I do not even know your name!"

At that she stiffened suddenly within his strong embrace. The smile vanished from her lips; a look of anguish came into her eyes. "My name!" she sobbed. "I had forgotten that—forgotten all! This is only a dream! Let me go! Tell me it is only a dream!"

He released her. Panting, she leaned against a tree.

"What is it?" he cried in alarm. "Speak, Lorette!"

"My name!" she wept. "That brings it all back! Can't you see? Can't you guess?"

"No! For God's sake, speak!"

Trembling terribly, she drew herself together. "My name," she said slowly, "is Lorette Coventry!"

"Ah, no!" cried Desbarets, an icy chill running through his body. "You can not mean that you are—" He could not utter the rest.

She inclined her head.

"Heaven help me!" she said. "It is true. I am David Coventry's wife!"

Before her eyes he seemed to wither, like a man suddenly grown old. His broad shoulders drooped. He leaned his weight against a tree-trunk. Slowly he raised one of his gloved hands and removed the fashionable hat from his bowed head. Then in choking tones he spoke two words:

"Good-by!"

"Good-by!" Her voice was like a dying breath.

For one brief instant he felt again the warmth of her fair young body as she passed him in the narrow path. Then she was gone, and Desbarets was standing there alone, bareheaded, in the cold, gray woods.

That night a huge red racing-car dashed down the Desbarets drive, made the turn on two wheels, and sped furiously off across the world. It had but one occupant—a man who drove like a maddened demon. Through dark, dripping woods, past echoing hamlets, down into valleys, up over the crests of hills, the great car roared like a wild dragon with its two great, flaming eyes. Faster! Faster! The tires ate the miles as though the devil were behind! . . .

Dawn had already kissed the eastern sky when the car returned. A sharp turn of the wheel and the monster swerved into the drive and vanished with a roar, leaving the great stone gate-posts standing there like sentinels, bearing proudly aloft the arms of the house of Desbarets.

And it was at that point that the story caught up to its own beginning: the awakening of young Bobbie Desbarets, the man servant, the bath, the mettled horse, the second bath, the heartache. It took two

"WHAT IS IT, EMPRESS?" HE CRIED. "SURELY," HE PLEAD, "SURELY YOU CAN TELL ME!"



J. M. MONTGOMERY ILLU.

chapters to do it—to show the reader what had gone before that tragic morning when Desbaretts tried to eat his egg and read

his paper, but could only think of her. He knew that he must go away somewhere.

"Meadows," he said. "You will pack at once. We are going on a long journey."

The man was imperturbable.

"When do we leave, sir?"

"To-night. We sail on the *Lusitania* to-morrow."

"Very good, sir. May I make so bold as to ask, sir, where we are going?"

Desbarets' eye wandered listlessly across the newspaper before him. A dispatch caught his attention:

Biarritz, France, Feb. 19.—Prince Boris Karaminski, the richest nobleman in Russia, had an extraordinary adventure in the casino, here, last night. While standing at the baccarat table, conversing with Mlle. Liane de Fougères, the famous ballerina

He read no more. What did it matter where he went? Why not let the newspaper decide for him? The idea was amusing.

"To Biarritz," he said.

On board the *Lusitania* Desbarets noticed a heavily veiled woman.

She was escorted by a single maid servant and occupied exclusive *cabines de luxe*, to which she kept rather closely. One day when he encountered her on deck she started strangely. There was something familiar to him in her graceful stride and the exquisite contour of her slender figure as revealed when the wind swirled her draperies about her. He feared that she was some fashionable woman of his acquaintance who would want to talk to him. But Desbarets was in no mood for conversation. He kept out of her way. On the tender he caught a glimpse of her again. Then she was gone.

In Biarritz he took the most expensive rooms in the hotel. At night he was to be seen in his immaculate evening dress in the *salles* of the casino. He gambled heavily, and his luck was the talk of the world of fashion and of the *demi-monde*. One night a beautiful Russian woman, with white skin and burning eyes, asked him to play for her at *baccarat*. He did so, and at midnight tossed into her lap a great sheaf of thousand-franc notes.

She tried to kiss him. "*Pardon, mam'selle,*" he demurred politely.

A young Frenchman, inflamed with wine, rose to his feet. "Who is he?" he cried. "Who is this swaggering American who would refuse a kiss from the red lips of beautiful Selma Nikoloff?" He attempted to bar Desbarets' way, but was brushed aside. His hat was knocked off.

"Curse you!" he cried. "You shall pay for this!"

Desbarets bowed.

"At your service, Monsieur," he said. "Your seconds will find me at my hotel in the morning." Then he passed from the room.

Outside it was storming. The rain beat on his face. He bared his head to it, and instead of going back to his hotel took the walk leading up to the cliffs. Harder and harder fell the torrent of rain; louder and louder howled the wind; higher and higher dashed the waves as they struck the rocks below.

Above his head the thunder crashed in terrific peals, and lightning flashes illumined the wild scene about him. All Nature seemed to be in revolt to-night!

On, on, into the storm he pressed.

But stop! What was that? It seemed to Desbarets that he had heard a faint cry. He paused. But no! What human being would be out in such a storm? 'Twas the cry of a gull that he had heard. As he was about to move on there came a flash of lightning. What was that lying there, like a bundle of clothes, beside the rocky path? He leaned over and touched it. It stirred beneath his hand. A low moan reached his ears.

"What is the matter?" he demanded in perfect French.

"I have turned my ankle," came the faint reply in the same language. It was a woman's voice, soft and melodious. Desbarets had a vague feeling that he had heard it before, somewhere.

Hastily slipping from his Inverness coat, he raised the recumbent figure and wrapped it in the warm garment.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to carry you. Put your arms about my neck."

"Oh, you could not carry me so far,"



There was something familiar in the anguished contour of the veiled woman's figure.

came her voice faintly. "It is more than two miles to Biarritz. Leave me here until you can bring help."

His answer was a laugh. What! leave a woman there alone on such a night? That was not the way of the Desbarets!

"Do as I tell you!" he commanded in a masterful tone. Then he lifted her very gently in his arms and started down the path. She lay there like a child, with her arms about his neck. She was light and soft and tender. He felt the warmth of her slender, supple body through the drenched clothing. A feeling of exultation came to him as he felt his great strength being put to the service of this helpless woman. A lock of her hair blew against his cheek. . . . Ah! It was good to be of use to some one in this world! How selfish his life had been, surrounded as he was with his houses, his horses, dogs, motor-cars, and servants! Once he heard a sigh from his fair burden.

"Rest your head on my shoulder," he said.
"That will be better."

She obeyed him like a child. A thrill shot through him as he felt her damp, cool cheek against his own.

"Who are you?" he asked at last. "What is your name?"

Until then they had spoken French. Her answer came in English.

"Don't you know?" she whispered. "Can't you guess? I knew you the instant that you spoke, back there in that awful darkness!"

His senses reeled. "My God!" he cried. "It can not be!"

Just then there came a flash of lightning more brilliant than the rest. He looked at her.

"Lorette!" He spoke her name with a sort of sob.

She felt a great shudder pass through his strong frame, and as the lightning played around them she gazed up into his eyes. Her look told him everything—everything. She raised her head a little and, letting her eyelids fall, offered him her lips. Reverently Desbarets bent his head and met them

with his own. Then, in a silence broken only by the howling of the elements, he strode on with her through the storm.

As they neared the gates of her villa he spoke again.

"I see it all now," he said. "What a fool I've been! You were the veiled woman on the *Lusitania*!"

She nodded.

"When we parted in the woods that day," she whispered, "I felt that we must never meet again. I knew that I should not have the strength to avoid you if I remained in Newport. So I went away. I saw you on the ship. It almost killed me not to speak

to you. Then I came here. Night after night I have lain sleepless, thinking of you . . . always of you. To-night I could not stand it. I ran out into the storm. I wanted it to beat on me. Then, up there in the dark, I turned my ankle and fell. The rest you know. Oh, isn't it all strange and wonderful!"

"Lorette!" he cried, and his voice was like

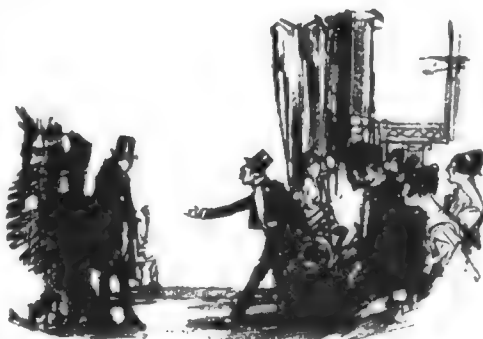
a prayer. "Don't you see what it means? Don't you understand? It is Fate! Fate is stronger than we are!"

Her slight frame was convulsed by sudden sobs. "Don't," she begged. "Not—not now!"

He carried her to her villa. Her servants were agitated. Tenderly he laid her on her bed. The doctor came, bandaged her ankle, gave his directions, and departed. Through the long night Desbarets sat beside her. Now and then she stirred a little in her sleep, murmuring his name. The lace yoke of her sheer *robe de nuit* slipped from her shoulder. She was like a statue done in rose-tinted ivory—a statue of the Sleeping Beauty. And he—he was the Prince. Gently, reverently, he bent and kissed her shoulder; and his kiss was like a benediction. . . .

Dawn came in through the windows. She awoke. Then they knew that they must part again. It was a sad parting.

Day after day Desbarets sat on a bench on the esplanade and gazed at her bedroom



"Who is this swaggering American who would refuse a kiss from the red lips of beautiful Lorette?"



"Ah! It is good to be of use to some one in this world!"

window. Day after day there came to her superb flowers, bearing no card. At last his long vigil was rewarded. He saw her standing in the window, and knew that she was well again. She caught sight of him and started. He arose, bared his head as to a princess, then turned and walked slowly away.

Her eyes followed him until blinded by scalding tears.

Desbarets knew that he must go away somewhere. But before he might do that, there was one more duty which he must perform. The young Frenchman who had affronted him, that night at the Casino, must be attended to. Though he had been warned that Desbarets was a dead shot and the most accomplished swordsman in America, he had insisted on a duel. Very well, then! He should have it! But let him look to himself. The young American was in no mood to trifle with an adversary.

It was at that point that the reader of the third instalment of "Lorette" brought up, breathless, at the end of the instalment.

The duel was in the March number. A beautiful woman came at night to Desbarets' rooms in the hotel and begged him to spare the life of his opponent. He promised. Early the next morning they met with swords. In trying to avoid killing the impetuous youth, Desbarets was severely wounded. When he awoke Lorette was bending over his bed. He had been removed to her villa and she had nursed him through his fever. Slowly he recovered. Then he knew that he must go away somewhere. They parted. He roamed about the world for a time.

One day at Trouville he saw a bather, far from shore, swimming weakly in the treacherous cross-current. He dashed into the sea. The waves were high. He went to the rescue with powerful strokes. As he neared the tired swimmer he saw that it was

a woman. Faster! Faster! . . . She was lifted by a wave. Her face was revealed to him. It was Lorette! Again he saw in her eyes that look! So this was to be the end? In another moment he was beside her.

"Save yourself!" she said in a faint whisper.

"No," he said. "Rest your hand upon my shoulder—so. Be brave, Lorette! We can never reach the shore. Let us swim out and out, into the storm, until—until the end!"

She smiled into his eyes.

"Perhaps it is better so," she said. "I am not afraid."

They turned their backs to the land. Farther, farther out into the angry sea he swam with her. They were buffeted by huge waves, one of which tore her bathing-suit. She grew weaker.

"Kiss me," she whispered. Out there, among the waves, under the blue canopy of heaven, their lips met. Then—darkness!

. . . But in the April issue they were picked up by a yacht. They recovered and were put ashore. Then Desbarets knew that he must go away somewhere. They parted. But inexorable Fate continued to direct their destinies. A few months later, at an oasis in the Sahara Desert, they met by chance. They were riding camels and were clad in burnouses. It was sunset. They heard the cry of the muezzin, "*Allah-il-Allah!*" The stars appeared. There was something strange and passionate in the throbbing stillness of the African night. They had had premonitions that they were going to meet. They had begun to expect to meet—unexpectedly. They were made for each other! It was Fate!

An Arab love-song sounded, somewhere, in the distance. Emotion filled their souls. She poured out her heart to him, telling him all, and shuddering as she mentioned her husband's name. Her life with Coventry had not been happy. She had married him when a mere girl, in order to save her father's fortune. Until then she had been ignorant of all that marriage meant. She had never loved her husband. He treated her like a child—a mere toy purchased by his wealth; something to be

decked out in jewels and costly clothing for his edification and the envy of the world. But her soul! Of her soul and intellect he took no heed. He never spoke to her of the real things of life—the things that count! Several times she had tried to make him see that she, too, could think, but he always told her not to vex her pretty head about the world's affairs. So by degrees she had come to know that David Coventry was incapable of understanding aught of her save only the beauty of her slim young body. Realizing that, she had begun to loathe the man—to pray that his financial operations would keep him occupied, keep him away from her. . . . She shuddered and burst into tears.

And it was then that Desbarets took her in his arms and with a great oath swore that she should never, never live with Coventry again.

Fate was too strong for them! They would give in! . . . But they would be honorable. Yes! They would go across the world together and confront the man of millions. They would tell him what they were to each other, and what they were not, and what they meant to be. If he would relinquish her, all right. If not. . . . There the reader crashed once more into the torturing words "To be continued."

III.

MOLTO APPASSIONATA

On the morning of the first of April, when advance copies of *Armstrong's* for May reached the office, Mr. Braithwaite Ball called Mrs. Armstrong on the telephone. He did not, however, use the instrument which stood upon his desk, but went, instead, to a neighboring hotel, where there were booths. For spring was in the air.

"Good morning, Empress," he said, when he heard her voice.

"Oh, good morning, Braithwaite!"

"The advance copies for May have just come."

"Good! Can you drop in this afternoon?"

"Thanks, yes," he answered, "unless—unless you'll make that dream of mine come true to-day?"

"That dream?"

"Yes, Empress. You know I've always wanted you to see my rooms, and

you've half-promised, haven't you? Would it seem too bohemian for the great lady to lunch with her vassal?"

She was silent for a moment.

"And after lunch we could be all cozy," he urged, "and I'd read the new instalment of 'Lorette' to you. It's the next to the last, you know. There's a big scene between the three in old Coventry's library."

"I suppose," she reflected aloud, "that most people would think it rather a wild thing to do——"

"Undoubtedly," said Mr. Ball. "But you and I aren't 'most people'—*are we*, Empress?"

"All right," she said. "I'll come."

"How ripping of you! . . . You know where I live?"

"Yes."

"You needn't ring," he told her. "Just walk in and up two flights, to the back. It's only a little box of a place, you know. But snug. It will amuse you. I'll leave the door ajar. Shall we say one o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then . . . *à déjeuner*."

When Mr. Ball returned to the Armstrong Building he went directly to Mr. Shrimpton's office.

"If it will be perfectly convenient, Chief," he said, "I should like to remain away from the office to-day. Mrs. Armstrong just called up and asked me to see about some things for her."

Through his horn-rimmed spectacles Shrimpton beamed his paternal approbation.

"My dear fellow," he replied, magnificently, "in the first place I may say that it will be completely and entirely convenient so far as we are concerned; and in the second, let me add that, were it not so, we should take immediate steps to—ah—to

The duel was in the March number.



"NOW," SAID ARMSTRONG, "IT STRIKES ME THAT THE BUSINESSLIKE WAY TO SETTLE THIS IS FOR YOU TO TELL ME WHY YOU LOVE HER. AFTER THAT I'LL TELL YOU WHY I LOVE HER."



arrange our own convenience to suit the needs and requirements of the lady in question, to whom, I beg, you will tender my—ah—my profound respects." (It is probable that Mr. Shrimpton talked like that because of some idea he had about the dignity of his position.)

Mr. Ball beamed. "How perfectly rip-

ping of you, Chief," he said, "to put it in that way."

By half-past twelve the pleasant little sitting-room of Mr. Braithwaite Ball's apartment had been dusted and set to rights by that gentleman's own hands. But Mr. Ball was not alone. A doctor of philosophy, Ichi by name, had been sent in



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

by a neighboring caterer to prepare the repast. Tastefully he had arranged a small table, by the window, for two. It had a charmingly clandestine look. . . .

So she was actually coming to his rooms at last! The thing seemed quite too wonderful to be true. It was like a Letchwood story in real life. Hadn't the beautiful

Russian woman gone to Desbaret's rooms in the hotel at Biarritz? Hadn't Caro, the beautiful heroine of "Molecules," gone to the chambers of Van Kleek? Women trusted men like Desbaret's and Van Kleek. They were gentlemen—such perfect gentlemen that one could hardly tell them apart. They talked alike, acted alike, and even looked alike in the illustrations. True, Mr Ball was not a rich young man, as they were, but he flattered himself that his hair grew the way theirs did, and that he, too, was the sort of man with whom a woman was safe.

He dropped into the chair in which Mrs. Armstrong would sit at luncheon, and critically reviewed the *mise en scène* presented from that point of view. It satisfied him. The upper portion of the wall he faced displayed several original drawings for illustrations which had appeared in the Armstrong publications; also a group of signed photographs of celebrities, most of them authors. Beneath this pictorial array bookshelves extended the full length of the room.

There were two striking facts about the books of Mr. Ball. The obvious fact was that they covered an amazing variety of subjects.

Popular novels basked placidly beside books on Military Tactics, Theosophy, Landscape Gardening, Investments, Mountain-Climbing, Marine Architecture, and Protestant Hymns. There were books of ecclesiastical biography, of racy reminiscence from the French, and of kindergarten songs for children.

Less obvious but more illuminating was the fact that hardly any book in the collection was over two years old. This combination of variety and recentness might have proved puzzling to a person unfamiliar with the history of Mr. Braithwaite Ball. But, as with many of life's mysteries, the key lay in a single simple fact. For two years past Mr. Ball had, among other duties, conducted that department in the *Household Helper Magazine* which is appropriately known as "The Editor's Book-shelf."

Having approved the appearance of his sitting-room, Mr. Ball changed his necktie and brushed his coat. At a few minutes before one he opened the hall door and left it slightly ajar. Then, taking up a slender volume of Rossetti, bound in green and gold, he disposed himself with careful negligence upon the sofa, to await her coming. . . . She would probably knock. He would call "Come in." As she entered, he would be revealed to her in a posture of graceful and studious recumbence, befitting the literary bachelor in his lair.

For some moments he held the book before him. The clock struck one. She might arrive at any minute now! . . .

At five minutes after one he found himself becoming restless. Could she have changed her mind? Surely, if she had done so, she would have sent him word. But even then there was the luncheon—quite an expensive little luncheon. And he would be placed in a ridiculous position before Ichi.

He became conscious that his hands were moist. Looking at them, he saw that his fingers had absorbed a light-green tone from the binding of the book. He arose and, hastening to the other room, washed away the stain. Annoying! Rossetti was just the thing to be reading, but he'd have to find some other book. He moved toward the sitting-room. Then, as his foot was on the threshold, he heard a faint knock. Dash it all! There was no time now to get a book, or even reach the sofa.

"Come in!"

He moved toward the door. It opened slowly, revealing Mrs. Armstrong. Never had he seen her looking quite so lovely. The roses which were always in her cheeks were blooming red—partly, perhaps, because of the two flights she had ascended; partly, he hoped, because of where the two flights led.

At sight of him she entered quickly and,

closing the door behind her, leaned against it for an instant.

"Empress!" he said in a caressing voice, as he bowed and kissed her glove.

Her breathing was accented as delightfully as her coloring. For a moment she did not speak but stood there with a smile upon her lips and in her eyes—a smile curiously serious and sweet.

"Let me take your things."

She moved into the room, looking about with frank curiosity as he relieved her of the dainty little ruff she wore about her neck and her light, soft coat of Japanese silk—articles small, delicate, feminine, fascinating to touch.

"Won't you take off your hat?" he asked, gazing with admiration at the piquant wonder of black straw, with its saucy rake of brim and plume.

"No. . . . Don't you remember, Braithwaite, what Caro said when she went to Van Kleek's rooms and he asked her to take off hers? She said that even under the most informal circumstances formality was not altogether gone so long as the woman kept her hat on."

"So she did!" exclaimed Ball. "How simply ripping of you to remember!" Clearly she, like himself, recognized the similarity between their relation to each other and the relations of certain characters in Letchwood's books.

"What a pretty room!" she said.

"It has never been so pretty before," he returned. "Won't you sit down?" He drew back her chair from the table. Then, having seated her, he took his place, not opposite, but at right angles to her.

"Ichi!"

The Japanese appeared with cups of soup. When he had served them and withdrawn again, Mrs. Armstrong leaned across and asked in a low voice:

"What do you suppose your man thinks?"

"My man?" repeated Ball, charmed with the sound of the two words. "Oh, he doesn't think. I pay him not to."

He was no less delighted with the Letchwood sound of his rejoinder than with her misapprehension as to Ichi. She thought that Ichi was *his* man! The charming fancy so appealed to Mr. Ball's imagination that, momentarily at least, he almost thought that it was true. "Ichi," he added, "is the soul of discretion. I believe the fellow would willingly die for me, Empress."

Between courses they looked at the May *Armstrong's*. It was a typical number. On the cover the invariable Studley Girl exhibited her invariable bosom. The novelty in the case of this particular Girl consisted in the fact that she was putting on her gloves. Doing so, she glanced out at you from the corners of her heavy-lidded eyes and smiled at you a red, insinuating smile which seemed to say, "We know where we are going when I get my gloves on—don't we, Charlie?"

"A modern Mona Lisa," remarked Ball. Mrs. Armstrong agreed.

As usual, there was type beneath the picture. This time, however, there was no specific summary of contents. Instead there ran across the bottom of the cover, in bold capitals, this statement:

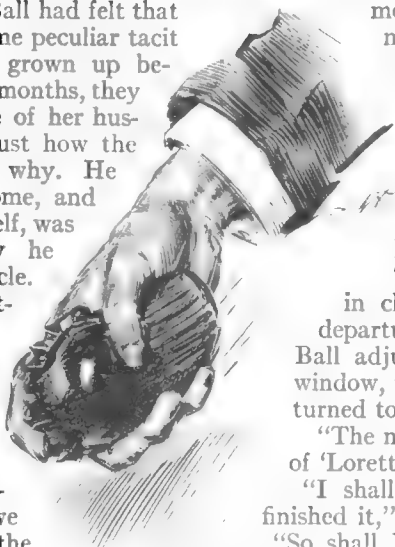
I CONSIDER THIS THE FINEST SINGLE NUMBER OF ANY MAGAZINE EVER PRINTED IN THE WORLD.

James W. Armstrong

Mrs. Armstrong read her husband's statement without comment. Ball had felt that she would do that. By some peculiar tacit understanding which had grown up between them in the past few months, they spoke as seldom as possible of her husband. He could not say just how the change had come about, or why. He only knew that it had come, and that she, no less than himself, was conscious of it. Quickly he turned to the leading article. It was entitled "The Paintings of Gustave Dufrené."

"Isn't it glorious," cried Mrs. Armstrong, "that a popular magazine like ours actually dares print an article on Art!"

"It's simply ripping!" replied Ball. "You see we are not only entertaining the public, we are educating them." He turned the pages for her. "There isn't very much reading matter to it. The public won't read about Art. We recognize that, and don't try to force them. Also, we recognize the fact that the public likes pictures of women, rather than men."



IT WAS A
BIBELOT.

Mrs. Armstrong looked through the pictures again. "Yes," she said, "they're all women. . . . And they're all nudes, too, aren't they? How does that happen?"

Mr. Ball reflected. "I should say," he answered, "that there were two reasons for that. First, being a Frenchman, Dufrené naturally tends to paint nudes. If you'll read the article you'll find that we censure him severely for that. Second, we like to print a certain number of nudes each month, as part of our campaign against prudery."

"Braithwaite!" exclaimed the lady, as she balanced chicken salad on her fork, "the more I understand, the more amazed I become at the care with which these matters are thought out. And as we have gone over the magazine together month by month, I have seen more and more clearly that *you* are at the bottom of it all!"

"Oh, you mustn't say that," he beamed. "You really *mustn't*, dearest Empress!" Often before he had addressed her as "dear lady," but never until now had he ventured the superlative. She did not wince.

When they had finished luncheon, Ball arose. "Come, Empress," he said. "Do move over to the sofa and make yourself comfortable before I begin."

She did so. Meanwhile Ball went to the kitchenette and paid off Ichi.

"I've told my man he can have the afternoon off," he explained when he returned.

The Japanese was not long in clearing up and taking his departure. When he had gone, Ball adjusted a chair back to the window, took up the magazine, and turned to the Letchwood novel.

"The next to the last instalment of 'Lorette'!" he sighed.

"I shall be sorry when we have finished it," she answered softly.

"So shall I. Sorrier than I can tell you, Empress! Just think—we have read every word of it together, except the first instalment."

"And even that you brought me," she put in. "That was the day when I first began to feel as if I really knew you."

"And I you! . . . Do you remember the next time we saw each other?"

Original from

"Of course! It was the day you brought the color samples for my car. And we talked about the first instalment. . . . Have you forgotten what you told me that day?"

"Forgotten!" he repeated. "As if I could forget! . . . You said you weren't sure that a man and woman meeting for the first time, as Desbarets and Lorette had met, could fall in love that way. You asked me if I thought so. I told you I *knew* that it could happen—that there positively *was* such a thing as love at first sight."

"But when I asked you how you knew," she put in softly, "you wouldn't tell me."

"I didn't dare!" he answered. "I never have told you. But—ah, Empress! By now you must have guessed! To me, every chapter of this story has been a milestone marking the progress of our—our friendship."

Mrs. Armstrong had been toying with her bracelet. Now she looked up and met his eyes. "I need not tell you, Braithwaite," she said, "that I understand, and that I feel the same. And the beautiful part of it all is that ours is a friendship worthy to be founded on such a story!"

"How *won*-derful of you to put it in just that way!" breathed Ball. Then, after a silence in which she felt (as he meant her to) that he was trying to control himself, he said, with unnatural calm:

"Well, Empress, shall I begin?"

"If you are ready," she replied.

Ball coughed, cleared his throat, and began to read.

It was the big scene of the novel.

Late at night, when David Coventry was working at a massive table in the library of his Fifth Avenue mansion, Lorette came home. Desbarets was with her. Together they confronted him and declared their love. Coventry's features were distorted with rage. His eyes were narrow slits. He told Lorette that the world had an unpleasant name for women of her kind; but at that Desbarets stopped him.

"This lady is under my protection!" he said firmly. "She is the purest of God's creatures! You are not worthy of her. You have never understood her. To you she is but a beautiful toy; to me she is a woman with

a soul! She will never live beneath your roof again. We have come here to tell you that. It is the honorable thing to do. Until such time as she is free to join me in the bonds of holy wedlock, she will reside beneath the roof of my dear mother—God bless her!"

Coventry was gasping for breath.

"Go!" he shouted hoarsely, showing his wolfish teeth. "Never let me look on you again! But remember—David Coventry does not forget! You will hear from me! You will pay!"

Ball read the last words slowly, effectively. He closed the magazine, and raising his eyes to Mrs. Armstrong's, saw that hers were filled with tears.

"What is it, Empress?" he cried, crossing to her, and laying his hand over hers, on the arm of the sofa.

She shook her head, but did not speak.

"Surely," he plead, "surely you can tell me?"

"I ought not to!" she wept. "I know I ought not to! But—oh, Braithwaite!—it is all so true! A woman is so lonely when she is not understood!"

Ball pressed her hand.

"I know!" he murmured. "Do you suppose I have gone through these months, understanding you better and better, without having read the secret? Ah, Empress! As we have read on together you and Lorette have become inseparable in my mind! You *are* Lorette! Haven't you felt that yourself?"

"Yes!" she whispered. "And I have tried not to let you see. But to-day—oh, it has been too much for me! It seemed to me, as you read that terrible scene, that it was—that you and I were— But what am I saying!"

"No more than I have guessed," he said. "Empress, I must tell you, once for all, that I—"

"Don't!" she begged. "Not—not now!"

He bowed his head submissively.

"I must go," she declared, rising. "It

"Let us swim out and out into the storm until—until the end!"



is better. Come to tea tomorrow, when we can talk things over calmly."

He helped her into her coat and placed the ruff about her neck. She moved toward the door. Reaching it, she paused and faced him. Her tears were gone. Into her eyes had come a strange expression of shyness and audacity.

"You'll think me silly," she said breathlessly. "Perhaps I am. But I want you to tell me something. . . . Ever since the first instalment, when Desbarets breakfasted in his lavender brocaded dressing-gown, I have had the strangest feeling that *you*— Well, I have seemed to *see* you in a dressing-gown like that. Tell me, Braithwaite—do you—?" . . . She did not finish the sentence, but looked into his face embarrassed and inquiring.

Ball nodded gravely. "Yes, Empress," he replied. "I do."

"Oh, I *knew* it!" she exclaimed. "Isn't it strange and *won*-derful that I should have known?"

"Everything that has to do with you is strange and *won*-derful!" breathed Mr. Braithwaite Ball.

She beamed at him. "Shut your eyes! When you open them I shall be gone."

He obeyed.

He heard her move; heard the door unlatch. Then, against his cheek he felt her lips. She had kissed him! Still standing there, with closed eyes, he heard the door squeak as it opened, and again as it closed.

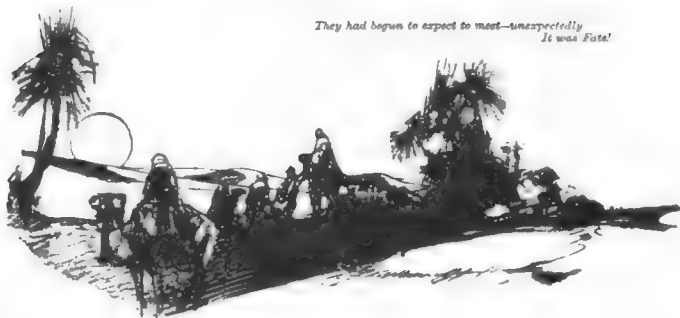
For a moment he remained motionless, listening, in hopes of hearing some faint sound of her as she passed down the stairs. Then he crossed the room slowly, and gazed meditatively from the window. There was a puzzled frown upon his face.

"I wonder," he said to himself, "whether she meant to ask if I *had* one, or if I *wanted* one?"

IV.

DIMINUENDO AL TRANQUILLO

To Mr. Braithwaite Ball, making his way toward Mrs. Armstrong's the next afternoon, it seemed that the fine rain and the grayness of the day lent to life a note as of



*They had begun to expect to meet—unexpectedly
It was Fate!*

sadness and of tears, which under the circumstances (as he understood them) seemed artistically fitting.

He was going to Her. That was dramatic in itself. And it was doubly so that he was going to her through the mist and dampness. Strange, too, that this climax in their lives should come simultaneously with that of Letchwood's story—the story which had been the means of bringing them together. The whole idea "composed." It was beautiful and sad and suitable.

Already, in anticipation, he had a distinct vision of himself as he would appear before her. His manner would be subdued, resigned. They would talk tenderly. Presently he would be sitting in a deep, rose-colored chair, with his face buried in his palms. She would be standing over him, stroking his hair and weeping. The scene would be one of tenderness, pathos, and renunciation. They might embrace; but if they did so, it would be only to part—forever. He could hear himself saying to her wistfully, "I must go away—somewhere!" . . .

The trouble with that was, that he couldn't go away. He couldn't afford it. Darn it all! That was where people like Desbarets and Van Kleek had him at a disadvantage. Still, there were other things that he could say. For instance, he could put it in this form: "I must go out of your life!" That sounded final, effective, and dramatic, without implying anything about giving up his job on the Armstrong publications. On the contrary, if they parted on those terms, Mrs. Armstrong could assist him in a lot of ways, notably by giving him a boost every now and then with her husband. Yes, that was the way to manage it. Through the long, pathetic years she would watch over him, glorying in every upward step in his career, until at last he became Editor-in-Chief. *He* would think of *her*,

too. Yes. He would send her flowers. (That would happen later on, of course, when his salary was larger.) There would be no card, but she would always know who sent them.

Arriving at her house, he was shown up to her sitting-room at once. Seated there, awaiting her, he continued to dream dreams. . . . There was no doubt about it—they must part. It was the artistic thing to do. Also, it was sensible. She had kissed him, yesterday. He was glad that she had done it; but—well, it wasn't wise. So far as he was concerned he was capable of restraint, but women were different. When they once got fond of a man you could never tell where they'd stop. There had been a kind of fervor in her manner of late, which, though ever so faintly, sounded the alarm. He had heard, he had even observed, that women, once their hearts became entangled, were capable of amazing indiscretion. Nice women. Of course, if he were rich, like Desbaretts, that would be—

Here his reflections were interrupted by her entrance. He arose. Mrs. Armstrong closed the door behind her and came toward him.

"Empress!" he murmured, gazing at her wanly.

She did not take the "key" from him, but bore herself with a strange, nervous briskness which was unfamiliar to him. Her eyes were red; so was her nose. Plainly she had been weeping. It was not becoming to her.

Reaching his side, she clutched him by one wrist.

"Braithwaite!" she whispered in an agitated tone. "It has come at last!"

Ball felt his heart begin to pound.

"What!" he cried. "What do you mean?"

"I have told him!"

"Told him?" gasped Ball. "Told who—your husband? Told him *what*?"

"Sit down!" she said, drawing him to the sofa beside her.

Automatically he obeyed. He was like some playwright, at the first performance of his own drama, who discovers suddenly, to his horror, that some one has replaced his "happy ending" with a ghastly murder scene. He felt weak, helpless, almost faint. What had she done? He heard her speaking rapidly:

"Last night I felt guilty. I thought perhaps I had been wrong in going to your

rooms—that perhaps I hadn't done all that I should have done to be a companion to—to my husband. I came in full of contrition. After dinner I made him comfortable. I thought we could have a good talk, and that perhaps he could see that I was a woman with a soul, and that he did not understand me! . . ."

"Well?" cried Ball anxiously.

"He sat in that chair, by the table," she ran on. "I sat over here. . . . I spoke freely of the bigger things of life—just as I talk to you, Braithwaite! I even tried to imagine that I *was* speaking to you, so that I might give him the best there was in me! He seemed to be listening. I felt that I was making a deep impression on him—that things would be different between us in the future. Then—" She broke off and began to weep anew.

"Then *what*?"

"Then," she wailed, "then, when I had talked a whole hour—when I had revealed my inner self to him as never before—when I thought a great awakening was coming, he—he *snored*!"

"What next?" gulped Ball.

"I was enraged!" she cried. "I got up and shook him. He looked up at me and blinked stupidly. That made me more furious than ever. I lost control of myself entirely. I didn't care *what* I did, so long as I forced my personality upon him. . . . So I stood over him and told him about *you*!"

Ball groaned.

"Not everything!" she put in hastily. "I just told him that, though *he* didn't understand me, *you* did."

Ball gasped.

Mrs. Armstrong had stopped crying. She looked at him, surprised. "But why shouldn't I tell him so?" she asked. "Isn't it true? Isn't it the honorable course, Braithwaite? If we care for each other we should play the game. That's what Desbaretts and Lorette did. I think you and I ought to go to my husband together, and——"

"Rot!" howled Ball. "It's preposterous! You must be crazy! What have you besides what he gives you? What have I? I haven't a sou! And when this is over I won't even have a job! What on earth am I going to do?"

"We can go to your mother," she said stanchly.

Ball threw up his hands. His mother! He had a sudden vision of her in her little top-floor flat in Kansas City. He pictured Mrs. Armstrong there, and the picture was grotesque beyond the wildest nightmare. Fancy Mrs. Armstrong sleeping on that green-plush davenport, in the parlor!

"No, we can't!" he said brutally.

"Why not?" she persisted. "I should love it there—that dear, rambling Southern home, the old negro servants, most of all your mother. You have told me of it all so often that I——"

"But she doesn't live there any more!" wailed Ball. "That's all over and done with, I tell you! We won't talk about it. Why, I haven't even got the railroad fare! I'm no Desbaretts! I'm not made of money! You ought to have thought of that!"

She looked at him reproachfully. "Do you mean that—that you don't love me?"

"Love you?" cried Ball, angrily, as he paced down the room. "Damn it! Of course I love you! But that's not the point! The point is that——"

Reaching the end of the room, he turned. Then, in the midst of the sentence, in the midst of a step, he stopped short. A horror more complete, more frigid than he could have conceived, laid its icy fingers over him. He felt strangled, paralyzed. . . .

Mrs. Armstrong's husband had entered the room and was standing by the table, looking at him.

He had shouted his last words. There was no chance that his employer had not overheard them. Ensued an aggressive silence which seemed to fill the room like compressed air.

When he had looked at Ball for a time, Armstrong turned his eyes toward his wife. Ball did not look at either of them. After his first brief glimpse of Mr. Armstrong his gaze had fastened itself upon the door. Had his mind not been preoccupied, he might have noticed that the door was one peculiarly fitted to the situation. That is, it was the kind of door one often sees in France—a chaste and beautiful door, with shallow white panels, and an oval knob of silver. Ball had observed these qualities at other times. But the artistic features of the door

were now excluded from his mind by a strong sense of its value as a means of egress. Thus, alas! will utility triumph over beauty in life's poignant moments!

From where Ball stood, the form of Mr. Armstrong actually intercepted a full view of the door. Against it he looked particularly large and black. At last, as Ball was considering the possibilities of the center-table as a thing to run around, Armstrong spoke:

"How-de-do, Ball?" he remarked, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Ball was amazed. "How do you do," he returned tentatively.

Armstrong dropped into a chair. "Sit down," he said, in a perfectly normal tone.

"I must be going," Ball said.

"No, no," said Armstrong in a voice that was almost genial. "Not yet a while. We ought to have a talk. Of course I couldn't help overhearing you just now."

"I don't remember what I said," Ball put in.

"You told Carrie you loved her. I might say, in passing, that it didn't sound convincing. But that was what you said."

"I hope," said Ball, "that you'll understand just how I meant it. You see, Mr. Armstrong, when I said 'love', I may have——"

"Hold on!" said Armstrong soothingly. "Have a chair, Ball. Make yourself comfortable while we talk it over."

Though his horror was undiminished, Ball was becoming less alarmed as to his personal safety. Gingerly he seated himself upon the edge of a convenient chair.

"Now," said Armstrong, "it strikes me that the businesslike way to settle this is for

you to tell me why you love her. Maybe she doesn't know, herself. After that I'll tell you why I love her. Maybe she doesn't know that, either. That will give us all some basis to work on."

Armstrong paused awaiting Ball's reply, but before the young man could speak Mrs. Armstrong broke out:

"Braithwaite cares for me because he——"

"Hold on!" her husband interrupted. "Let him explain it."

Ball swallowed audibly. "Well," he said,



"You have never understood her."



in a low voice. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said 'love.' I am attached to—to your wife. I admire her. I regard her as a true friend. Intellectually we are very sympathetic."

"You *are*?" cried Armstrong in amazement.

"Oh, yes," affirmed Ball, nodding a head

which very nearly matched the rose-color panels of the room.

"There, Jim!" said Mrs. Armstrong proudly. "You see?"

Her husband appeared puzzled. "No," he said. "I don't." Then, turning to Ball again, he asked in a gentle voice:

"Are you over-worked?"



AT TWO O'CLOCK SHE MADE HER WAY TO HER HUSBAND'S ROOM. "JIM," SHE ASKED, "HAVE YOU READ 'LORETTE'?"

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLACK

"I said it was an intellectual attachment," Ball corrected. "It is something spiritual and mental. I hardly need say to you, Mr. Armstrong, that—that my regard for your wife is perfectly—perfectly pure."

"You mean what they call 'platonic'?"

"I suppose one might call it that—yes."

"And that is all?" Armstrong asked.

"That's all," said Ball hurriedly. "Now I must be going." He rose partially from his chair.

"No," Armstrong said. "Not yet. I want to tell you why I love her."

"Really," said Ball with a nervous laugh, "I don't see that you are called upon to tell me about that. In fact I——"

"But I *want* to tell you, though!" the husband insisted.

Ball sat down again.

"I don't love her the way you

do," Armstrong said. "Not at all. In the first place, there's nothing intellectual about it. I don't like intellectual women! They make me sick. Take those women we have around the office. And the authoresses—! Good Lord, Ball! I don't want any of that in mine! I never thought of Carrie as intellectual. I thought she was just normal, or,

"No."

"Have you ever had any nervous trouble?"

"No."

There was a brief silence. Then:

"H'm," murmured Armstrong thoughtfully. "Yet you say you love her intellectually?"

if anything, a little under normal, mentally. Well, I love her for that.

"If she *is* intellectual, I hope she'll not let me see it. And from a business standpoint, Ball, I hope if *you're* that way, you'll cut it out during business hours. Of course I consider this talk confidential. I'm going to forget that you have admitted intellectuality. It is a bad quality in an editor, Ball. Very bad! The great thing in an editor to-day is a strong popular taste. However, that is by the way. . . . Let's see; what were we talking about? . . . Oh, yes, I was telling you why I love Carrie.

"Well. . . . You didn't even *mention* her looks. Now, there, to me, is her strong point. I think she is the prettiest, sweetest-looking girl I ever laid my eyes on. I like good-looking women. That's the reason I never have them around the office. As for Carrie, here, I can't look at her without wanting to kiss her. Ordinarily I wouldn't mention that, but I think the situation demands it. I want to show you, Ball, that I'm not going to interfere with you on the platonic end of the game, any more than the intellectual end."

Armstrong paused. Mrs. Armstrong and Ball were gazing at him with dazed and wondering eyes.

"Well?" he said affably. "Doesn't that clear it up?"

Ball gulped audibly.

"What?" said Armstrong.

"Nothing," said Ball. "I didn't speak."

"Oh," said Armstrong. "Well, do you get me? As I see it, you and I don't conflict on this love business at all. We love her in two different ways. As far as I'm concerned, you can go right ahead, so long as you're sure you're both on the intellectual and platonic plane—and you *are* sure, aren't you?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Ball quickly.

Armstrong looked at his wife. "Are you, Carrie?"

She nodded. "Our friendship," she said, "is based on a beautiful story. We have read it together. You will know what I mean when I tell you it is 'Lorette!'"

"Lorette?" repeated Armstrong blankly.

"Our Letchwood serial, you know," Ball put in.

"Oh, that," said Armstrong. "I haven't read it."

His wife gasped. "*Not read it?*" she cried.

Armstrong shook his head. "No," he said. "I pay Shrimpton a lot of money to attend to things like that. I'll read it to-night, though, on account of what you say."

He looked at his watch and arose. "Now," he said, "if you'll excuse me, I'll go and dress. I'm speaking on 'The Modern Magazine' at the banquet of the Advertising League to-night." He moved toward Ball with outstretched hand.

Ball arose. Hastily he deposited upon a near-by table a small but heavy article which he had snatched up surreptitiously when Armstrong entered, and which had remained in his right hand throughout the interview. Only now did he become conscious of what it really was. It was a *bibelot*.

The hand which Mr. Armstrong shook was somewhat damp and limp. Crossing over to where his wife sat, Armstrong bent and kissed her. He would have kissed her cheek had she not turned her lips to his.

"You might get Ball to stop to dinner?" he suggested.

A slight sigh escaped her.

"Thanks!" put in Ball rapidly. "Thanks very much! But I must be running on—really." He crossed to Mrs. Armstrong with rapid steps and shook her hand. "Good night!" he said. In his haste he did not even call her Empress.

Mr. Armstrong had barely closed the door behind him, when Ball opened it again and made his exit. He left it open.

Mrs. Armstrong retired early, but she did not sleep. At two o'clock she arose from bed and made her way to her husband's room. Light showed through the crack beneath the door. She rapped.

"Come!"

She entered. Armstrong was reading in bed. Several issues of *Armstrong's* lay about him.

"Jim," she asked, "have you read 'Lorette?'"

"I've run through it. Why, dear? . . . You ought to be asleep."

"What did you think of it?"

"People don't get enough exercise," he said.

"But the *story*?" she insisted.

"Well," said Armstrong, with a yawn. "Our circulation's pretty near a million now. I'm going to can this sex stuff!"



POLLYWOGGING SOUTHWARD

Being the Account of a Houseboat Trip to Florida

by

CARLYLE ELLIS

ON A RASH day we had acquired a sort of house-boat—one, however, that was somewhat more boat than house—and, having spent an entire summer and all our savings merely in making it habitable, we sighed for a larger world to explore.

POLLYWOG's world had, in truth, been small since she became ours. Having no power, she had not ven-

tured from the tiny Connecticut harbor where we had found her, sitting disreputable on a mudflat. So, humanly enough, her first sally from harbor was for a fourteen-hundred-mile winter cruise—the "inside" trip to Florida.

True, we had never cruised in a power-boat (POLLYWOG, in the end, acquired the necessary engine), and the waters ahead were all strange

Original from



POLLYWOG ASHORE IN THE GALE AT NEW RIVER INLET, N. C.

to us. Equally true, we had not the faintest idea how high-sided, flat-bottomed, dory-built POLLYWOG would behave in a blow or a sea, and no one could enlighten us—though our neighbors feared the worst. Furthermore, we could not guess the cost, but knew that whatever it might be it was certain to exceed all the money we had in the world.

What matter? Here was gay adventure. True vagabonds we should be and run away from winter to the warm Southland, dodging brazenly a season at a desk and all the discomforts of town.

The summer's tinkering had multiplied the cruising comforts of POLLYWOG throughout her entire fifteen by forty-five feet. The triangular stateroom in the very bow was commodious for the captain's wife and next

door to the galley, with cook-stove, ice-box, kitchen sink, and pantry shelves all within arm's length. The cabin was a surprisingly large living-room and dining-room, with one stateroom adjacent, the rest of it a wide open space with lounges and bunks along either side.

A bolt of golden-brown burlap had been turned into mattress upholstery, couch pillow-covers, and portières. Whether by daytime sunlight, evening lamps, or the blaze of the open fireplace stove, they always glowed cheerfulness. Book-shelves on the wall, great drawers under the couches, and a hidden closet or two gave storage space, while 'way aft in the triangular stern rested the little engine that would kick us along. The deck was big enough for steamer-chairs, and we knew how to stow ourselves and our gear without confusion or crowding.

We were ready for anything.

It was on the first day of December that POLLYWOG ran down the East River at dawn of a Sunday morning (when the river is safest for small craft) and out across New York Bay to the Raritan River and the mouth of the Raritan Canal across New Jersey. It should have been a month sooner, but POLLYWOG could not be got ready. The rest of the southward-bound fleet from our port had filled tanks, lockers, and ice-boxes, and gone on weeks before. It was remarkable that winter had not caught us. She had warned us with a snowy Thanksgiving that she was close at our heels. So, heeding the warning, we raced southward just ahead of her and kept the toy range in the galley, our open grate, and an oil-stove going most of the time for a month. But we saw no snow.

There were three of us aboard POLLYWOG.

POLLYWOG's little ten-horse engine going without a miss from daylight till dark and on into the night. As we made but a leisurely five miles an hour, it was essential to keep going!

They were cutting hay in the salt meadows bordering the muddy Raritan that first day of December, and it made us feel that already we were nearing the South. The winter woods along the charming old canal were filled with unexpected color—reds and browns and yellows against the blue-grays of the distance. The ancient barge traffic with its musical clank of chain harness and its shouting mule-drivers had not abated, and two south-bound yachts passed us. We were not the last.

The canal once entered, the strain of hurry dropped from us, for they could not close with us inside. Gladly and joyously



THE EVENING
TIDE COMING
INTO THE HAND-
MADE CHANNEL
AT THE END OF
THE FIRST DAY'S
DIGGING, NEW
RIVER INLET,
N. C.

WAITING FOR
THE TIDE TO
MELT THE
MOUND OF SAND
AND RELEASE
HER.

I was captain and, toward the end, learned to answer promptly when so addressed. Viola, the captain's wife, was passenger and cook, and Roberts was engineer, first officer, and crew.

Roberts came from the shops that had built POLLYWOG's kerosene-consuming engine. He had been to sea, serving as bos'n and second mate on his father's windjammer. So, as he had youth, a grin, and the only stock of sea-stories aboard, he was a decided asset. Moreover, he could keep



we wandered through two delectable days along the forty-four miles of this old New Jersey waterway, passing Princeton to the music of baying hounds and through Trenton's many bridges to Bordentown, where the last lock dropped us silently into the broad Delaware River.

At anchor behind an island below Philadelphia we waited all one morning for the sun to burn up a thick, low-lying fog that hid even the near-by yachts. At noon it lifted enough so that we hurried out into the ship-channel and turned our bow to the sea. Came a deep-throated whistle behind us and a liner bore down close on our right. We did not dispute the right of way, but gave him all the room there was, hugging the left side of the channel. At that he loomed above POLLYWOG mountainously.

Close behind the liner came another, and another—a whole naval procession going out to cross the Seven Seas, gathered by the fog and awaiting the lift that had set us free. They were laughing at us from their high decks.

Then the waiting fog closed down on us all.

Up and down river rose a din of whistling in which POLLYWOG joined lustily. The liners close at hand faded till we could see but the tips of their masts.

Now dead ahead rose a high gray shape. Ships were coming up as well as going down. POLLYWOG and a monster were head on, and POLLYWOG was in the monster's rightful path. We were confused beyond action till the big fellow saw us and gave us the single blast for the starboard passing. So we swung sharply over into the narrow sea lane between the two processions and, bellying importantly, POLLYWOG went bobbing saucily on her way till the fog thinned, the liners had passed, and she could dodge into the first lock at Delaware City and be lifted to a still berth by the main street of the picturesque town.

There are but fifteen miles of canal between Delaware City and Chesapeake City at the headwaters of Chesapeake Bay. But they are fascinating miles of tiny lakes and wooded banks that sometimes almost touched our sides on either hand. We lingered luxuriously, dreading the miles of open water ahead.

But we faced them next morning—more

than two hundred miles of them—with three visiting oystermen's tales of Chesapeake's dreaded nor'westers fresh in our ears.

With luck it is a four-days' journey. The very first night out we dodged into half-protected harborage in black night only half an hour ahead of a biting gale, to swing wildly till morning on extra lines while the ice caked around our bow.

This, then, was winter cruising; this was the nature of our vagabondage. In the following four days we made but thirty-five miles, and yet we did not grow discouraged nor lose zest for the fight. But we began to realize that it was to be a fight.

POLLYWOG was eight days on Chesapeake Bay instead of four. At first we ran down the heavily indented eastern shore of Maryland, with its aged fishing villages bearing English names that proved their Colonial origin. Then, crossing over, we made longer jumps and with good weather at last and a volunteer pilot rounded Old Point Comfort in still moonlight, happy as children to see the bright lights of town again and to hear the bugle calls from the warships.

Our volunteer pilot was one McCook, a vagabond handyman, sailor, cook, and farm-hand, with a tough old face, a big heart, and irrepressible good nature.

He came aboard two days' journey above Old Point and begged passage to Norfolk. It would save him a long, roundabout trip and he would work his passage by steering. Also, he would give us a fat goose. We were rather vain of our own navigation and we had no way to cook a goose, but we could not resist McCook.

So he came, with his luggage wrapped in a bit of newspaper and the goose alive in a crate. He did steer, and he knew the bay so well that we made the two-days' journey in one and were in Norfolk on the second day.

Mac took quite a fancy to the Pollywoggers, and he rather congratulated himself upon having by his presence relieved the dull monotony of our cruise. As he explained it: "I've been company for you, anyway."

He acknowledged his indebtedness by a shower of presents, and superintended my marketing with a skill that he was proud to display. He was possessed also of the true spirit of Southern hospitality. He cordially invited all of the tradesmen to visit POLLYWOG and assured them of welcoming



FROM THIS SPOT THE RALEIGH COLONISTS LOOKED OUT TOWARD ENGLAND, WAITING FOR THE RELIEF SHIP THAT CAME TOO LATE.

A LONG DAY'S DIGGING MAKES FOR PATIENCE WITH THE RISING TIDE. PILOT AND SKIPPER EXERCISE THEIR PREROGATIVE AND DO A LITTLE WAITING.



entertainment. They, on their part, not to be outdone, warmly asked me to write them from our various ports of call, telling them how we liked the South and how prices were.

We said good-by to Mac and Norfolk without delay, for we still felt winter at our heels. Due south from Norfolk by winding creek through pine-sprinkled flats one comes to a choice of two canals, the Dismal Swamp and the Chesapeake and Albemarle. Saving the famous former for another time, we took the shorter latter into as dismal swamps as could well be imagined, but were cheered to find there several shrubs in gay bloom. Here for the first time we found mistletoe at home and for the third or fourth time decided that at last we were really in the South.

More winding creek led to a wider, marsh-banked river that opened on broad but shallow waters. And never another boat in sight. A dredged channel leads for miles down the middle of the bay and is marked by brush stakes at regular intervals. When I relieved Roberts at the tiller and he gave me, deep-sea fashion, the course, he put it this way:

"Straight down the avenue, sir."

That was what it looked like—a street covered by a wide and dreary flood.

But near sundown we entered deep pine forest by a narrow cut that led to a sleepy village. At the drawbridge was a trapper out of Leatherstocking Tales, who complained that the fur trade in No'th Ca'lina was not what it used to be.

Came now the crossing of shallow and tempestuous Albemarle Sound, which for us was providentially calm, to Roanoke Island, of historic memory, close to the high-piled sand-dunes north of Hatteras.

Here we skirt the beach where

in 1585 the first English colonists in America landed from Sir Walter Raleigh's ship. Above there on the sand-hill is the place where they built their fort. From the brow of that hill they watched through weary months for the delayed relief ship, starving in the midst of plenty. This is the island of Virginia Dare and the Lost Colony of Roanoke, a place of romance. We swing round a point into Manteo, the island's one settlement, and tie up for a leisurely visit.

From Roanoke southward there are ninety miles more of open water, the most-to-be-dreaded of the inland ways, Pamlico Sound, which even the fishermen fear. Out of sight of land on Pamlico you will often find but six feet of water, and the chop that comes with a moderate breeze is in consequence bad for Pollywogs.

But Pamlico lay oily flat while POLLYWOG made a record run of seventy miles far into the night, racing with a blow that gathered marching and countermarching battalions of storm-clouds all the afternoon.

This had hardly the flavor of true vagabondage, but we counted it good, honest navigation that was speeding us past the most dreaded stretches—to the sea.

On the last day of the year, one month and six hundred miles out of New York, POLLYWOG reached the half-way point and the sea at Beaufort, North Carolina.

We came upon the ancient fishing city,

POLLYWOG'S BEST PORTRAIT.



with its gleaming entrance to the ocean, from the marshy rear, and it instantly invited us to linger. But our pilot for the open water saw promise of good weather just ahead and hurried our thrilled preparations for a sea-voyage. Good POLLYWOG weather on the January ocean is rare indeed.

So at dawn on the second we reluctantly joined the fleet of fast purse-seiners zigzagging outward among the bars, and the rising sun



A CORNER OF
THE CABIN.



POLLYWOG AND
GALLIVANT TO
GETHER AT
FERNANDINA.

found POLLYWOG wallowing joyously over the long Atlantic swells and bearing steadily southward three grinning and excited vagabonds. Here indeed was adventure.

But the blue eyes of taciturn Captain Ned were ever on sky and sea as we coasted down the interminable beach with its rare breaks that we knew as inlets, which were always well guarded by a rampart of

breakers, the terror even of the fishermen.

There were 190 miles of this outside travel ahead of us, and but one harbor to break it. That meant that POLLYWOG must run inlets—wherefore a pilot. I had vaguely dreaded this untried experience, but Viola and Roberts were serenely unprepared.

We were forty miles from Beaufort, and thick clouds had gathered when the pilot

turned POLLYWOG's nose landward toward a villainous-looking line of breakers fronting a smooth channel. We could not, it seemed, make the next inlet—a good one—before dark, so must run New River, about which Captain Ned was wisely silent.

We circled in shoal water, waiting for a "ledge" of three high seas to pass, and rolled till frightened Viola made sure we should be rolled over. Then Captain Ned headed her straight for the fifty-foot channel with its scant four feet of boiling surf and drove her at it. She took the bit at the top of a comber and shot inshore straight as an arrow. The wave dropped her, and another took her, but caught her on the quarter so that she yawed sharply off the course, to bump viciously across a hundred feet of boiling bar into still anchorage.

We were laughing over the misadventure half an hour later, but Captain Ned took it much to heart. It was his first grounding at an inlet, and after that night he refused to speak of it, though he often cautioned:

"A feller don't want to be messin' around these inlets."

But Captain Ned had saved us from a worse experience. An hour after we had crossed New River bar the sea outside was fairly raging, and that night came a gale which took its toll of big shipping all the way to the British Isles and, by virtue of a fouled anchor-fluke, landed us high on a hard sand-bank well above the reach of any ordinary tide, and miles from human habitation.

It took four days of steady spading to get POLLYWOG afloat again. Captain Ned reckoned that we three shoveled thirty tons of sticky sand from under and around her, and he did about half of that himself, which is not part of a pilot's duty. But we laughed while we ached and compared blisters, and Viola watched with growing alarm the melting of the stores under our onslaughts.

A week passed before we dared try to run out of the inlet, and then the sea proved rougher than it had looked. We had to fight our way out and sloshed about in alarming fashion. Viola was more terrified than ever and the wind was veering into the eastward. So Captain Ned turned back and in we drove again—this time, by some miracle, keeping to the channel.

But the adventure had taken our nerve. POLLYWOG was obviously underpowered for the work. There was danger at that sea-

son. And Captain Ned was overdue in Beaufort. There is an uncertain inside passage back, and he was willing to try it.

With an ache in my throat I gave the word, and the cruise of the POLLYWOG was abandoned. We were turning back. It hurt. . . .

Two days later we were buying ice-cream sodas and borrowing old newspapers in Beaufort, where the water-front had about decided to report us missing. We liked Beaufort—after the marshes—and tried to decide upon it as our winter residence. Here I was to settle down to work, accepting my defeat.

But all the time I was saying to myself that there was a way to go on, even for POLLYWOG, and that waiting would find it.

At the end of a week a way had been found. Viola was to go on by rail, and Captain Ned's powerful little work-boat would tow POLLYWOG down the coast. The unexpected expense had been miraculously provided for, which seemed assurance from Destiny that we were meant to complete this thing we had set out to do.

On the second sally from Beaufort the saucy *Violet Keith* led us, at the end of our anchor cable, down inside to the first inlet, where we encountered the *Pelican*, a pilotless thirty-five-footer also southward bound, which had been waiting a month for weather. Without delay we three cut cleanly out to sea, a rollicking trio that did not mind the rather heavy swell in the least.

All day we rolled absurdly down that long, wearisome beach and at the end of hungry hours pulled through the strange, surf-banked sea-lane called Cape Fear Slue that saves a fifty-mile seaward detour around dread Frying Pan Shoal. Before dark we had tied up thankfully under Southport's ancient arsenal and were ruthlessly pursuing a sign marked "Restaurant."

POLLYWOG and *Pelican* faced the remaining ninety miles of coasting without Captain Ned and his boat. Little River Inlet, thirty miles from Southport, is deep and well-buoyed. For the rest we must pick our day and race for it to Georgetown jetty. And *Pelican* would give POLLYWOG a line, thus adding a knot to our speed.

We started at four on a breathless morning to try for a through run, but weather drove us back six miles to Little River. An-

other wait and another early start, and this time we did not turn back, though the sky gave tardy warning of brewing trouble.

At dusk the two boats were still five miles from the jetty. The unlighted cairn at the end came into dim view far out from shore just before night closed down. A strong tide was against us, swinging up the coast from Winyah Bay's powerful ebb; the swell was piled into an ugly chop under us by shoal water, and half a gale was blowing.

But it was blowing off shore—thank Heaven, it was blowing off shore!

The one thing to be done was to round the invisible end of that unlighted North Jetty close in. Captain Sam, out ahead in his *Pelican*, took compass course just before the light faded, and for one full high-tension hour he felt his way through black and howling night, while I fought wearily to keep POLLYWOG's plunging bow headed for his stern light.

At the end of the hour the rock cairn, barely visible at a hundred feet, was close to starboard. In all that wild, wide smother of inky sea Captain Sam had picked the right spot within a boat-length. It was a brilliant piece of seamanship.

A few minutes later the following swell was flattening out as we ran up inside the jetty. We waved tired and derisive farewells to Old Atlantic and almost sobbed with weariness and relief.

POLLYWOG left the sea just one month from the day she reached it at Beaufort. All of January was consumed in making 190 miles of southward progress, and this involved an actual mileage of



275. But runs were made on only seven days, and the final trip from Beaufort to Georgetown occupied only eleven days.

Now the open sea was past, the strain of strife was over and peaceful Georgetown invited us to linger. And still we hurried forward, for bigger Charleston was but two or three days' journey ahead.

By miniature canal out of Winyah Bay one enters the great rice district of the South Carolina coast—the Santee River country—at this season deserted by all but the rice-birds. We cut across strange, shoal bays of the sea where you feel the swell in four or five feet of water behind an intricate fortification of sand-bars, thence into more winding tidal rivers among the dull-toned, level marsh-lands. In two days we saw not a living soul till we skirted Charleston's lovely Isle of Palms and sighted at dusk the awaking lights of the city.

Charleston and mail!

One comes to both the city and letters with zest after many days in the big marshes and on the open sea. Here in a handful of disfigured envelopes is the very touch of all our personal world.

Is this not the test of the perfect vagabond: that he should go out on the open road drawn forward only by the promise of the unknown, without desire to bring the past with him or to meet it on ahead? Then I confess at once my imperfection. Many times I found myself driving POLLYWOG forward not under the lure of strange cities but to the promise of waiting mail—to what the new city would bring me from my own.

A weak-kneed vagabondage, that!

Delightful Charleston—a veritable metropolis to Pollywoggers, being the first city of trolley-car size since Norfolk—held us three days, and to the end we still found it enticing.

But POLLYWOG went on again, traveling alone after three weeks of company and rather liking the quiet of her untroubled progress. That strange strip of intersected marsh, which, beginning near Beaufort, lies back of the ocean beach all the way to southern Florida, was still our path and would be for many days. No day in it was quite dull aboard POLLYWOG, but there was nothing that wooed us from a daily run.

Following always the dotted red line on the Government's special "Inside Route" charts, we went up rivers far inland, crossed to others by narrow, winding creeks, and so down again to face the sea across the inlet bars, then, skirting the dunes a space, repeated the whole maneuver in endless variation.

After four days we entered the muddy Savannah River, but, instead of going up to the city, crossed in sight of it and went on down the Wilmington by a pleasant, wooded shore to a village along the bank—the suburb, Thunderbolt.

POLLYWOG arrived lunchless and late, so was quickly tied to a dock and deserted in the direction indicated by a tarry native thumb for restaurant. The next clear memory I have is of a uniformed waiter who, pad in hand, was asking us if we would have cocktails, sir.

Let me say at once that I have no special devotion to the cocktail, but the suggestion came as something profoundly engaging and symbolic. It brought to ragged amateur vagabonds the flavor of gay crowds and the color of silken candle-shades.

Followed a luncheon of memorable excellences. The linen and silver and the service were what one expects close to Broadway but not in a Georgia marsh. The tables were filled by animated city folk. The soft, Southern laughter of bright-eyed girls was

very musical to seafaring ears.

Here was the very spirit of the little things left behind, and it was sweet.

Oh, fallen vagabonds!

We lingered over the courses ecstatically and said "one" to the waiter's poised sugar-tongs as if it had been a rite. We found new excellences of flavor in our ship's humble cigars over the demi-tasse of town, and the cocktail inquiry at the beginning had somehow

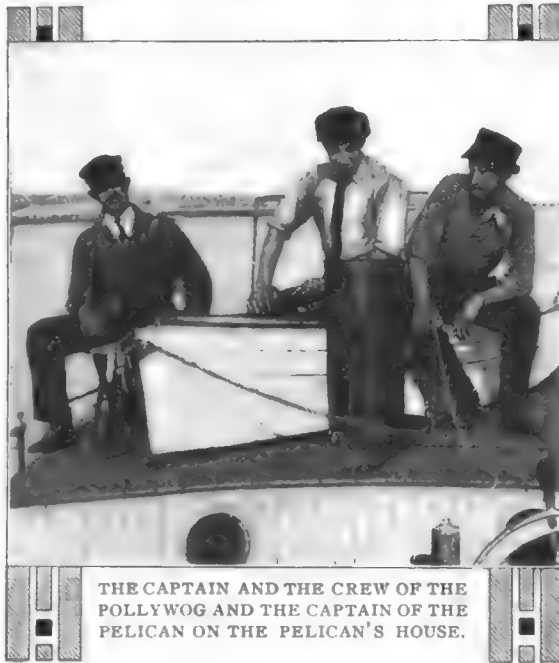
shed a radiance of romance over all the proceedings.

A hundred yards from POLLYWOG's nose the empty marsh began again, and it is nearly a hundred miles to the next town.

A day's journey out of Thunderbolt we were hailed by an alert little man in a small boat. He had a close-cropped gray mustache and city clothes. He was taking his thirty-five footer from Savannah to Florida and its rudder gear was smashed beyond mending.

POLLYWOG having rudder for two and he having eighteen available horse-power, a profitable combination at once suggested itself.

So POLLYWOG adopted a baby sister. An hour after the first encounter we ranged alongside smart little *Gallivant*, in a blow with a plunging chop running, and got her in leash fore and aft and both under way, the little one bobbing happily under POLLYWOG's broad, high side—did it all before any one had time to realize what a smart bit of seamanship it was.



THE CAPTAIN AND THE CREW OF THE POLLYWOG AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE PELICAN ON THE PELICAN'S HOUSE.

So off we went together, the little man's wife finding unexpected comfort by POLLYWOG's blazing fireplace, and thus the two boats traveled side by side for many days.

Running a fabulous eight miles an hour—a speed that required a readjustment of the amateur navigator's entire nautical perspective—we reached Brunswick, Georgia, and a repair-shop on the third morning, and the Gallivanter's had not yet ceased plying POLLYWOG with wonderful things to eat, under a wild but agreeable fancy that the obligation was on their side.

Together we entered Florida next day, to spend the night at Fernandina, where POLLYWOG's log recorded a total mileage of 1,225. The seamanlike time for a POLLYWOG to have made this distance from New York in would be about thirty days. Our actual time was ninety.

But we were in Florida at last. We felt it in the soft, sweet air of the evening as the sun set behind the rigging of the lumber windjammers anchored in the stream

and lighted the old red fort at the sea entrance.

But we failed to find in the looks of this Florida anything that at all suggested the Florida we had come seeking—that palm-decorated paradise so exquisitely depicted in the railway advertisements. So on we went to thirty miles of navigation intricate and exciting beyond anything we had ever guessed.

With twenty-five feet of beam and *Gallivanter's* extra foot of draft to remember, we threaded a maze among the herds of little marsh islands in "The Cow Pen," dodged unheralded oyster-bars in Sister Creek at slow speed all day, and were only two hours late at the St. Johns River, having grounded but four times. Better men than we have thrashed around in that confounding place, prisoners for a week, and the local pilots allowed us three days—with luck. We had the luck.

Bucking the tide up the broad St. Johns through the first of the floating water



TIED UP ON THE MAIN STREET OF DELAWARE CITY, MARYLAND.

hyacinths to Jacksonville, we found a very active and very Northern modern metropolis, with still hardly a hint of the tropical Florida we had hoped for except the wonder of warm, sweet weather. So we promptly restocked and began a pilgrimage to find that Florida.

No sooner had we gone from the St. Johns into the canal that takes one down the eastern coast of the great peninsula than Florida disappeared.

A whimsical prank of Nature did it. She sent thick fog in from the sea, and the tall pines and palmettos grew spectral and vanished, leaving us in a limitless world of empty, silent marsh.

We followed the winding, creek-like course timidly into a dim, white world till late afternoon, when a highway bridge loomed out of the fog ahead.

The aged bridge-tender came from a dull spot in the fog to set his little red flags and, with bent shoulders, wind his great lever.

A white road melted into the deepening grayness on either hand. It was dusk.

We tethered POLLYWOG close to the bridge and added our riding light to the dull red warnings of the closed draw.

The frogs in the still marshes set up their chorus, the bridge-tender hobbled away to a dim light in the gloom, and it was night—sweet, thick night in a wide, unguessable wilderness.

Twin white bright lights burned through the fog at us. Came a whizzing roar, a rattle of bridge planks, and a hoarse "honk!" Wilderness indeed! They are not so easy to find in Florida.

From miles of marsh next day the dug channel led us inland to a crooked, sluggish river bordered by a real sub-tropical swamp blazing with strange blossoms. Then it bent back to the beach and St. Augustine with its authentically medieval fortress, its gay modern towers among the high palms, and its rows of fishing Northerners on every wharf. Here indeed was the Florida of our dreams.

And here at last we lingered contentedly. POLLYWOG and *Gallivant* tailed to a dock side by side. Old friends of the long trail greeted us gaily. Some of them had gone on to that Mecca of the yachtsman, Miami, where the Northern fleet were assembled, and were already working their way back.

They all accorded POLLYWOG unaccustomed respect—she had won her spurs. Her uncouth figure mattered no longer. The smart yachts treated her almost as an equal.

But the return-trippers from Indiana, Kansas, and Vermont, who manned the piazzas, would have their little laugh. Bless them! We liked that, too.

When charming but sadly commercialized St. Augustine had become familiar we moved lazily southward, *Gallivant* still at our side.

Through more miles of marsh-banked river behind the long sand ramparts of the sea to the wonderful, ruined Spanish fort at Matanzas Inlet was a magical morning's run, and the afternoon took us by palm-bordered canal into a veritable wilderness, to tie to a grassy bank. The only lights that night were the fireflies among the palms. The only sounds were the splashing of little fish, the whir and chirp of fiddling grasshoppers and crickets, and now and then the high, throaty gurgle of alligators.

The broad and infamous Halifax River, with its two feet of water and six feet of soft ooze, its inscrutable channel, and invisible but perceptible hummocks carried us uncertainly past Ormond to Daytona.

Here we encountered the winter-resort industry in its most virulent form, and made an excursion out of vagabondage to dine at one of the big hotels that front the ocean beach. It was a brightly lighted place, and all the guests were very well dressed to express prosperity. The Pollywoggers were quite dazzled for a while but, escaping, climbed their shrine's high side and resumed the garments of vagabondage in vast content. In the waiting steamer-chairs we had all the loveliness those others had, and more. Their shore lights shone for us as cheerfully; their imported band played for us as gaily across the water; and all the sweetness of the gentle night was ours in a way they could not know.

The South still called, and we answered, and the South gave us our perfect day.

Your cruising vagabond leaves the North with fond dreams of a lazy life afloat in a sun-kissed paradise.

Quickly the dream fades. Anchors drag, supplies run short, shoals get in one's way, seas stay high, channels change, buoys disappear. He reaches Florida in a chilly norther and fails to find it; navigating grows

more difficult, perplexing, and uncertain.

Then comes the perfect day and the dream is reality. We sail lazily on warm, smooth waters under a warm, clear sky, by fairy shores. The air is filled with bird song and myriad fragrances. The radiant yellow shoals in the dazzling green inlet keep their distance. We go on and on to still, moon-lit anchorage, forgetting winter and the clock and work and even the faithful log.

Ashore there awaits us an imperative telegram. It is the call of the desk. To-morrow we must turn back, and soon POLLYWOG will be left dark and silent under the palm-trees, to await uncomplaining our uncertain return.

What matter? We have known true vagabondage.

One hundred days of it, indeed, with 1,475 miles covered, seventy for the longest run and two miles for the shortest. In a drive with a full crew and reasonably good weather POLLYWOG could, if she wanted to, make the voyage in a month. But she would not want to. That would be sport, not vagabondage. She was willing to leave speed to her friends of the road who were also money-spenders, and who had no knowledge of the thrill in keeping such an expense account as POLLYWOG'S.

The total expenditures during the hundred days of the cruise were \$500, a limitation imposed by the income in the same period. The largest item of expense is for food, \$130, or \$1.30 a day. This would have been lower if canned goods had not been used so largely. They are very convenient and often necessary, but they cost much more than fresh goods.

The second largest item was for labor, \$105, the smallness of which is accounted for by my engineer's youth and enthusiasm.

When he saw where the wind lay, he met me handsomely half-way.

Pilotage and towage totaled \$85, the largest item of which was the \$50 tow down the outside. Canal fees were \$18. Boat equipment and maintenance together were \$30, and this includes a new tender to replace the first Little Polly, lost in a Chesapeake blow, besides all the paint we used.

The item that will be the envy of fellow yachtsmen is the fuel bill. It was but \$45, and this includes not only engine fuel, but coal, wood, lighting, and lubricant. My kerosene engine used a fifth of a gallon a mile—less than 300 gallons for the cruise at an average price of ten cents. And twenty gallons of lubricant lasted out the entire 1,400 miles.

A POSTSCRIPT

Five months from the day I left POLLYWOG in Daytona, dismantled and ready for hauling out, I wrote to the captain of the shipyard where she is, asking for news of her. I did this because in the five months no word had come from her. True, there was no reason to expect any word. To the captain of the shipyard she is probably just a boat and I am a mere owner. He could not know that I was missing her sorely; that every time there was a bit of weather from the s'uth'ard or a both-anchor breeze to fluster the small shipping on the North River, visible from my twelfth-story window, I was one big hunger for POLLYWOG.

So I wrote, and there came a reply, brief but appealing:

"In regards to the POLLWOG is in fine condition as could be expected."

I wish he had added that Little Polly was doing well.



A CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF SOUTH CAROLINA SHORE LINE.

The GAME of LIGHT

by
RICHARD WASHBURN
CHILD

AUTHOR OF "JIM HANDS," "THE MAN IN
THE SHADOW," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS
by
FRANK SNAPP

WE HAD a man in our office whose name was Jimmy Birch, and Great Scott, he was middle-class! Most of the men in the Union Light, Heat & Power Company came from colleges. The old man believed in 'em. He knew they went slowly in the first few years, but he had faith in the finish they made. Jimmy Birch was not a college man.

Some of the men had started in as solicitors in the residence districts and then taken up commercial lighting in the down-town section; and most of them were always fighting to get over into the power department because electric-power contracts mean large sales and in the main are the profitable business of an electric company.

Furthermore, the assistant managers of the company had always been picked from the power department, and the men who sold power had private offices on the second floor of the Union Light Building, with mahogany desks and sectional bookcases, while the lighting men were down-stairs behind the golden-oak counter and the silvery, coppery display of Electrical Appliances for the Home. In these days, which the head stenographer, who has headaches, calls the days of externals, the wood your desk is made of counts!



"IT MAKES VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE WHETHER SHE KISSES ANYBODY OR NOT. I THINK SHE TRIES TO LOOK AS IF SHE WOULD."

"But I'll stick to the lighting end," said Jimmy when you asked him. "I'll stick to the lighting end because I know it and because it's a great field. Making night a mighty agreeable time for folks is my game. When I get through, they'll be bound to say, 'Jimmy Birch lit!' You get the idea?"

In a vague way we got it. Jimmy was probably five feet six, and it must be admitted that he had very little style. He was not exactly roly-poly, because he had a chunky hardness about him which developed, no doubt, because he was active eternally and had a busy-bee manner about him.

"He walks around with his head plugged forward and those surprised, searching eyes looking for bad lighting," the head of the meter department once said. "Jimmy has got drive. Must have had it to come along so fast. Down from a farm in Michigan, elevator boy, correspondence school, reading books propped up on the pillows at night, moving fast by day to keep warm instead of wearing an overcoat. Anybody who gets that habit never shakes it."

It was evident that Jimmy Birch never would. One felt that he would go through the whole of life hustling—not hustling in a mean, get-ahead-of-your-neighbor, worried-to-death hustling way, but the smile, whistle, and hustle hustling that comes from inside a man and shows he is chasing life and is not being chased by it.

Of course Jimmy was successful, for him—about three thousand dollars a year. Customers liked him. One woman with an electric flatiron or a drop-light for a parlor was just the same to him as Stein Company, or Harris, or Buxbaum, the big department-store men, or Culver of the Culver Chain Drug Stores. Jimmy used to say to the new solicitors:

"Remember the only sale worth making is the one that puts the new customer on your no-cost, works-while-you-sleep sales staff. When you've got the whole town working for you on no salary, then you're entitled to draw some salary yourself."

This was Jimmy, and the only clubs to which he belonged were the Y. M. C. A. and the National Electric Light Association. You might find him at the Art Museum Sunday afternoons looking at the pictures with a squint under his glasses and seeming perplexed by something in the Barbizon School, or the like of that. Friday night

he had a boys' class in the Marredon Settlement, and the tough ones were for him. At thirty he was still like a child about the sound of a military band and would follow a parade for blocks. And Saturday evenings he used to go into the back room of Schultz's and play dominoes with an old white-top who, we heard, was a veteran of Balaklava or Austerlitz or the Battle of the Nile, and who, with his hump-backed daughter, for six days in the week made spun-glass and silver-wire ornaments for the coiffures of high-browed and high-heeled ladies.

You can see he would not be entered as a favorite in any race for the Grand Prix when it came to marriage.

There was no picturing him in love, beforehand. The best one could figure out, if one were trying to draw a picture, would be that Jimmy Birch would make a botch of it; and that, were his heart ever to turn from light to love, there would be a man or a woman made in the process, but misery, tragedy, woe, and calamity for Jimmy. That would have been a good guess.

Only a part of it came about.

The Tyng Day Nursery Trustees held a bazaar. They engaged the ballroom of the Forsyth Hotel. The next day the old man sent from the president's office of the Union Light, Heat & Power for Jimmy.

The old man is one of these Directory of Directors figures. He is in a lot of things, but his real plaything is the Company. Everybody knows that his attitude toward it is a little different from the financier idea. He has given some good parks to the city out in the Edgewood Addition, and a statue of Lincoln in Marredon Square, and he was the man who was general when the panic hit us and signed the scrip we used to trade in while the depression lasted.

Likewise it is his notion to give good public service to the city, and when the *Ledger* screams to the skies for lower rates and better service and "less greed for dividends," as they call it, old Sutton smiles a dry smile and stands the gaff without a word of protest. He's red and gray. That is the old man. Winters he wears the handsomest fur overcoat you ever set your eyes on.

"Jimmy," said he, "this is a personal favor. My daughter is back from some years in school and Europe and New York, and I don't know where else, with her mother. The girl belongs to this town now and

if she shows any inclination to be serious I want to help. She wanted to go on the Board of Trustees of the Day Nursery, and she has a hand in this bazaar you see advertised with these window-cards."

"That's right," said Jimmy. "I've seen 'em."

"Well, what I have in mind for you is an illuminating job," the boss said. "I want to give the prettiest effect ever done in this town, so that her affair will be a success, and you might want to do the trick."

"I'd eat it!"

This interview began the trouble. It was not that Jimmy Birch fell short in filling the bill. On the contrary, the work he did was a triumph of modern art and a glory to the illuminating profession.

The ceiling of the ballroom did not please Jimmy, so for the occasion he painted it over with a more delicate color which would receive and diffuse the indirect effects. In the middle of the room he built a white fountain surrounded by little pine-trees which some of our linemen got for him in the Bayberry Woods, and it was from this fountain, by a system of concealed, high-rated lamps, that the main illuminating value came, and was distributed by an ingenious, white reflecting-dome hung in the ceiling. Along the walls baskets of flowers were swung on ornamental brackets, and in each basket a two-hundred-candle-power lamp was hidden beneath an oval cover of yellow glass.

"There is a blend!" said Jimmy. "The light from the middle—the color from the walls! You know the kind of sunlight you see at five in the afternoon after there has been a thunder shower and the birds are beginning to preen their feathers and sing again. Well, nothing to it! I've got it beat! People would have a good time at a funeral with this light!"

Miss Sutton, the boss's daughter, thought so too. Her name was Naomi, and everything frivolous was her greatest pleasure. For her, we thought, the world was a playground with women's apparel shops on one side and a space for the tango in the middle. George Trent, the junior partner of Colgate & Trent, the brokers, an ornamental young man, looked at the world the same way when he was not making money. He was her particular playmate, and we thought even then that he was booked to marry her so that the two could go on lead-

ing a faintly perfumed, polo-pony, six-cylinder, dining-out, low-necked, and dress-suit sort of existence.

Naomi was a little too tall for a bacchante, but she dressed as much as possible in that general style at the rate of two or three thousand dollars for clothes allowance. Her black hair and big gray eyes helped the picture. The head stenographer in our office disapproved of the president's daughter on the ground that, being conspicuous, her duty to set a good example was larger than most young, irresponsible persons' duties, and that she failed to fulfil it.

"It makes very little difference whether she kisses anybody or not," said Miss Dolan. "I think she tries to look as if she would. That's just as bad in these days when boys and girls are giving so much attention to solving the problem-plays and our best families are rigging out their children to look like things that have got by the censors."

Perhaps Jimmy Birch meant to disapprove of Naomi, too. We would have said so. But he never carried it far because Naomi began the acquaintance by approving of his lighting effects, and he forgot everything else just then.

That afternoon she arrived at the Forsyth House in George Trent's car. It was the season when winter covers the ground while spring fills the air with haunting odors, and she brought some of this spring into the empty, echoing ballroom where Jimmy, thrilled with his own power to create, stood alone, his glasses off, his short, stocky figure leaning upon one outstretched hand against the wall, and the same smile of triumph on his face that Columbus wore when land had been sighted.

"It is lovely," said Naomi's voice back of him. "Did you do it?"

"Yes," J. Birch admitted, and then, always loyal to the corporation, he added: "It is the work of the commercial department of the Union Light, Heat & Power."

"This is art—not commerce," the girl replied, slowly pulling a long Sitka fox skin from around her bare neck. "I shall tell my father so. It is too lovely for words!"

"What is your name?" she asked, a moment later, dropping into one of the delicate, gilded chairs and looking up at him with a childish perplexity and curiosity in her large eyes.

He told her. "I designed the lighting in



"I'M GOING TO WORK ON YOU, MR. BIRCH. I'M GOING TO TEACH YOU TO DANCE."

your own home," he said proudly. "Yes, that is my profession—selling light, spreading it."

Naomi Sutton did not seem interested. The orchestra in the café beyond the great white doors was playing modern, appealing, and rhythmic melody.

"Do you dance?" asked Naomi.

"No," said Jimmy.

"Come here," the girl said. "I'll teach you."

It was a terrible failure.

"What did I tell you?" he asked. "I've been jumping at angles so much I've no faculty left to go in circles. It's hopeless. I'm too old."

"How old?" asked the girl.

"Thirty."

"I'm twenty-two," said she. "And nearly bored to death. You remember that in the old days young ladies had to do a stint, or was it a stunt?—and make a sampler. I'm going to work on you, Mr. Birch. You're to be my sampler. I'm going to teach you to dance."

"To-day?" asked Jimmy, with a quiz-zical, self-possessed smile.

"No; I'm tired. Why don't you ask me to have tea with you in the café?"

Jimmy felt that this would be unwise in a hundred ways; but in spite of this feeling he felt the stimulation of unwise things the moment they were seated at a table in full view of many nodding society people who filled the space under the low-hung ceiling with their chatter. The question of caution, for better or for worse, had been decided, and he could for that occasion abandon himself to the charm of this frivolous creature who was to him as much of a novelty as a flirting nymph who had dashed out of a grove. It took his breath away when she leaned over her sparkling amber glass of ginger ale and the foolish lettuce sandwiches and said: "What's the point of being a salesman of light? Please talk about that."

He knew then that she was interested in him!

He was not sure, however, that she was not amusing herself; that, in a whimsical mood, she was not trying to make him pay for something more than the absurd dainties being served by a waiter who came and went in black-and-white flashes. Yet, of all subjects, she had chosen the one he loved to talk about; and now that the laughter and music was all about them like a fog of

sound which shut the two in from the outer world, he believed he might surprise her with ideas which probably had never entered her silly little head.

He told her about his early struggles, making her laugh at some of the dilemmas into which he fell. He described his interest in electricity. She interrupted to inquire about kilowatt-hours and half a dozen other terms, and he explained patiently each one. He boasted of the total connected load he had added to the company's business and made her smile in sympathy with his pride in his achievements.

"But is it salesmanship?" she asked. "Is that all?"

"No! It isn't all!" Jimmy exclaimed. "It's faith. It's a kind of religion. Anybody's work should be; I'd quit it if I didn't believe in electric light."

"You would?" she asked, leaning forward again eagerly and staring into Jimmy's earnest, square-jawed countenance. "You mean you'd give it up?"

"Yes," said he seriously. "No man can do anything worth much if he doesn't love it."

"And love people, too?"

"Yes, people, too," he went on, touched where he was weak—or strong. "There isn't anything to life if it isn't that. Maybe I'm wrong, but that's what I think. If you don't believe what you're doing is a good thing—why, what's the use? That's why I stick to lighting."

"It's very surprising how clear that seems," the girl said, squinting her eyes as if she were thinking about it. "Everybody seems so interested in money! Do you know you're the first person who ever made me see your idea so clearly. Go on. Talk about lighting. I like it."

"You saw that work I've done for your bazaar?"

"I told you. It is lovely."

"Those that come will have a better time because of it, won't they?" asked Jimmy, wiping his eye-glasses and saturating the air with a boyish enthusiasm. "It is spring sunlight, and I tell you spring sunlight is good for men and women. You don't realize how much light affects life, do you? It's marvelous! Houses lighted the wrong way hurt the souls of people who live in 'em. I'll bet I have put installations in people's private dining-rooms and parlors that have prevented divorces. Correct lighting will

make parents bring up children the right way! Of course *you* don't believe that."

If Naomi had meant at first to make game of Jimmy Birch, she had given up the idea. She still retained the half-curious, half-surprised stare of a child or a wild thing peeping from the jungle; but she had ceased her usual restless, unrestrained, constant movement and only nodded, waiting for him to go on.

"It's true!" Jimmy said impressively. "And it doesn't stop among the rich, either. I've put lights in the front parlor of a workman's cottage that have kept his daughter off the streets! Do you believe that? Do you believe that I can light a church so that people will *feel* the place, and do you believe I can light a school so evening classes can *think* in it?"

"Why, yes, I believe it. What made you think I didn't? You act as if I were a child. Do you think I am a child?"

"You have been on the big hunt for a good time," said Jimmy frankly and brutally. "Will you have an ice?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Naomi after reflection. "No man has ever dared or wanted to say so. They are very attentive and nice, but you—what do you know about girls—and women, anyhow?"

"Not a thing," said he. "Not a thing. I bought my first dress suit this March."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," she exclaimed. "But then, you couldn't be expected to know what I did mean."

Jimmy felt very uncomfortable.

"Do you like me?" she asked at the door of the café where the check-girl waited with Miss Sutton's wraps. "Because I like you. I want you to have tea with *me* day after to-morrow, and talk light to me."

"Thank you," said Jimmy, with a strange, intoxicated whir in his brain which made him flippant. "I can talk books and pictures and all the latest news, too. I'm self-raising and ambitious, Miss Sutton, and maybe from you I can learn something about girls—and women."

"Maybe," said she, and shot a look through his spectacles and into his eyes that shut off his breath.

And yet when he had gone home, there came the realization that she had talked to him a good deal as a queen would have talked to a subject; moreover, she had not asked him to call on her, and this left in his mind a half-formed notion that she did not

intend to make their acquaintance open and well advertised. If the notion had been more than half-formed, Jimmy would not have gone to the Forsyth Hotel ballroom on Thursday at five, hoping to see her; he would not have had tea with her, as he did, in a sheltered corner of the café; he would not have sat back contentedly in his chair listening to her voice, which was music, or her thoughts, which fell out of her mind as honestly and openly as new-picked apples roll out of a basket; he would not, for the first time in three years, have thought so little of the "lighting gross and net" and the sales budget for the fiscal year, and the load factor in residence business, or new systems of house-wiring, or making people healthier and happier after dark. But Jimmy was lost. Fate had sprung her joke on him.

Indeed, the teas in the sheltered corner of the Forsyth Café happened four times, and the fourth time when he went to his room in the evening to read he could not follow the text of Carlyle's Essay on Burns more than two lines before his mind went off, leaving his eyes to read on alone. Whereupon he realized suddenly so much wisdom at a gulp that he kicked off the cover, jumped out of bed, and walked up and down in his pajamas until his feet were cold and his forehead was hot and he had made up his mind what to do.

The first chance came after two days, when she drove up to the curbing in an electric runabout.

"Get in," she said.

Jimmy smiled grimly. "Last time I saw you I called you Naomi," said he. "I've wondered since whether your father knows that we know each other—quite well. I wondered whether you had ever talked about me to him—mentioned me."

Miss Sutton appeared to be angry or embarrassed or sad or mischievous, and neither he nor any other man could have told which.

"Have you ever mentioned me to him?" she asked. "You see him nearly as often as I do. Have you said to him, 'I know that I am a poor but earnest young man and that your daughter has an income of seventeen thousand dollars a year in her own name, and I think it is my duty not to be misunderstood,' and so on and so on. Have you?"

Jimmy felt about the height of sea-level for a minute; then he met Naomi's gaze

squarely. "No, I haven't," said he. "But the idea looks to me to be very much on the square. So I'm going to!"

Jimmy did. He did the next morning after the directors' meeting of the Union Light, Heat & Power Company. Old Sutton had a telephone call entered for New York and they were trying to establish a better connection when Jimmy sprang his surprise.

"Want to see me, Jimmy?" asked the old man. "*Yes—hello—hello.* What do you want to see me for?"

"I've had tea at the Forsyth several times with your daughter. I thought you'd better know it."

"Yes. Wait a minute—*hello, hello; Harrison?—I can't hear. I can't hear—Yes, Jimmy, tea with daughter—the devil you say! Whatchadoit for?—Give me a better line—*Go on, Jimmy. Ought to make acquaintance of débutantes through their families. This is bad news. Both you and she ought to know better. Well, what else?"

"I owe a lot to you, Mr. Sutton," Jimmy went on, leaning over the desk in the manner of one who intends to fight rather than plead. "And I know and you know that I'm not going to play any game that isn't on top of the table. Furthermore, if you say so, I quit right here. Weighing it all carefully—Excuse me."

"Hello—hello," said Sutton into the telephone. "Harrison? All right. Take the next train and come up and see me. Bring those options. Nothing else—good-by."

"I was saying that, weighing it all carefully," Jimmy went on, "if I'm going to start out to make love to your daughter, I've got to do it, under the circumstances, with your O. K. or not at all."

"Make love!" roared the old man. "You—she! Well, just hold on, Jimmy. Let's talk turkey. This is new. Let me think. . . . Let's be honest about this. I hadn't thought of you as a son-in-law."

"Neither had I," said Jimmy.

"Umph," growled Sutton. "You are ambitious."

The younger man jumped up. "I like my job here," he said, "but no man can talk to me like that. I don't mix my ambitions up with this, and you sha'n't. I——"

"Sit down," the old man interrupted hastily. "I take that back. Does Naomi like you?"

"I don't know. What I'm asking is a chance to find out."

"On what basis?"

"You want to know that, Mr. Sutton? Well, I'll tell you. I realize that I'm not the conventional picture of the thing modern society calls a desirable catch. There are a lot of young men making love to your daughter who are. I don't play polo, nor wear five-dollar ties, and I live in a boarding-house on the West Side, and I never saw Europe except in the moving-pictures, and I converse in no foreign language. But this is America, and what is real still counts here, and I'm betting on the old-fashioned common or garden virtues. I'm no saint. I bet on the ball games and when I'm mad I swear, but if I ever love a woman and she will have me, I'll go straight with her. There's nothing mean in my soul, or rotten in my blood, or wrong in my mind. I'm not very clever in the ballroom, but beneath a lot of things I see in Naomi which I think are silly and dangerous, and not up to the American standards—of my mother back there on a Michigan farm, for instance—I think I'm clever enough to see a real woman. If she belongs to me, I can bring out more of that real woman than any fat-cheeked broker or yellow-haired count. Furthermore, the woman who is my wife won't have any apologies to make for the work I do. If I have my health, I'll know more before I get through about the applications of electric light to the good of humanity than any other man in this country."

"Is that all?" asked Sutton, looking at him from under his gray eyebrows. "Are you through?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's something in what you say, Jimmy," the boss growled. "Let's see. You've put your case on the merit system and the work-wins basis. To-day is April sixth, eh? What was our increase in the gross lighting business in the year ending December thirtieth?"

"Fourteen per cent. increase," said Jimmy.

"Was that contracts or business actually connected?"

"Business actually connected."

"All right. Leave it this way. Take three months. That makes the date July sixth. Connect up as much new business from last January first to July sixth as we



FRANK
SNAPD
1914

"GO ON, JIMMY. THIS IS BAD NEWS. BOTH YOU AND SHE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER."

Digitized by Google⁴⁵

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

connected up last year. Do it with your present organization. Then if you want to make love to Naomi—or marry her, if she wants you—neither her mother nor I will have a word to say.”

Jimmy's face expressed thunder - storms and explosions. “Do you call that fair?” he exclaimed.

“You'll have to judge it,” snapped the old man. “And there is another condition. Of course you won't see my daughter during that time. And you don't know she would be interested anyhow?”

“That's *my* lookout,” said Jimmy, with a steel-trap sound in his voice, and he let the spring breeze from the open window of the directors' room slam the door after him as he went. Jimmy was the maddest man in forty counties! He was red with it!

The next morning, however, he was white with it. He came into the department like a mechanical device, swept the unopened mail into the “incoming” basket, and called for the contract files and the solicitors' reports.

“Here, Jones,” he called to the customers' ledger clerk, “go down to the meter department and bring me back a map showing all proposed extensions, and get the total figure for business signed up but still unconnected. Then figure out the total business connected to date and the total business signed since the first of January.”

“Something doing?” Jones suggested.

“You bet there's something doing,” replied J. B. “And don't let any of my solicitors go out this morning. There'll be a conference for everybody in the demonstration-room at nine-fifteen.”

No one who attended that conference will forget it. “Square-jawed talk,” Benson called it. Jimmy had told them all that a necessity had arisen. He told them a fight was on. Before the fourth of July sales had to be more than doubled. He invited any man who reported to him and did not want to stand the gaff of a fight and working sixteen hours a day to quit, then and there. “But if I can double the capacity of this department in three months with the same men,” said he, “I'm worth double my salary. I'm going to ask for it. And if any man keeps pace with the game, I'm going to do more than ask it for him. I'm going to demand it. We'll burn this town up with light.”

“Overload the customers?” suggested one man.

“Not on your life,” said Jimmy, glowering through his spectacles. “We'll write our business conscience on to the back of every contract card. We've always done that, and the man who don't can clean out his desk and draw his pay.”

There were sixteen youngsters and two old staff-men in the room, and Jimmy went down under their skins. You could hear them growl and whine like bulldogs and hounds eager to be turned loose. Jimmy had picked them and they were a game lot. They went out on to the street that morning like a football team running on to the field in a stadium.

“It's impossible!” said Jimmy, talking to the glass top on his desk. “It means that on top of all available business there must be twenty thousand dollars gross that isn't here at all! But we'll play for miracles! Then if they happen, we'll get 'em.”

A week later a big white disk went up in the appliance-display room. There was a hand on it like a clock, and the edge of the disk was marked with figures showing new kilowatt load. “That'll show how the fight is going,” said Jimmy. “If the hand gets around to the top again on July fourth, we win!”

These were days that showed us all the business value of good-will. Jimmy began to find what quick assets he had in the city.

Wolstein, the big clothing-manufacturer, was curtailing for an off-season lull; but when he asked about the clock and found that it was Jimmy Birch's game, he told him to go ahead with the new installation in his shop. A foreman from the Western Supply Rolling Mills went out on his own hook and made seventeen families in the old ball-park district wire their cottages. The reporters from all three papers spent many an hour trying to slip something over the city editors' desks about the progress of Jimmy's fighting campaign. Some of the doctors in town bent their professional ethics double trying to convince patients that gas lighting in the home consumed the oxygen available for the family and should be displaced by electric bulbs. A salesman for one of the incandescent-lamp houses stayed over in town three days to land his brother-in-law, who kept the largest furniture store in town.

Word was passed around that Jimmy

Birch had gone into the game just for the love of a fight, and bets were made on him down at the American House and in barber-shops. At the noon hour knots of men would stop to peer in the window and see how much the hand on the "clock" had moved since morning.

On May sixth a third of the time had gone, and the record showed that the lighting department had jumped past the power department in actual kilowatt measurement of new connected business. The meter department had been doubled, and the line department had more men than had ever been on the payroll. The president had never sent a word to Jimmy except a memorandum saying that the engineering, line, wiring, and meter departments would be equipped to take care of any increase in sales. Jimmy crumpled it up in his square fist and threw it into the metal waste-basket.

"Don't you see?" he complained. "Of course we might win at this rate. But summer is coming on. People go away. Business slows down. The need for light is less,



NO ONE WAS
UNDER THE
APPLE-TREES
BUT NAOMI.

and any fool knows we've been getting the easiest prospects first. The first of this fight is cream; the last of it is skimmed milk."

"By the way," said Wheeler, the youngest

solicitor, "the boss's daughter came in this morning to look at our clock."

"Did, eh?" said Jimmy, staring off through a matched-board varnished wall. "What she say?"

"I don't know. What does anybody care? I saw her yesterday, too, with a new gown, a new driving horse, a new trap, and a new man."

"You better see your customers," said J. B., bringing his mouth into a thin slit.

By June the "clock" began to fall behind. The men in the commercial department looked tired when they came in mornings. Jimmy's fight for business was no longer news, and the papers mentioned it no more. The summer go-aways began to drift out of town, and business grew dull. Men who had bet on the race began to regret their haste. Jimmy came back from his excursions to see new prospects with a scowl, and sat at his desk looking over the new contracts or went down to the service men and cursed them softly for their slowness as to "cutting-in" new customers. He was not at his best. His eyes were dark, his shoulders drooped. Jimmy had worked hard in his short life, and somehow, though we did not know the inside story of this battle, we felt that it represented the climax of his "drive," and that it had done something to break his spirit; we believed that he would be a bad loser, and would resent bitterly the fact that responsibility to accomplish a miracle had been thrust upon him so that a defeat would have to be written on his record.

That first week in June Naomi Sutton came in to the department when he was out. She wanted a new part for a copper coffee-percolator, and several of the men jumped forward to wait on her. She was the daughter of the president of the company and, besides, her eyes were like trout pools and her hair was like the blackbird's wing, and her movements were those of a young nymph in tennis clothes, and there did not seem to be a serious thought in her head.

"What does that mean?" she asked Jones, pointing to the woeful showing on the clock. "Does that mean you men are going to lose? I should think you'd be ashamed—to try—and fail. How many of those spaces will you be short of making the hand finish its journey?"

Jones tried to tell her. But she said she

could only feel a buzz in her head when she tried to understand electrical terms, and she laughed merrily and went away. Her picture was in the Sunday edition of the *Ledger* in the society columns, and the head stenographer sneered at it. Of course it may have been that the head stenographer had become infected with the general ill-temper of the office.

On Friday, however, as if Fate had wished to pick Jimmy up so that he might be knocked down again, a marvelous creature came in and, with a forty bull-power bass voice, asked to see Mr. Birch. The stranger wore a club-check, black-and-white suit over his ponderous body, a brown derby hat, a pair of tortoise-shell eye-glasses, and a whole set of gold teeth. He looked like Nero and talked like a patent-medicine man. His name was Atkins Atkinson and, having announced that his business was confidential, he whispered it to Jimmy in words which rattled the calendars on the walls and sounded like the peroration at a political rally.

"I'm a man of few words, Mr. Birch," he said. "I'm a man of action. My business is amusement parks, booking agency for summer attractions and carnival management. I'm the famous Atkinson Chain of El Dorado White Cities, Incorporated, and in ten minutes yesterday I decided to build one of our White City amusement parks on the site of your abandoned race-track on the Bayberry car-line, and in ten minutes I bought the site, and in ten minutes I had started orders for more feet of lumber than I dare to tell you for fear you'd call for smelling-salts. I've got a partner in this by the name of I. M. Oan of Cedar Rapids and New York City. He's on the financial end, and I'm the producer. We're good and sound, and we want to talk turkey on lighting the new park."

"Great guns! The miracle!" yelled Jimmy. "Here, don't move! Let me get a drink of this spring water. How much current will you use? But I don't have to ask. It's enough! When can you take it?"

"Ah-h-h!" said the Fog Horn. "There's the question. We're in a race against time. We want to open the Fourth with a big fire-work display that will put your eye out, and Daring Diana, a woman on a bicycle who rides an incline, drops forty feet, lands on a springboard, dives off the bicycle and into a tank of water covered with blazing

gasoline, twenty-four feet six inches from the end of the board. But to open the Fourth will mean a gang of carpenters that could turn out a new house about twice a day. Any slip in a consignment of spruce boards or white paint would put us on the bum."

"I'll contract to give you service July third," said Jimmy. "We'll keep our word. Here, sign this."

"Not on your life!" the Atkinson person replied. "What kind of a fluff would I be to promise to take your juice when maybe I couldn't do anything with it but dump it on the marshes! Suppose we weren't ready on July fourth? Send me estimates, rates, and so on. We're thinking of putting in an electric plant of our own anyhow."

"See here!" exclaimed poor J. B., snatching at the other's sleeve. "There isn't a Chinaman's chance for that. How good are your prospects of opening on the Fourth?"

"Two out of five," replied the other. "And, say—I never seen a man so anxious for business."

"Anxious?" groaned Jimmy. "You fellows may save my neck. You'll have our figures to-morrow! Then there's nearly a month left!"

That was a terrible month for Jimmy. He called his men together and told them that if they would keep up their end for thirty days more, he might have a piece of business which would pull out a victory for the department.

"Some of you men may find out what piece of business I refer to, because I'm going to order the pole-line extension for it on my own risk to-day. But if you find out, keep your mouths shut. We'll open the eyes of the big fellows up-stairs. And the town will drop dead from surprise."

The next day he went out on the Bayberry line. A gang of men, four scrapers, three dump-carts, a steam rock-crusher, and an engineering party were already at work on the old race-track.

"What's going on here?" he asked of the conductor.

"Nobody knows," said the other. "They say it's going to be a big brewery."

Jimmy went back to town. For seven days after that he tried to find Atkins Atkinson, and for seven days he went out in one of the company's machines to watch the lumber being brought in and stacked on

the Central's siding and then cut in lengths on a steam sawmill which had come in the night like a piece of machinery wished into being. Finally he met Atkinson on the grounds.

"Sign up a contract on the figures we sent?" he asked. "Then we'll start to put our service out this way."

"You're doing it already," said the observant promoter. "That's your pole line, isn't it? Well, we'll do our own wiring in the park, and it ought to take you only four hours to run your current on to our system. Come around and see us July second or third. I'll talk to my partner, Mr. Oan, the next time the chance comes when we're not too busy. Until *then*, my friend, until then——"

Jimmy almost burst into tears. He was on the verge of telling his story to the Fog Horn, but he went away kicking at lumps of mud as he walked. He tried to whistle, and there was not a whistle left behind his dry lips.

He knew that nothing but a connection of the big load in the amusement park could save him from failure in his fight. It has been said that he used to go out at his lunch hour during the last days of June with a sandwich and peanuts in a paper bag and sit on an old stone wall under the sprawling, scraggly apple-trees on Bayberry Hill at half-past one, and look down at the work going on at the park, listening to the sound of hammers on the boards, watching the blanket of paint crawl along the high walls, watching men in overalls making tests in the roller-coaster cars and the steam-shovels still digging in the hole which Atkinson had called the "Big Lagoon."

Jimmy would hurl down imprecations on the laborers for their slowness. He saw a dozen cases in which he could have suggested better methods. He gnawed his thumb and finally, disgusted with the idea that the park would not be finished in time, he would throw himself on his back in the grass and, looking up, would watch a cat-bird scold him from the edge of her nest.

It was not till June thirtieth that Atkinson came to see him again.

"We're going to open the Fourth of July," the Fog Horn announced, rubbing his massive knees. "Modern methods done it—the methods of the Atkinson Chain. Get me?"

"Get you!" exclaimed Jimmy, propping himself up on his desk, with tears in his voice. "Get you? Sure I get you. Here's the contract. Sign it. Sign it and I'll put a gang on out there metering that will work till morning."

"Oh, I can't sign the contract," said the big man, waving Jimmy upward toward the ceiling as if he weighed nothing. "We have a system in all our business. My partner financed this enterprise and my partner signs the papers."

"When'll he be here?"

"The second of the month. You can come out there to the Park at eleven in the morning."

"Will he be there sure?"

"Yep," said the Fog Horn. "We do business that way—minute by minute. Don't forget. Eleven—Tuesday."

Forget? Not Jimmy. He had a contract in his pocket which, signed, would win his fight!

Tuesday morning at nine o'clock for the first time in nearly three months, Jimmy went up to the president's office.

"Hello, Jim," said the old man cordially. "You've put up a game fight, my boy. Didn't know you'd do it. But you're going to lose."

"So they say," said J. B.

"Look here," the old man began suddenly after he had stared out of the window. "Look here! By George, you've shown the stuff in you! You got a mean deal from me. I haven't been watching your fight closely, but I've done some thinking. This is man to man. We're living in America. You were right, merit does count. Old-fashioned standards still hold good, and blamed if I'm going to let 'em go down. If you can win Naomi, that goes with me, Jimmy."

"Not exactly," replied J. B., looking the president straight in the eye. "I want no favors just this minute. I'll want 'em a heap later, but not now."

"What?" asked the old man.

"I'm going to win," said Jimmy. "I'm going to connect up every watt of business I started out to put on our lines. That's what I came up to say. When I win, I win."

The President of the Union Light, Heat & Power Company gasped, looked angry, laughed, and buried his face in the mail.

He did not believe that Jimmy had a chance.

Indeed, even then J. B. was white with anxiety. He took the car out to Bayberry and spent the quarter-hour stamping on the front platform.

"Just my luck to find the place afire," he said.

"How's that?" said the motorman.

"Oh, nothing," replied Jimmy.

But the park had not burned down. Atkinson was there, directing a scene painter who was coloring the peaks of the "Alps for a Nickel" and chatting with Daring Diana, otherwise Margaret Nelligan of Salt Lake and formerly in circus work.

"Hello, Birch," said he. "We're putting on the last touches."

"Where's your partner?" gasped Jimmy, filled with suspicion.

"Oh, yes, that's right, you want your contract signed," Atkinson said with irritating coolness. "Here, see them apple-trees up by that stone wall? Gone up there behind them trees. Stroll up."

Stroll was a terrible word just then. Jimmy ran. He almost ran toward the place where, in his agony, he had so often watched the workers below on the site of the old race-track.

No one was under the apple-trees but Naomi.

"Hello," said she. "Who are you looking for, Jimmy Birch?"

"The partner—the man who built the park—the owner," Jimmy panted.

"I'm the owner, Jimmy," said she. "I built the park."

"You built the park?"

"I had to, didn't I? I heard dad tell mother about his bargain. And you had to have so many more what-ever-you-call-ems of connected business to win, didn't you? Well, a park was the only thing I thought I'd like. So I just spent the money for a park. You're not angry?"

"Angry?" Jimmy cried. "Angry?"

"Because it only cost seventy-five thousand dollars, and that is nothing but money," said she. "And I spent it for us."

That one last word paid Jimmy in full. He stood there with her hands in his, conscious that the world eternally proves itself sound and kind.

"Oh, gee!" said he at last. "Won't I be able to work up some great lighting effects for people *now*!"



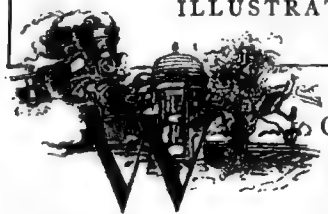
Riding on the Cars

by

Eugene Wood

AUTHOR OF "FOLKS BACK HOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS



WOULDN'T it
be fine if
some one
could write

up his very first experience of Riding on the Cars? All the impressions that so marvelous an event should have made upon him, vivid, clear, and convincing—so that the reader might sense it as if he too were Riding on the Cars for the first time.

Wouldn't it be fine!

You try an old, old person. Aw my, yes, she minds as plain as if 'twas only yesterday the time the first railroad train came through their town. Back in York State it was.

"Crowds and crowds of people, eh?"

"Aw my, yes! Like General Training Day it was. Sam bought me gingerbread."

"Weren't you excited?"

"Aw my, yes! That was a big day for me. I had on a pair o' plum-colored satin shoes that Sam made himself and gave me. That was the first time I had 'em on. Out o' the house, that is."

"And did you ride on the cars that day?"

"Yes, indeed. Sam took me. That was the first time I ever went with him any place—on a ja'nt, that is."

"And didn't it seem strange to you to ride that way—no horses pulling?"

"I d'know's I thought much about that."



time of Riding on the Cars.

There are people of our own age that lived till they were grown up in some forgotten place "out in the sticks" where there wasn't any railroad, till finally they got so they couldn't stand it to live that way any longer and they cut loose. Surely *they* can tell just how it seemed to them to go Riding on the Cars.

Oh yes, they thought it was something wonderful, but—tell you what! it wasn't a smidgeon more so than sidewalks. That laid over anything ever they see! Why, a body could walk along in wet

I saw the ingyne, and I knowed that was what was drawin' the train. But I didn't pay much attention to it. Seems like my mind was more took up with Sam than what it was with the ingyne."

"What did you think when you looked out of the window and saw how fast you were going?"

"Why, I don't ricollect much about lookin' out of the window. I mind as plain as can be the pattern of the flowered vest he had on that day. He was dreadful struck after me. I liked him, too, but I wasn't going to let on I did. I made him think I cared for other fellows, but I didn't. Only for him. Aw my! but that's a long, long time ago. I was eighteen then and he was twenty. He died the day after Garfield was buried, and here I be, livin' to be so old and jist a burden and a care to everybody!"

The ready tears of eld begin to flow, and that's an end to reminiscence of her first

weather and not get their feet muddy!

Oh yes, they like to have jumped out of their skins when the pop-valve of the locomotive let off steam, but wait till they tell you—they didn't know how to wash themselves the first time they stayed at the *ho-tel*. Fact! For them the giggle never dies out of the story of the greenhorn in his sock-feet paddling down from the eighth floor to ask the night-clerk: "Mister, where's the pump?"

Only an overruling Providence kept them from being that very identical fellow.

"Yes, but didn't the railroad——"

"And I tried to blow out the gas. Talk about an overruling Providence; why, when I found out I couldn't blow hard enough I turned it down so's I could, and just by bull-luck I turned it clear off. Bull-luck or overruling Providence. Just as you're a mind to look at it."

"Well, didn't you——"

No use. It'll only start 'em off on some

other story of those distant days when they were yaps. You'll get no clear-cut, vivid picture of the first Riding on the Cars, with every essential feature brought out in its true value.

And in our own personal instance—Let's see. . . . When was the first time we rode on a railroad train? Let's see. . . .

It isn't that memory is not clear. It's as clear as can be, what there is of it. But there's so little of it. It's as if there once had been a beautifully painted vase of china, now all smashed into bits. The bits are bright as ever, but they are few and unrelated.

Let's see— Out of the car-window one sees a moving toy like those Mr. Cox has in his toy-store window along about Christmas time—one of these that wind up with a key. A little, teenty-weenty figure of a man with a bright yellow straw hat, and bright red shirt, and bright blue breeches. And he has a little, teenty-weenty team of horses, and the man and the horses move their legs as if they are alive. Ere one can call out, "Oh, looky, mama!" they are gone. On the return trip one looks for them, but all in vain. On other trips one looks for them, but all in vain. And, as the years pass by, one grows into the disappointing knowledge that it was no brightly painted plaything that went when the spring was wound up, but a farmer and his team of horses. They were just far off; that was what made them seem so teenty-weenty.

Let's see. . . . Let's see. . . . Ummmm. Oh, yes. Overhead in the ceiling of the railroad car, away, 'way up so high you wondered how a person could get to them to light them, were lamps.

"When is the man going to light the lamps, mama?"

"When it gets dark."

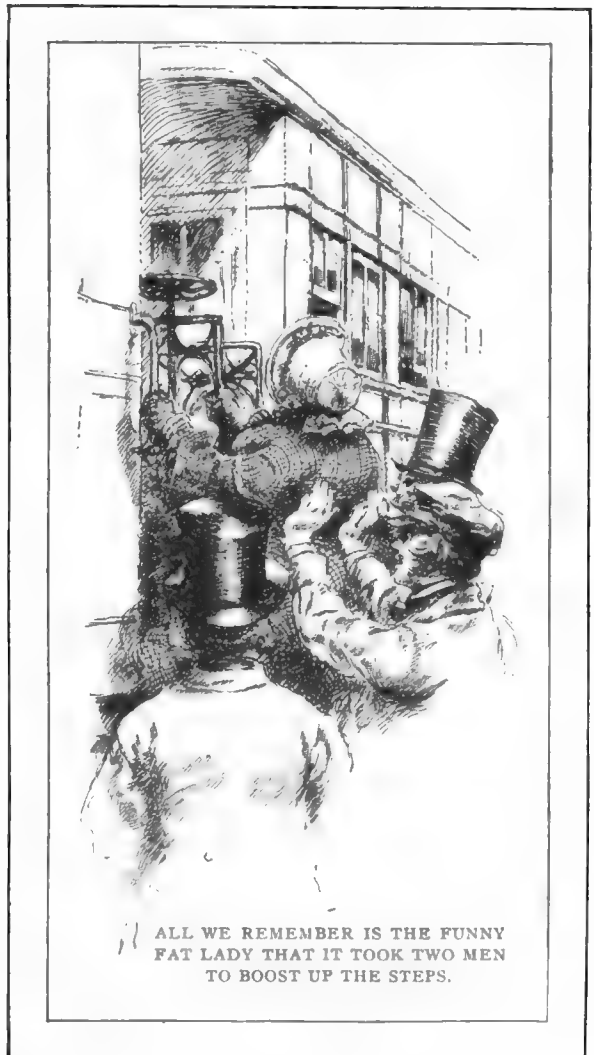
"Will we be on the train when it gets dark?"

"No, dear, I hope not. If nothing happens, we'll be there long before that time."

A person's underlip stuck out in rebellious disappointment, and mama, who was always trying to

be funny on serious occasions, rubbed her forefinger over the projecting lip with: "This-is the way to go to house-keeping, and this is the way to break *up!*" So that all that a person was going to say in complaint about how Robert Thompson, he, now, saw a man light the lamps on the cars, and it ain't no fair 'at Robert Thompson, he, now, sees all the nice things—all that was just "Blub-blub-blub!" And a person had to laugh when he didn't want to.

Let's see. . . . Try again. Think hard now. Cars. Engines. Cars. Engines. . . . Ah! on the gray cloud of forgetfulness memory's kinetoscope projects a tiny, tiny moving-picture, no bigger than my



ALL WE REMEMBER IS THE FUNNY
FAT LADY THAT IT TOOK TWO MEN
TO BOOST UP THE STEPS.

thumb-nail, it seems to me, yet brilliant in color and sharply clear. Down between the sloping lawns, where Main Street crosses the tracks—the straight track and the bending one they call a “switch”—three microscopic engines do a sort of lancers, first couple forward and back, opposite gent sashay. The opposite gent is the one I “choose.” . . .

Wait a moment. Is this a memory or a dream? Or, more mysterious still, is it a recollection, not of this time on earth, but of the one before it? Were locomotives ever the gay and joyous things this picture makes them out to be?

The first couple that moved forward and back, blowing the steam out of their cylinder pet-cocks, whiss! whiss! are banded with brass that shoots long stickers of golden light into my eyes; they glow with the alcoholic redness of planished copper; there is something sumptuous in the glossy gray of their Russia-iron jacketing, the cold richness of the gleaming, polished steel of

guides, and piston-rods, and driving-bars.

But the one I “choose” is all of this and more, for it is red and blue and green and yellow; a rooster painted to the life defies the world from the top of the sand-dome; the cow-catcher is bright vermilion neatly striped with black; and even the lantern is decorated with the picture of one of these far-off places. On its cab are letters of solid gold that say “NORTHERN STAR,” and at the very front of all is a silver star. A smokestack grandly swelling like a peg-top springs from the forward end, and at the back end, in my thumb-nail moving-picture, an animalculous fireman tosses sticks of cord-wood. . . .

Oh, a dream. Unquestionably a dream. For locomotives are numbered and not named. They have a short, straight tube for smokestack, and there's not a speck of bright work to be seen, let alone gay paint. All in black they are, gloomy, even surly, as if some hateful genie had decreed that men should no more love their work or what they work with.

And that is all? Just these few broken bits, brightly painted but shattered and scattered, giving no idea of what should have been the splendid whole of the emotion awakened when for the first time one encountered that wondrous thing, the Railroad Train?

Here we are, standing on the station platform, bright-eyed, alert, eagerly interested in everything. Something jars the solid earth, the station windows jingle, and here comes rushing toward us with tremendous force the Railroad Train! The bravest man on earth, Jack Johnson or Theodore Roosevelt or whoever, must run from in front of it the same as a white-livered coward.

As it roars a-past us, coming to a stop, our souls should turn to water within us at the clangor of its bell, the screeching of its air-brakes, the whissing of its steam. But it's only when we have grown accustomed to it that we involuntarily step back a little. It's only when we have seen it many times that we reflect that it would crunch our bones and never care, that it is more physically terrifying than



ALL OF A SUDDEN THE CLATTER TURNS LOUDER AND HARSHER. THE DOOR HAS OPENED AND THE BRAKEMAN ENTERS.

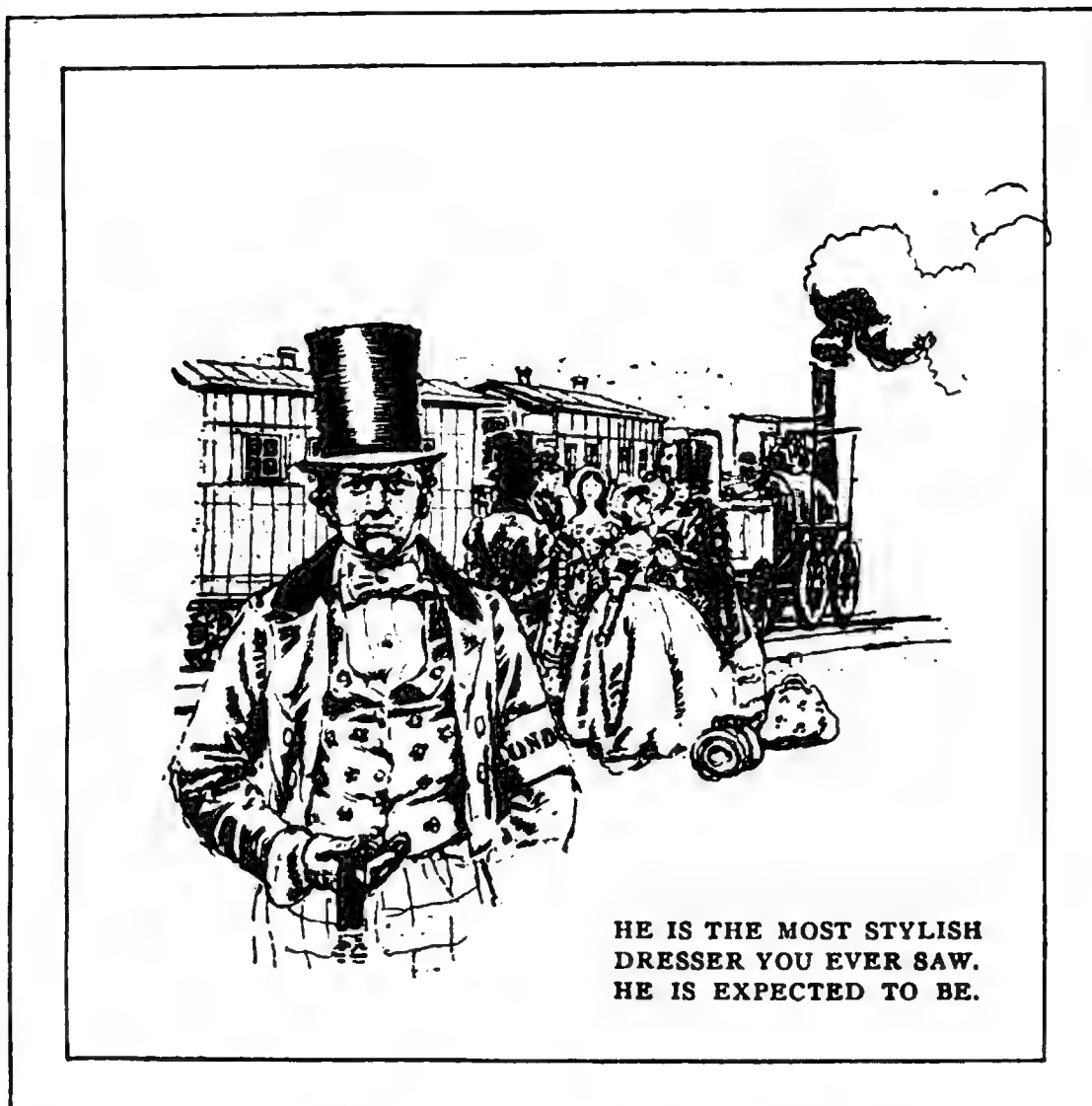
any dragon a Saint George speared at.

Only very gradually it comes to us that it is terrifying spiritually, also. The railroad is a revolutionist. It hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted them that were of low degree. Its needs for money in gigantic figures, to burn up suddenly in equipment; its prospects for ultimate gigantic profits, have revolutionized Finance. And before its needs and prospects the old Cash Economy has fled like a spook when the roosters crow, and the Credit Economy has come.

It ended the long age that had for its beginning the day when first a cart creaked behind a horse. It ended the still longer age in which a country's water-ways were its main traveled roads. Once the Mississippi was thronged with vessels and had more steam tonnage than all the British Empire; now its reaches are as lonesome as a pocket before pay-day. What Washington Irving prophesied would be inhabited for centuries to come only by marauding Indians and white bandits is now a peaceful cow-pasture, because of the Railroad Train. New suzerainties cut across the map and make the boundaries of states mere decorative stripes. Famine is far from us—while the trains run; and nearer to us than ever in history before—if the trains stop.

We should have seen all this the first time we went Riding on the Cars. It should have made a wonderful impression on us. But it didn't. All we remember is the funny fat lady that it took two men to boost up the steps, and our mental query whether if we fooled with the window-catch it wouldn't start the engine.

In its very nature there is something



HE IS THE MOST STYLISH
DRESSER YOU EVER SAW.
HE IS EXPECTED TO BE.

vague and elusive about it, something that defies the human wish for little, hard wads of definite information as to who did this and who did that. Thus: Who was the meekest man? Moses. Who invented printing? Gutenberg. Who freed the slaves? Lincoln. Who discovered how to crack an egg? Columbus. Who got up the Railroad Train? Er . . . er . . . er . . . Well, who did?

When was the first Railroad Train? I don't think there ever was a first one. You think you've got it when you read how on July 4, 1828, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving Signer of the Declaration, laid the first rail of the B. & O., and said he didn't know which Fourth of July was the best day's work. But the horse-drawn carts that ran upon those tracks we shouldn't call a Railroad Train.

And when, to pull those wagons, they fitted up the *Eolus* with masts and sails, we shouldn't call that a Railroad Train either. In the history there is altogether too much space taken up with what the Russian Ambassador said about the lovely ride he had on it, and nothing at all about whether she

was cat-rigged or had a jigger-mast; whether the engineer was called "Captain" and if he hollered "Hard-alee!" going round the curves; how they got *to* Wheeling when the wind was blowing *from* Wheeling—nothing that a body really wants to know.

And when at last a genuine American steam locomotive ran from Charleston, S. C., to Hamburg, S. C., for the first time, in 1834, we should have had to look twice at it to see if it wasn't a thrashing outfit. It had a vertical boiler and looked like a big beer-bottle set on trucks.

Even if the locomotive could have passed the examination, the cars would certainly have flunked. For a while they were coach-bodies fastened together and set on trucks. They even had whip-sockets to them. And when the characteristically American railroad cars appeared, canal-boat-looking things, with an aisle running the long way between seats that run the short way, we should have thought them tool-houses or switch-shanties on wheels rather than component members of a Railroad Train. They had a low-pitched roof with a ridge-pole and rafters, boards nailed on these, and battens over the cracks between the boards. They had four four-paned windows on each side, and a stove in one corner, which did great execution in an accident.

The Railroad Train wasn't born, like the balloon or the flying-machine; it "just grewed," like Topsy.

II

After all, what is there to Riding on the Cars that a body should want to remember? It's just so much time wasted out of your life. You're in New York, we'll say, and business requires that you shall be in San Francisco or Seattle by Friday. There, as you might say, is practically a whole week gone. During the trip you look out of the windows and there's nothing to look at but all the kinds of scenery that there are. To be sure, there are some things that do excite a fleeting interest, such as the way they slice a haystack down, and how green the hay is. Green as paint. Oh, is that alfalfa? Yes, I've often heard of alfalfa. Aha! I see a storm is coming up out yonder. Not clouds? What then? Oh, the Rocky Mountains? I've often heard of them, too.

Inside the car it's pretty dull. Nobody to talk to, much, except actors and agricul-

turists, and bishops and butchers, and coal-miners and Congressmen, and divers and drummers, and electrical engineers and eye-and-ear experts, and filmmakers and fiddlers, and so on down the alphabet. Conversation ranges between the narrow limits of the immortality of the soul and what's the best ration for laying hens, with occasional divagations into politics, petty and grand. The only languages spoken aboard the train are likely to be Canadian French, Pennsylvania German, Portuguese, Swedish, Norwegian, Russian, Yiddish, Finnish, Lettish, Lithuanian, Slovak, Polish, Hungarian, Czech, Italian, Icelandic, Dutch, Japanese, Chinese, Indian (American and Asiatic), and very frequently English.

You ride along, and ride along, and put up with one hardship after another. Often you can not get asparagus in the dining-car except *au vinaigrette*, and that's always canned stuff. You have to do without your cold tub in the morning, and are obliged to read other newspapers than the New York ones. The antiquated nonsense of state lines presuming to be more than streaks of color on the map offends you when you can not get a drink of ice-water inside one imaginary coop unless you carry your own drinking-cup, nor a drink of whisky inside another imaginary coop unless you carry your own flask, both of them unaccustomed impedimenta.

It isn't so bad when you have the lower berth with this new-fangled electric lamp over your left shoulder to read yourself to sleep by. Yes, thank you, I know how to shut 'em off now. You press 'em back into the socket, like. The porter showed me the second night out.

The lower berth isn't so bad, but the upper berth—Say! Tell me something. When you undress to go to bed in an upper berth, and you've got your coat and waistcoat off, and your suspenders down, what's the next best thing to do? Yes, I know, but how do you go at it? Is it good form to lie down on your back and hunch yourself toward the head-board and kind o' worry 'em off you that way? I thought I'd ask. It seems such an awkward way to do. And the money drops out of your pocket, and a person is apt to wake up with a screech out of a dream that snakes are crawling over him when it's only a silver dollar that has got chilled and touched the flesh.

The upper berth at two A. M. seems

frightful to contemplate until, to get to it, you have walked through the day-coach at two A. M. The Railroad Train is a traveling museum of mechanical marvels, but none of its ingenious contrivances has so completely compassed the end for which it was designed as the seat of the day-coach. It practically compels anybody with two dollars to spend it for a berth. There are some that can endure to try to sleep in perfectly impossible positions, but these would probably doze off while an Indian squaw was torturing them. It certainly is a hideous sight, the day-coach at two A. M.—discomfort, and squalor, and uncomplaining submission. It makes a man feel glad that he is rich and can afford an upper berth.

Riding on the Cars is mere commonplace. That's what makes it so impossible for a person to write up his first experience of it and get in everything. All there is to it is life, life compressed into a narrow channel the width of the track.

For instance, there is the traditional boy, leaving home for the first time to try to find a living in the big city. You see so many of him you get sick and tired of it. And there are the same old, monotonous children that play peekaboo with you over the seat-back, and before whom the candy-boy stands so long that their mouths water faster than they can swallow, and somebody has to buy them something to rescue them from drowning.

Here is an ash-en-faced man with an ominous cough, returning from California. He thinks the home climate will be the best. He'll be all right again as soon as the weather settles and he gets over that cold.

And here come a young fellow and a girl, dribbling rice from their evidently spick - and - span new clothing. Outside a mob of squealing lunatics try to cast shoes,

and in the background is a carriage bearing the large label:

WE TWO FOOLS HAVE JUST GOT MARRIED

which is a rather ingenious way of putting it.

Yonder is a group of women in crêpe veils, and men are carrying a long pine box toward the baggage-car.

Through the swaying aisle a train-hand rushes, calling out: "Is there a doctor here?" There is. There always is, it seems. He has come away without his case of medicines and instruments, but he does the best he can, whether he is called for one that takes the long, long journey or to assist a passenger to come on board the immigrant car who has no ticket or any personal effects whatever.

In this latter case the chasm between the immigrant car and the palace car is bridged immediately, and the women in dainty hats fraternize with those who wear colored handkerchiefs on their heads. The men are out of it at such a time; but they do the only solemn and religious thing they know of—they take up a collection.

III

It is commonplace now, but once it was almost pure Adventure. Here. Take hold of this handle with me, and help me give it a



RIDING ON THE CARS IS LIFE, LIFE COMPRESSED INTO
A NARROW CHANNEL THE WIDTH OF THE TRACK.

whirl. All together now! Yo-hee! There! We have turned backward the wheel of time, and it is now 1840, and again you are Riding on the Cars. I may say that the telegraph hasn't been invented yet, and that this is a single-track road with trains running on it in opposite directions. Does that seem adventurous to you?

Better get on the last car. Safest in case there is a head-on collision. You're in the car now and are talking out of the window to a friend on the station platform. He says:

"Well, I reckon they'll start up pretty soon now."

Then you say: "Is that so? I wish't they would."

"Yep," he says. "Tom Forsythe's quit pumpin' water into the tender. Say. You know that old blind mare of Jake Holtz-miller's. The one that bites. Company's dickerin' for her."

"That so?" you must say. "They ain't a-goin' to hitch *her* to the trains, are they?"

"No. They cacklate to rig up some kind of a 'rangement or other so she'll walk round a horse-power, and pump up the water. Tom says it's gittin' too hard on his back to pump for so many of these ingynes. Yep. They're about ready now. I see the fireman puttin' in some stove-wood."

"All aboard!" you hear some one sing out.

"All aboard! If you can't get a board get a rail!" quotes your friend, and you both laugh heartily. It is a new joke, and a good one.

"Well, so 'long," you say.

"So 'long. Say! When it starts up, you better pull your head in."

"Why so?"

"Git it took off if you don't. Fact. Feller down by Mad River stuck his head out when she was goin' and it was tuck off, jist luck *that!* Smack, smooth— There you go!"

There is a long crescendo of clinkle-inkle, clank, clunk, *clank, clunk*, CLINKLE-CLANKLE-CLUNKLE, getting louder momentarily. Each car is coupled to its follower by three long links. By the time all the slack is taken up and the pull has reached the last car where you are riding, the engine is going a pretty good clip, and BANG! It snatches you, and your heels fly up and your hat goes bouncing down the aisle. Good thing it didn't snap your head off!

"Oh, say," your friend calls out, running

along by the car, "if you see Tod Hoover I wish you'd tell him for me——"

"Can't hear a word you say," you call.

You're off on your adventurous career. You bump along, and rattle along, and the reiterated thump of the wheels against the rail-ends makes a sort of song: "I got your trunk, I got your trunk, I got your trunk, I got your trunk"—and all of a sudden it turns louder and harsher. The door has opened and the conductor enters.

You'd know it was the conductor by the way he's dressed. Not that he wears a uniform, unless a black leather band about his arm with "CONDUCTOR" printed on it in silver letters be a uniform. I mean that he is the most stylish dresser you ever saw. He is expected to be. He wears a plug hat, a high collar like Henry Clay, with a black silk shawl for a neckcloth, doe-skin coat, flowered waistcoat, a watch with dangling seals, trousers of shepherd's plaid with straps under the high-heeled patent-leather boots.

Don't go looking for your ticket and worrying because you can't find it. You shouldn't get ahead of yourself that way. Tickets haven't been invented yet. Pay him in cash. He takes in the money all the week, gives the engineer, fireman, and brakemen their wages Saturday night, and turns in the remainder to the company Monday morning when he goes to work. The cars don't run on the Sabbath.

You jingle along, and bump along, and rattle along, and pretty soon she stops.

"What's up now?" you ask. You look out, and there's the fireman stealing fence-rails and chopping them up. He must have miscalculated the amount of firing that would last him till he got to the woodpile there by old man Moneypenny's. Terrible hard on the hands, firing an engine was in those days. Always losing a fingernail. Firing on a freight you had to have a third man on the engine for wood-passer.

Or maybe the reason they stopped was that the engine was on fire. There was no sheet-iron jacketing over the wooden lagging that kept the boiler hot. A spark from the smokestack would stick on the wood, and the draft would fan it, and the train-crew would have to douse water on the blaze.

Such delays often made a train late at the "post." I told you there was no telegraph, and that they ran trains in both

directions on this single-track road. Mid-between stations was a white post painted with "STOP HERE." The train that got to the post first had the right of way. After waiting ten minutes it was to proceed, and the train coming from the opposite direction had to back into the station it had just left. One way, this is a sort of convenience, for now your friend can tell you what it was he wanted you to say to Tod Hoover if you met him. But a person feels kind of cheap slinking back that way after having started off on an adventurous career.

While you are waiting for the up-train to come through on the main track, you get out and walk up toward the engine. The engineer happens to look at his water-gage. "Oh, my Lord!" he gasps, and gives a short, sharp whistle for "down brakes!" That's a funny thing to do, you think, with the train standing still on the side-track. He hops out of the cab with his long tin oiler, and greases the rails under the drivers. Then he hops back and pulls her throttle wide open. The wheels spin round like mad, and the flames leap from the stack in a long, loud roar. The brakes are all set and the train does not move a peg.

When he looked at the gage he saw that there was mighty little water in the boiler. If she didn't get some in there mighty quick she'd blow up. When she's running, there is a pump attachment to the piston-rod that soon fills her up; but he couldn't go far enough on the side-track and if he went out on the main line he'd get run into; so he greased the tracks and set the brakes and ran the engine without going any place.

"Yes," says you, "but what's the matter with his steam-injector?"

Nothing. Only Gifford has not yet become interested in navigating the air. When he needs the money to buy him a balloon big enough to carry up a steam-engine and its fuel to work the paddle-wheels, he'll



A YOUNG FELLOW AND A GIRL DRIBBLING RICE
FROM THEIR EVIDENTLY SPICK-AND-SPAN
CLOTHING.

invent that miracle by which the pressure of the steam is able to force water into the boiler against itself.

Running off the track of half-inch iron spiked on squared timbers set on cross-ties, and these on mud-sills; having a curled-up rail come ripping through the floor while you are discussing with a companion the cussed turn-coat Dan'l Webster; blowing up the engine-boiler, collisions, the train breaking in two going up Sharon Hill—there was nothing commonplace about Riding on the Cars in those days. It was pure Adventure.

Sam might take his best girl out for a jaunt in them the first time the cars came through the town, but when, after the infare, they two left York State for the Far West of Ohio, it was not Adventure they were looking for but Romance. Cars were too risky; and besides you had to change every whip-stitch because there was no uniform gage; you had to wait dreary hours in depots for connections, and stop overnight at the tavern because trains did not run after dark and sleeping-cars had not been thought of. So they went by canal to Buffalo, thence by lake steamer to Cleveland, and thence again by canal to

where they were to make themselves a home. It took two weeks for them to make the journey. They could start now after supper and get there in time for breakfast.

"Two whole weeks! Wasn't it terribly tedious?"

The dim old eyes light up, and through the wrinkles glows something of the pretty girl that looks at you out of the old daguerreotype. Tedious? Oh no, no. It was lovely. They set a grand table aboard the packets, party meals three times a day. If a body got tired of sitting so long, they could get out and walk along the tow-path picking posies. In the early part of June it was, and the honeysuckles and the locusts were all a-blowing. Seems like it was full moon all the way. Of course it wasn't for the whole two weeks, but it was such pretty weather they sat out every evening.

Sam had a sweet voice, and led the singing in the choir back in York State. She was in the choir too. She "carried the air." Sam could fit a tenor to 'most any tune, and they sang, "Fly Away to My Native Land, Sweet Bird," and "Johnny Sands," and "Life Let Us Cherish," and "My Johnny is a Shoemaker"—he was, only his name was Sam— The prettiest tunes! Seems like they don't make such pretty tunes nowadays. Tedious? Those moonlit nights in June, gliding through gentle gusts of odors from blossoming locusts and honeysuckles, those two lovers (then and always), he twenty-one and she nineteen, with all of life before them, and every care deferred until the voyage ended? Tedious! Ah, if that fortnight might have been forever!

That was Romance, scored for muted strings and wood-wind. But Riding on the Cars was scored for brasses and tympani. There Adventure called to bold spirits for deeds of high emprise. Let women-folks and such as wear their rubbers when it sprinkles concern themselves with the Will to Live. With red-blooded youth the overmastering impulse is to take a chance on getting killed. The frontier was too far, and Injuns were less risky than ingynes.

It gives me the cold creeps to see a brakeman coupling cars even in these comparatively civilized days when only one out of every nineteen is killed or injured. In the old times it seemed as if car-builders deliberately planned it that no two cars should be of the same height, so as to make the bumpers more nearly like the blades of

shears. In those days, so many were inventing automatic couplers to save life that it got to be a kind of a joke. For of course the railroad companies wouldn't *look* at 'em. Anybody with half sense would know they couldn't be bothered.

Speaking of the railroad companies: As you look out of the window when Riding on the Cars, and see millions and millions of empty acres revolve before you that nobody can buy to make a home for himself and family because the hunger for land is not yet the frenzy that it will be, it suddenly occurs to you that, after all, there is a pretty definite date, if not for the locomotive and the Railroad Train, at least for what we call "the Railroads." The War of '61 was less of a Rebellion than a Revolution. And it was from 1862 to 1864 that the Railroads really grew to man's size.

In that eventful period when it was doubtful whether the Union would survive, when citizens could think of nothing else than that their boys were at that moment dying in agony, the Railroads got as a free gift 200,000,000 acres of the public land. "The Railroads" began then.

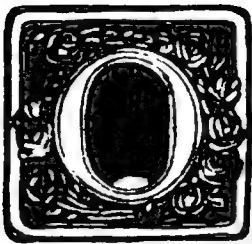
The train climbs and climbs, and presently it moves but little faster than a lady's walk, although the engine ahead is tugging with all its might, and the helper behind is pushing with all its might. The cinders patter on the roof like hail. We double hair-pin curves, and wind and twist, and as we climb we always keep in sight the torrent that foams and dashes on the rocks, a torrent which every half a mile or so might have a dam thrown across it, and a powerhouse built upon its banks, from which should stream titanic forces over a copper wire no bigger than a broomstraw. While there are wet oceans, a hot sun, and gelid mountain-peaks, that source of power can not fail. But the Carboniferous Era that laid down the coal that patters wastefully upon the roof can never come again.

It is a long, long story of reckless squandering of human life, of honor, of the heritage of the unborn. A thrilling story of picaresque Adventure. But it nears the end. Some time Riding on the Cars, like the canal-boat, will be romantic, picturesque, poetical.

It will. It will. The future is a long, long time.

The UNFINANCIAL FARMER

by
JOHN PARR



OF ALL the many kinds of money-borrowers in the world the American farmer in the average is the readiest and the worst. The private banker is his immemorial enemy. During the debate in Congress on the Federal Reserve Act, under which the National banking system of the country now is reorganizing, I surprised a Republican farmer in the act of beating the fence with his hat and shouting for Wilson.

"What's happened?" I asked.

"I'm for Wilson," he said.

"Why?"

"Just read in the paper that he's going to make these National banks lend money on farms."

He was the least efficient farmer in the township, as I knew, and before the spring opened he got rid of his mortgage by moving away from it. He was succeeded by an industrious young married man who rented the place for three years from the mortgagee at too high a rental, and is bound to fail with it because he can not afford to put into the ground more than he can be sure of getting out of it again before his lease expires, which means that he will leave the farm in no better condition than he found it, having got in the meantime a very thin living.

Tenant-farming on short leases is desperately poor use to make of land. If this young man could borrow money at $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 per cent. interest to buy that farm, with the privilege of paying back the principal in small annual instalments spread over twenty or thirty years, he would be a proprietor instead of a tenant, his heart would be in it, the soil would be coddled, and where now the yield of corn is not more than twenty-five bushels to the acre, it might easily be fifty.

But he is without any capital at all—that is, financial capital. He has only his strength and youth and his willingness to work. It is hard to borrow on that kind of security, though it is often the very best a lender could have.

The difficulty is that the lender is seldom in a position to know the personal character of the borrower. He takes his security in the land and its improvements, at 50 or 60 per cent. of their appraised value. He acts through an agent, who reports, not on the borrower, but on the property. A farm, say, is rated as worth \$5,000; the agent advises his clients to lend \$2,500 on it, at 5 or 6 per cent., as the rate may be.

If the young man goes to an agent and says: "I want to borrow \$5,000 at 5 per cent. and pay it off in twenty years," the agent, whether he represents an individual client with money to lend or a financial institution or a mortgage-loan firm, answers that twenty-year loans are unknown. Farm mortgages are placed for periods of three or five years. Then if the young man says: "All right; I want to borrow \$5,000 for five years," the agent will have to say, "That is impossible. Your farm is worth only \$5,000. The most anybody would lend you on mortgage would be \$2,500 or possibly \$3,000."

It is useless for the young man to say that he will be industrious and saving, as his predecessor was not, and that he is an efficient farmer, as the other knew not how to be. None of that passes as security for a loan.

But even if it were possible for him to borrow the full value of the farm, on a long-term mortgage, as it is in some countries of Europe, notably Denmark, where the Government lends the money, he would yet be in need of another kind of credit, called, for distinction, short-term credit,

such as a merchant obtains at his bank.

He will want to buy fertilizer in the fall and winter, and seed in the spring, and perhaps some pigs and a cow, all of which are needed to bring the productivity of the farm to its maximum. If he can borrow the money for these purposes, for periods of a few months or a year, paying it back as the produce is sold, he will gain more for himself and enrich society. That is as every business other than farming is conducted. The manufacturer or the merchant sells long-term bonds for his *fixed* capital, and then borrows currently at the bank for what the accountants call his *working* capital.

In theory it is the same. In practise it is very different. The merchant or manufacturer borrows both *fixed* and *working* capital much more easily and at lower rates of interest than the farmer can, and in thousands of cases the proportion of his own capital to that which is borrowed is much less than would be expected of a farmer. Indeed, the big gains in commerce and trade are made by those who know how to keep that proportion small—how to prorate the earnings of borrowed capital over a very small proprietor's investment.

Thus, if a man has \$10,000 of capital and wishes to engage in a business the normal profits of which are 10 per cent., and can borrow \$90,000 at 5 per cent., he has in his service \$100,000. His gross profit will be \$10,000, out of which he pays 5 per cent. (\$4,500) on the \$90,000 which he has borrowed, and has \$5,500 for himself. That is 55 per cent. on his own capital of \$10,000.

That kind of finance has been impossible for the farmer, to whom capital is not only much dearer but much less accessible. When he borrows *fixed* capital, on a mortgage, he pays 1 or 2 per cent. more for it than the interest rate on corporation bonds, which represent the *fixed* capital of other business; and, besides, it comes due every few years—either three or five—and has to be renewed, whereas the corporation bond runs for fifty years and maybe longer.

And when the farmer has to borrow *working* capital he pays a price which in business would be prohibitive. Instances of negro farmers in the South paying 60 and 100 per cent. a year for small loans are not unknown; instances of 15 and 20 per cent. are common all over the country.

The farmers do manage to borrow capital of both kinds. Their total indebtedness in

this country is estimated at nearly \$6,000,000,000, of which, roughly, one-half is owed on mortgages and the other half to banks and implement firms and storekeepers and merchants; but they borrow in the most wasteful manner, and the cost of it, mind you, is a burden upon the cost of food.

THE REASONS

The reasons are obvious enough. Commerce borrows capital more cheaply and more easily than agriculture because, mainly, commerce is concentrated. The banker knows his commercial borrower personally, sees him every day, and is continually hearing reports on his conduct; or, if that is not the case, then the commercial borrower at a distance has a credit rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's. With an agricultural borrower it is different. The farmer comes to town occasionally, and the banker who has loaned him money on his note may not see him again until the note is due.

The farmers ought to manage their own credit better. That is clear enough. Without legislation of any sort they could form voluntary credit associations to guarantee each other's liabilities, and undertake not only to vouch for the character of borrowers but to see that the money borrowed is properly spent and safeguarded; they could go so far as to report regularly to the bankers from whom they obtain accommodations. Bankers would be very willing to lend money on the credit paper of such associations, and at much lower rates of interest than any individual borrower could obtain. Collective responsibility makes perfect security, and, though many farmers are reluctant to think so, the quality of the security largely determines the rate of interest.

Or they could form credit unions of their own, with small capital, even with borrowed capital, and help themselves. Jewish colonists have done this very successfully already in several states, under the direction of Leonard G. Robinson, general manager of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Aid Society.

But this involves a degree of cooperation of which the American farmer so far has seemed incapable.

To a Government official intensely interested in the uplift of agriculture, especially in this matter of freer and cheaper capital, I put this question:

"Is the American farmer at heart a co-operative animal?"

"He can be taught," was the answer. "My notion is that the way to teach farmers the use of cooperative credit is to demonstrate it as you do agricultural implements or scientific cultivation. Give them the examples and let them think. The farmers, as you may never have happened to consider, are an intellectually idle class. A great deal of their work keeps them physically active and mentally idle. A man plowing his field, one long furrow after another, thinks enviously of the rich, imagines all the world to be in a conspiracy to defraud him, and remembers everything he has read in his newspaper. He reads the newspapers, especially the radical ones. And he dreams of something to make him rich—suddenly rich. He wants more land, not to till but to hold for a rise."

"He is at heart a speculator?"

"Exactly."

These are some of the elemental aspects of that vast and difficult subject now going under the name of Rural Credit.

It is in two parts. There is the problem of land credit by itself. That is to enable the farmer to borrow *fixed* capital at low rates of interest on long-term mortgages which he pays off in small annual instalments.

Then there is the problem of personal credit. That is to enable the farmer to borrow *working* capital on the security mainly of his character and industry.

Besides, there is the much more debatable question whether the land credit, on long-term mortgages, should be designed for the *solvent* farmer only, or for the *insolvent* farmer too. The *solvent* farmer is one who has some financial capital, and needs only to be assisted. The *insolvent* farmer is one, like the young man at the beginning of this article, who has no financial capital at all and needs the whole start. A land-credit scheme under which one could borrow at low rates of interest only 50 per cent. of the value of one's land would be a great benefit to the *solvent* farmer; but it would still leave the *insolvent* farmer where he is, working for *solvent* farmers or as a tenant.

That is a question of public policy which has been dealt with in various ways abroad. In Russia, Denmark, and France the Gov-

ernment has used its credit directly to put land into the hands of *insolvent* farmers. England is doing it for the Irish farmers, of whom in the last seven years 385,000 tenants have become farm-owners. They have eighty-seven years in which to pay the Government back.

TO BUY BACK OUR HERITAGE

That the European Land Problem should have arisen in this country while those are still living who saw land free for the asking and approved of granting millions of acres of the public domain in the form of subsidies to railways, shows how rapidly the world fills up, and how precious land is. Many are now demanding that the Government shall lend people the money with which to buy back the land it gave away to the railways.

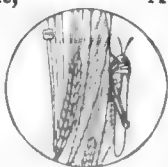
Two years ago the Southern Commercial Congress undertook for the first time in this country a comprehensive study of the whole subject of Rural Credit and appointed a commission to see what had been attempted and accomplished abroad. Then the Government appointed a commission to cooperate.

A mass of evidence was collected in Europe, where for over a hundred years farmers had been cooperating to obtain credit, to market their produce and to buy their supplies. When the commissioners came home and made their report they began to learn things they had never known before about the American farmer.

At last Senator Fletcher and Representative Moss evolved the Moss-Fletcher Bill, which was submitted to the President, amended by the Secretary of Agriculture, and then reported to Congress. Joint hearings were held before sub-committees of the Committees on Banking and Currency of both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Moss-Fletcher bill provided for the creation of farm-land banks, to be formed by any ten persons, to be either private stock banks or cooperative, to have a minimum capital of \$10,000, and to be vested with specific powers as follows:

To receive deposits up to 50 per cent. of their capital and surplus; to act as depositories for the Postal Savings funds; to make first-mortgage loans on farm lands up to 50



per cent. of their appraised value; and to issue and sell to investors collateral bonds secured by those mortgages, the amount of bonds any one bank could issue being limited to fifteen times its capital and surplus.

Thus, a farm-land bank, with \$10,000 capital, could buy first mortgages and issue collateral-trust bonds against them up to \$150,000.

The objection to this bill on the part of economists and bankers and men of affairs generally was that a lot of small banks all over the country would be issuing bonds, individually, so to speak, as farmers have always borrowed money, and that investors would not take the trouble to investigate the standing and character of every bank, any more than of an individual farmer.

The objections heard from farmers were various. One was that it placed the whole rural-credit scheme in the hands of banks run for profit. Another was that it did not help the *insolvent* farmer, with no capital to begin with. Another, that it did not solve the questions of personal or short-term credit.

STATE AID

The farmer, plowing his long furrows, has time to grow very suspicious. Mr. T. C. Atkeson, representing the National Grange, said: "As I talk to them personally, they seem to be possessed with one fear more than any hope. That is the fear that some kind of job will be put up on them that it will take a generation or two to get rid of."

The Hon. E. R. Bathrick, Representative in Congress from Ohio, speaking for his own bill authorizing the Government to borrow money at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. and lend it to farmers at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., said: "What we need to do is for the Government to hammer down the interest rate."

After the close of hearings on the Moss-Fletcher Bill, the notion grew among those in charge of Rural Credit legislation that direct Government aid was both politically expedient and economically desirable, and then appeared "The Federal Farm-Loan Act" called the Bulkley Bill, providing—

That any five persons may form a cooperative farm-loan association, like a mutual building-loan association, for the purpose of lending money to its stockholders up to fifty per cent. of the value of the land and to twenty-five per cent. of the value of the

land's improvements, on first mortgages maturing in five to thirty years;

That each farm-loan association shall contribute at least \$1,000 to the capital stock of a Federal Land Bank;

That there shall be twelve Federal Land Banks of \$500,000 capital each to supervise the farm-loan associations, and that the Federal Land Banks in turn shall be supervised by the Federal Reserve Board at Washington;

That these Federal Land Banks shall issue farm-land bonds, engraved by the United States Government and secured by the mortgages assigned to them by, and purchased by them from, the farm-loan associations;

That in the event of the \$500,000 capital stock of each of twelve Federal Reserve Banks failing to be otherwise subscribed, the United States Government shall provide it, and,

"That the Secretary of the Treasury shall, upon application of one or more of the Federal Land Banks . . . and upon the recommendation of the Federal Reserve Board, purchase from Federal Land Banks farm-loan bonds not previously issued or sold, in an amount not to exceed \$50,000,000 during any one year, and shall pay for the same out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated."

So the United States Government would be required to guarantee in the first place \$6,000,000 capital for twelve Federal Land Banks, and thereafter to purchase \$50,000,000 farm-loan bonds annually.

That is directly to subsidize the farming industry in this country, as some foreign governments have thought it wise to do.

Are we ready to do that?

The demand for state aid to agriculture comes from the farmers, of course; but it is concurred in by a great many people who believe the food cost of living in that way may be reduced. The farmer, however, is not anxious to cheapen food. He seeks to increase the profits of his industry. Thirty years ago there was such an overproduction of food that corn would not bear the cost of transportation and was burned for fuel. The agriculturist then was poor, indeed; yet state aid was never proposed. What he demanded at that time was a lower range of freight rates to the food-consuming East. He got it. That was the Granger Movement.

MEXICO

WATCHFUL PERSPIRING *at* VERA CRUZ

By

FREDERICK PALMER

AUTHOR OF "WITH KUROKI IN MANCHURIA,"
"THE LAST SHOT," ETC.

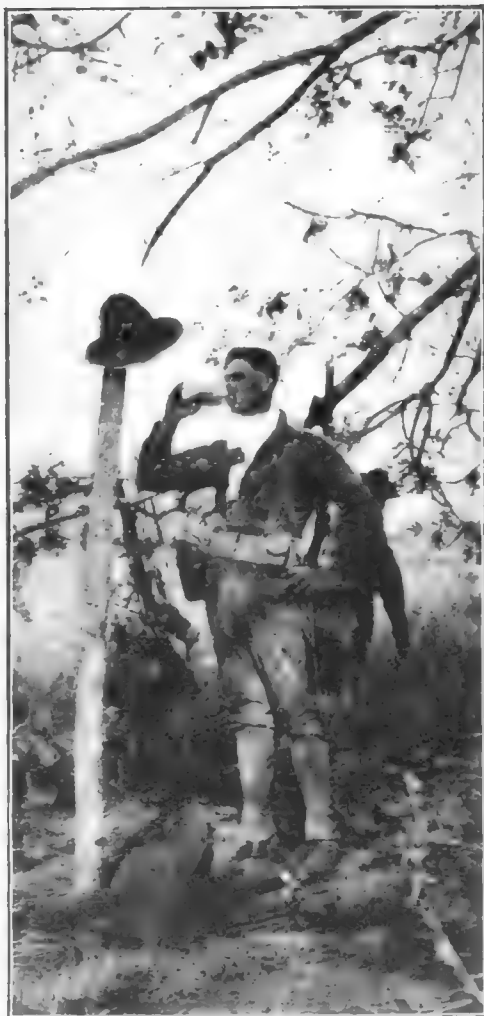
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



MAKE it watchfully perspiring instead of watchfully waiting, please; and, in all moist sympathy, consider what John Lind endured in his sweltering six months' vigil in a small inside room at the American Consulate in Vera Cruz—which would rent for two a week in St. Paul, where he once occupied the Governor's mansion. He had not even the relief, when he went for a walk and paused on a street-corner to mop his brow, of having another American agree with him that it was the "hottest ever." He and Consul Canada were pioneers of the perspiration policy. They had to perspire alone. The army and navy at least have companionship.

Vera Cruz is a passageway: the great port for the capital and the highlands; an oven of a town of plaster walls facing a break-water, with its back to a rampart of sand-hills. Only a Mexican Indian, with a pigment in his skin which protects him from the sun, would live here by choice.

While Lind stewed in that stuffy little room, the grim, sardonic old Indian Victoriano Huerta enjoyed the cool ozone of his



WATCHFULLY PERSPIRING.

capital seven thousand feet above the sea. There was something ludicrous in Lind's position, and in the army's and navy's, if you think of it in one way, and something fine if you think of it in another.

We have occupied another man's house; we have established martial law in a neighbor's town. This is certainly a pretty unusual proceeding. In a military sense, the situation is strange and unreal; some think that it is farcical. The farcical view is



AN ENTERPRISING NATIVE MADE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS
ON A CARGO OF WATERMELONS.



always easy to take. Too many human lives, too great issues, are at stake to encourage it. But as a reflection of our national policy the situation is most real. Vera Cruz is the mirror of American qualities and ethics. One comes to Vera Cruz to get acquainted with the United States.

Beyond the breakwater is anchored all the first line of our fighting strength at sea: battle-ships which can rip a target to pieces at nine thousand yards; battle-ships with a hundred rounds each for their twelve and fourteen inch guns; squadrons and divisions of a fleet which only two other powers on earth could meet on equal terms.

Drills and preparations for war—war not with Mexico, but against any first-class power, to protect the Mexicans in the name of the Monroe Doctrine—proceed as usual aboard the ships. Their decks are sprinkled white; for in tropical waters the bluejacket becomes a whitejacket. At night the big fleet's lights twinkle through the sultry air at the lights of Vera Cruz; and the population of the town afloat is almost as large as that of the town on land.

Every afternoon the sailors come ashore in liberty parties to enjoy the freedom of the streets through which they swept in the extinction of snipers. The broad esplanade of the Sanidad pier is a medley of boat-calls

and sailor joshing and laughter, and a moving picture of skurrying whitejackets.

And there is no malice in the sailor's heart. Having taken the city by force of arms, he proceeds to take it again with his money and good-nature. He is at home in Vera Cruz just as he would be at home in any port. Nimble and young and boyish, with his easy gait and his hail-fellow-well-met comradeship, heat can not stale his wit and humor.

It is difficult when you see him ashore to think of him as a fighting man at all. He is a tourist; an American, whether from the Maine or the Mississippi coast, who has become the playboy of the world.

I saw one who was waiting for his boat under a Mexican steeple hat as big as an umbrella, and astride a small hobby-horse.

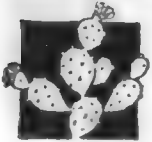
"The hobby-horse is for my kid brother at home," he said, "and I'll hang the hat in the parlor to show I was telling the truth when I said they wore big hats down here."

No matter that the hobby-horse had been made in Germany; no matter that he could buy a better one for half the price in a department-store near the New York Navy Yard. This came from Vera Cruz. It showed that he was fond of his kid brother—very fond, considering all the trouble





IN THE CLAMMY, STINKING DARKNESS OF ULLOA, THE POLITICAL "OUTS" WERE KEPT SAFE.



he will have getting the present back to the Middle West.

Another man was hugging a watermelon to his breast; and under the melon was a little snapshot camera and two boxes of cigars and a bundle of picture post-cards, while a carved walking-stick of native wood was balanced between the watermelon and his jacket.

"What did you pay for the melon?" I asked.

"I was feeling rich," he replied. "I was in such a state of elation at the sight of a watermelon that I did not stoop to make the purchase a mere commercial transaction."

"Say, don't you think these spiggoties [natives] are a lot of skins?" asked another.

"Sure thing," replied another, "and we're a lot of easy marks."

"But we don't get ashore every day."

"I love the cows and the chickens, but——"

Back to the twelve-inch gun drill tomorrow—back to the grind!

The big boats swing away from the pier on the liberty parties' return, while across the inner harbor the bleary white walls and parapets of the old fortress of San Juan de Ulloa rise above the water.

The Spaniards built Ulloa to hold the open door of Vera Cruz in the sixteenth century. Many revolutions have come and

gone in Mexico since then. As a fort it is obsolete. But the Mexicans still had use for its dungeons as a factor in the surviving medievalism of their politics. There in clammy and stinking darkness, where rats scamped over human filth, political "outs" were kept safe from active opposition to the "ins."

When the political prisoners were set free, dazed and blinking, they were not surprised. Weren't the Americans against Huerta? But why did we not put the Huertistas in jail in their place? Foolish and impracticable Americans!

A veteran sergeant of marines acts as warden of the habitual criminals, swart exponents of every crime in the calendar from murder to incest. This shepherd of an alien flock of cut-throats and thieves speaks some Spanish. He knows the words for "go" and "come" and "stay there;" and when his Spanish fails him, he falls back on "That will do for you, Bo!" or "Do you get me, Steve?"

He is developing a course of Swedish gymnastics of his own in gesticulation. From his firm hand come all blessings and punishments. He is king. Their eyes follow him as he moves with a "what magic next?" concern. They get regular army rations; he has distributed them bolts of rough cloth



and set them to work making new suits of clothes. When it does not rain they are allowed to sleep in the cool patio, where the spurs of the *conquistadores* once resounded, instead of in the bull-pen.

But there is a fly in the honey of his generosity. Twice a day his charges must go into the moat for a wash.

"*Más, más, hombre*, dig the real estate out of your ears. Into it! Into it—nice, clean water. It will make you grow," says the sergeant.

Some of the prisoners complain that so much bathing makes them sick. They see in it a form of slow murder. Huerta tried to kill them by filth; we mean to kill them by cleanliness. The sergeant will keep at the process till they have scrubbed the flesh from their bones.

THE SPIRIT OF THE ARMY.

The naval surgeon whom I saw in spotless white last night, dining in front of the Hotel Universal on the Plaza, was the same whom I saw in spattered and grimy white in the afternoon, directing the play of the hose which sent the venerable rats scattering as the ghastly messes of filth were swept from the dungeons. Armed with gallons of disinfectants he goes hunting for stench—the worst, the most ancient and appalling of stench. Yet an age-old odor, which makes the imagination writhe, still clings to the dark places, while on the parapet under the serene tropical sky the sun blazes clean and furnace-like in the stifling air.

"If we are not going to stay, why all this trouble?" I asked the surgeon.

"Great guns!" he replied. "We couldn't help it. If we were going to be here only a week we'd make a start, at any rate."

That was final; it was enlightening.

Turning from Ulloa toward the town, you see the great breakwaters, the big light on the top of the very architectural Sanidad building, the immense Government warehouses, the broad solid stone piers of the water-front, and the modern cranes for loading and unloading ships. These and the electric lights and the trolley-cars and the pavements are all of foreign construction.

Whatever native habits in strictly native communities, old Don Porfirio was determined that Vera Cruz should have sewers and excellent water-works as well as fifty-ton cranes. Vera Cruz is an example of his

policy of exotic improvements, which expressed his desire to keep Mexico apace with the forms of civilization; more, it is a proof of our moral influence on this hemisphere. There has not been a case since '99, in this one time hotbed of yellow fever.

When Don Porfirio found that ships sailing from his beloved port were suspect in other ports, he fell in line with the fashion which we had set in Cuba and in Panama. He robbed the vultures of their perquisites in street-cleaning and garbage gathering.

Vera Cruz authorities had even made war on the malarial mosquitoes. Malaria and tuberculosis are the worst afflictions of the natives. But the spreading waves of the great fly war had not reached the old ruler's satrapy before he became an exile. So the ten thousand dollars which the War Department allowed the Quartermaster's Department goes into extending the mosquito fight, inaugurating the fly fight, cleaning out the public market and screening it, and looking after the health of our troops.

We did not have to rule Vera Cruz in order to make it relatively a clean town: we had only to set an example.

Now we are setting another example. It is to show we rule when we have to rule. Only once since I arrived have I had any impression of war. This was when the army landed from the transports. In full marching order the battalions swung through the streets out to outposts to take the place of the navy. There was something very sinister and militant in these columns. They looked as if they were going straight on to Mexico City.

Funston's men have not an ounce of surplus flesh, or an ounce of surplus equipment. They are as hard as nails; the best, most practically equipped soldiers I have ever seen. In that Texas City camp of preparation the hard work required weeded out many of the weaklings by desertion. Those who stuck had to march with their packs on; they had to dig trenches as in actual war. They did everything that war required except kill.

You know officers from men only by the silver insignia on their collars and their leather instead of cloth leggings. The Texas sun has already bronzed faces almost the color of olive drab. A skirmish line melts into a background of green like

the iguana's color in a background of rock.

Why, when our soldiers are so rich, don't they wear gilt and red and blue and look grand? Oh, we are a strange people to the Vera Cruzanos, as strange as Cortez and his Spaniards were to the Aztecs. The well-to-do hoarded food in shrewd fear of our ravening hunger. They thought that our army, so far away from home, must starve; for their Mexican idea was that all armies lived off the country. But the day that the troops landed, the army field-ovens, at work in a few hours after they were ashore, turned out fifteen thousand loaves for the soldiers and marines. Beautiful white loaves they were; I wish we had as good ones at the leading hotel where we have to pay New York rates.

The Fifth Brigade has simply moved its baggage and its kitchens from Texas City to Vera Cruz. Like the navy, the army carries its larder and its roof with it. In place of the reciprocating engines of the battle-ships is our American mule, who was one of the heroes of the South African campaign and is already a hero here.

The picturesque knight of the invasion is the driver of the six-mule team on his high seat. He adds a little color to the olive drab by wearing a red bandanna around his neck. Otherwise how could he be a real mule-driver? From his eminence he looks down on all Maderistas and Huertistas, soldiers, sailors, generals and admirals. An army's heart being near its stomach, he is fast in our affections.

But quite the swellest thing in town is the quartermaster's buckboard drawn by small trotting mules. There this drab business-like army is actually putting on side. The trotting mules glory in an ornate near-silver harness. I think that they are a trifle self-conscious and affected.

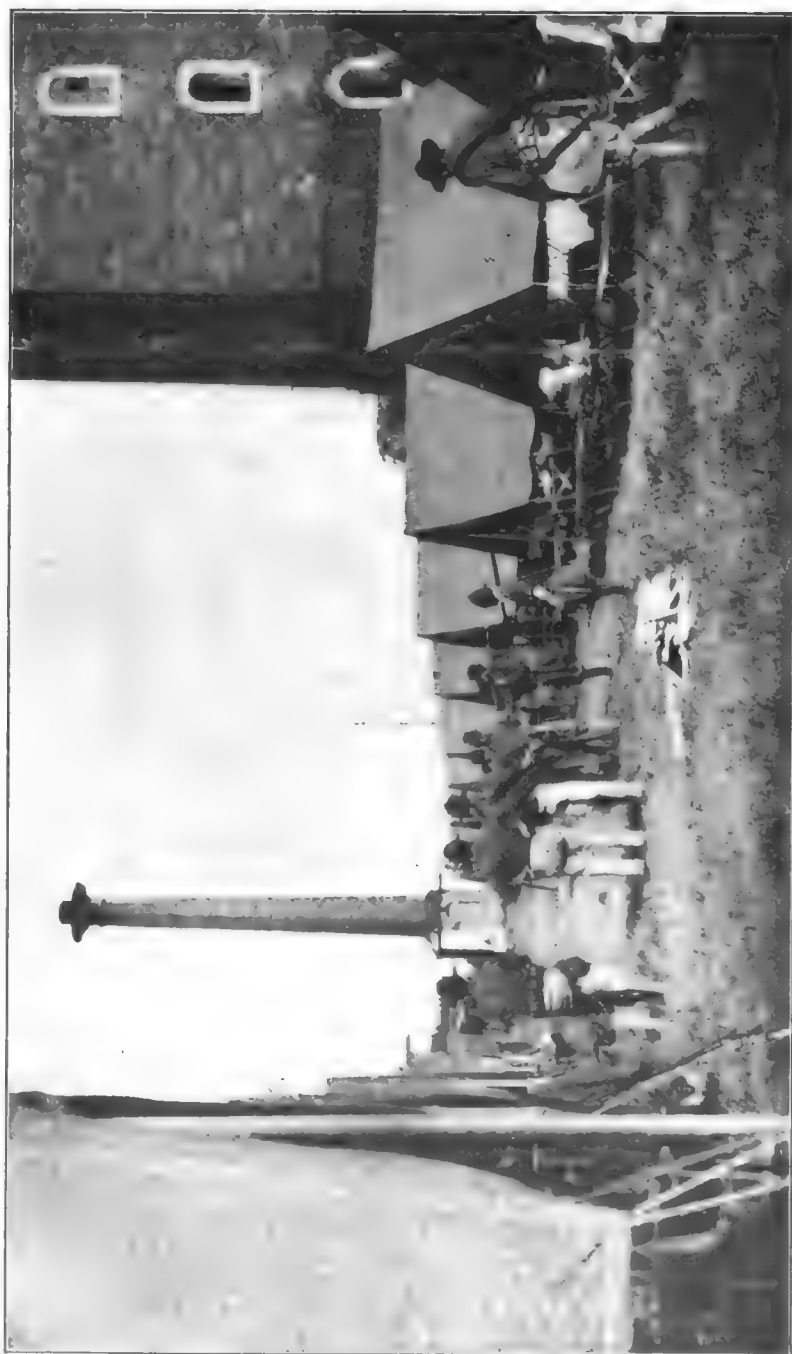
The big wagons come and go from the piers, feeding the soldiers who are comfortable under their khaki tents on the front line or in barracks or vacant public buildings

in town. Every morning at dawn the bugles here and there sound the reveille; and the army rises to its day's work. For the army always must be at work. Only by working can it fight well. While the air is still fresh and relatively cool the infantry goes through its morning drill; the cavalry tosses up a cloud along the dusty road, the mountain guns and their train of ammunition march forth ready for action. The colonel of the mountain guns is a little worried. At least once a month he wants real firing practise.



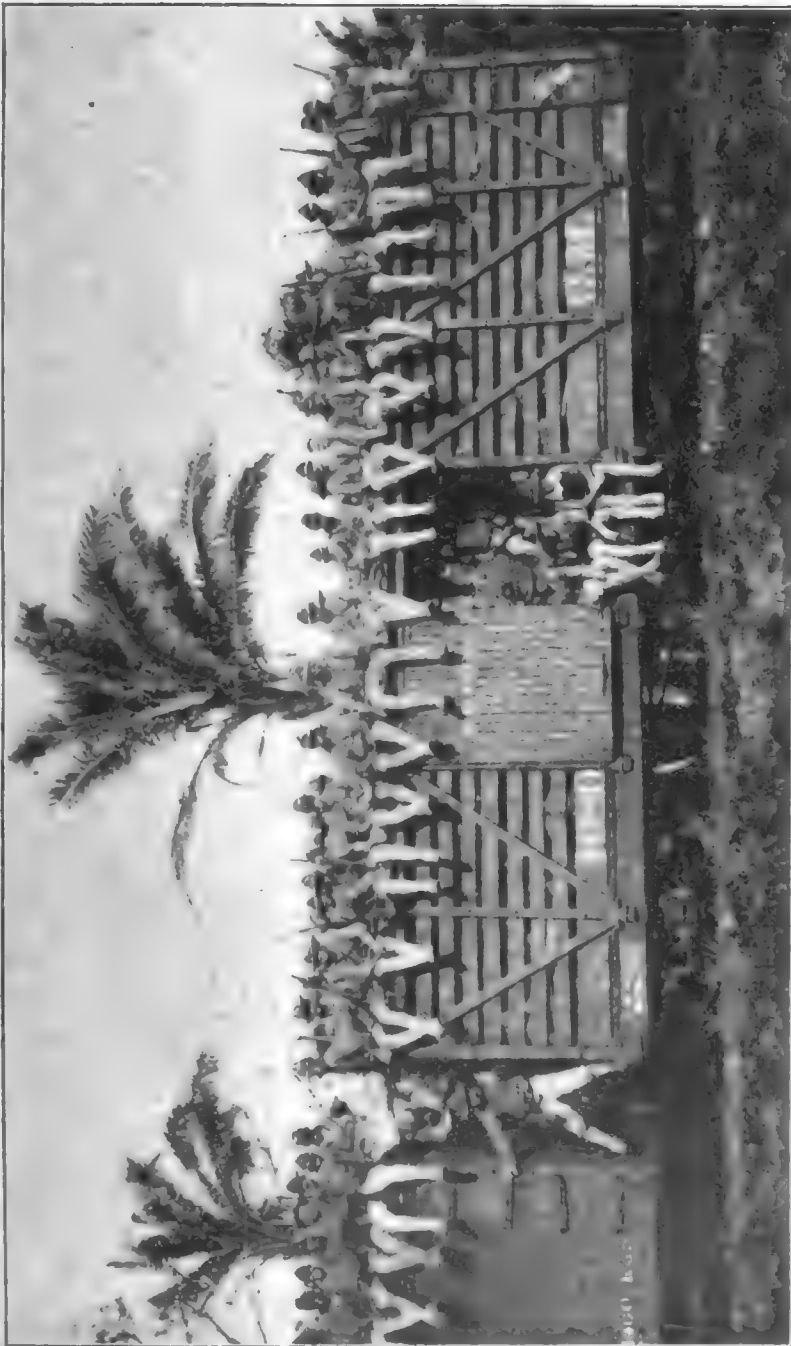
FUNSTON HAS CLOSED THE
PUBLIC GAMBLING PLACES,
BUT THE NATIVE PROPEN-
SITY IS IRREPRESSIBLE.



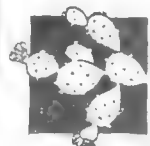


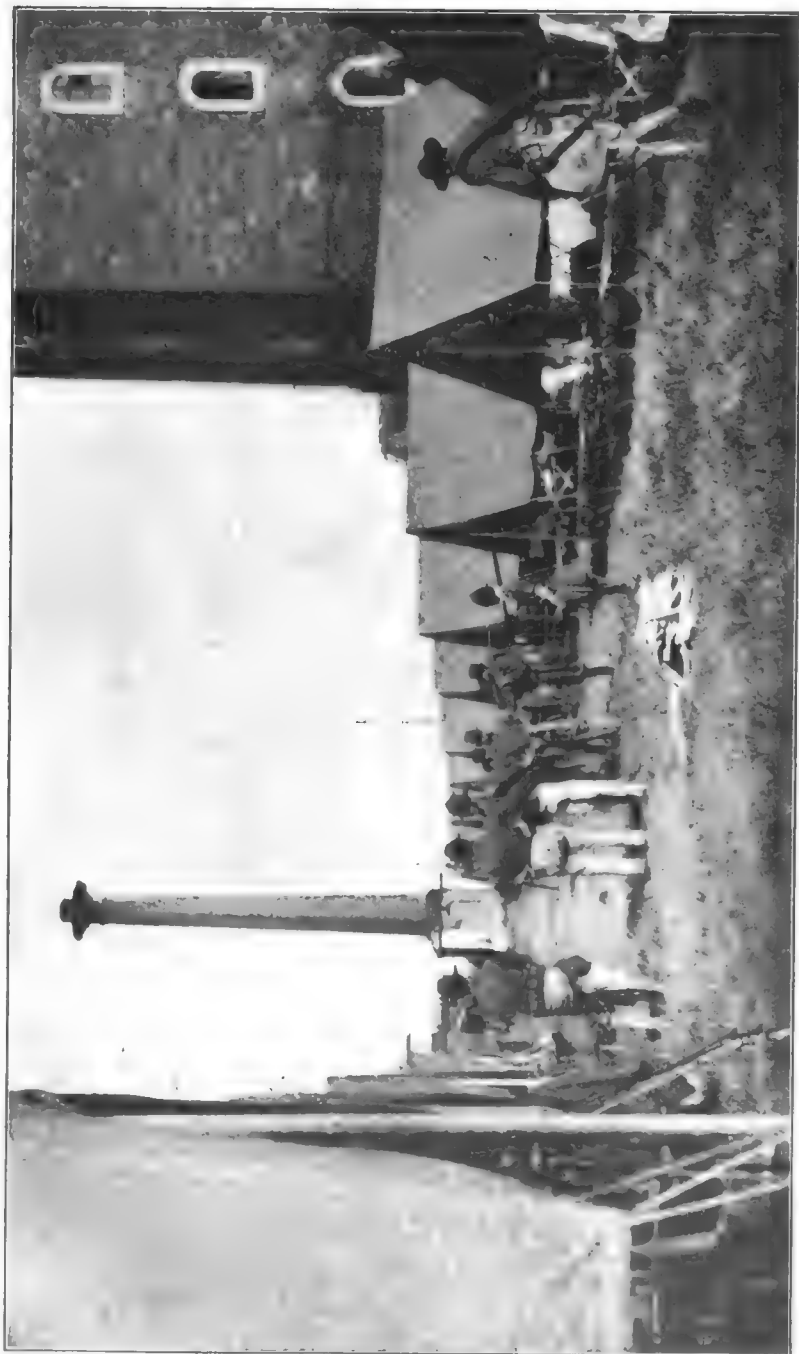
OLD DON PORFÍRIO WAS DETERMINED THAT VERA CRUZ SHOULD HAVE EXCELLENT WATER-WORKS.
THERE HAS NOT BEEN A CASE OF YELLOW FEVER SINCE '99.





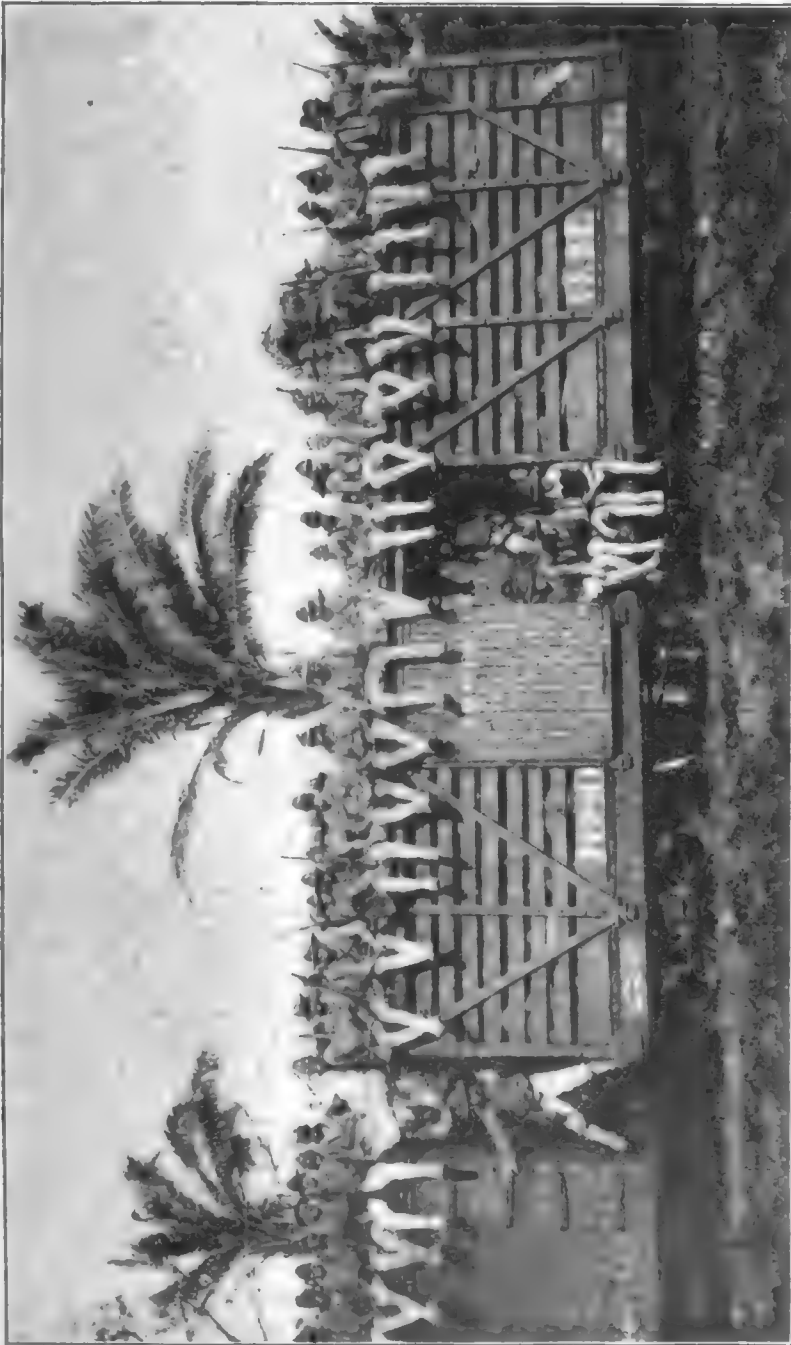
AT PRESENT WE HAVE AN ISOLATED POST AT TEJAR, FIVE MILES BEYOND OUR SEMICIRCLE OF TROOPS AROUND THE CITY. ALL THAT ADMIRAL FLETCHER TOOK WE HOLD, AND NOT A FOOT MORE.



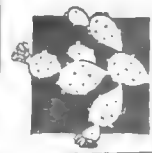


OLD DON PORFIRIO WAS DETERMINED THAT VERA CRUZ SHOULD HAVE EXCELLENT WATER-WORKS.
THERE HAS NOT BEEN A CASE OF YELLOW FEVER SINCE '99.



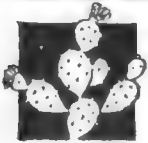


AT PRESENT WE HAVE AN ISOLATED POST AT TEJAR, FIVE MILES BEYOND OUR SEMICIRCLE OF TROOPS AROUND THE CITY. ALL THAT ADMIRAL FLETCHER TOOK WE HOLD, AND NOT A FOOT MORE.





JOHN LIND AND CONSUL CANADA WERE PIONEERS OF THE PER-
SPIRATION POLICY. BUT THE ARMY AND NAVY AT LEAST HAVE
COMPANIONSHIP.



Otherwise his men are likely to get off the mark. That is one disadvantage of being at Vera Cruz instead of Texas City. You could have all the mimic war you wanted at Texas City; but here the Mexicans may misunderstand your intentions.

One who knew the regular army before the Spanish war inevitably makes comparisons. Since the Spanish war we have had a general staff and many reforms. What is the result when the test comes? The army of to-day has all the spirit of the old army; and it is more businesslike. The officers are more alert and better educated in their profession.

"This is just like the Philippines," they keep repeating.

The only signs that Vera Cruz was the scene of battle are the bullet-marks on the house walls. Cafés which had their big glass mirrors punctured with sprays from rapid-fire guns have an inducement to patronage. They could buy enough mirrors to enclose their houses in glass with the profits we have brought them. The Hotel Diligencias, which charged five dollars for an outside room when we arrived, raised the price to seven and now has raised it to ten. When another brigade comes from Texas City, probably it will be twenty.



Pineapples rose at the rate of ten cents a day from twenty to seventy. An enterprising native who went thirty miles down the coast with a twenty-foot sailing sloop made five hundred dollars on a cargo of watermelons.

All restaurants and *cantinas* swarm with flies and customers. Vera Cruz is the one spot under the flag of the United States where there is a business boom. If we can not bring prosperity to ourselves, we can bring it to others. Any Wall Street broker who will sell his seat on the Exchange and set up an ice-cream soda emporium facing the Plaza would shortly be able to retire to a country place on the Hudson.

The only outward signs of martial law are the patrols of our soldiers and marines. They arrest no natives. They only arrest Americans. They see that the saloons and disreputable houses are closed at ten P. M., and hurry any sailor or soldier whose equilibrium has been set wavering by a native intoxicant, on to his ship or the barracks. There is nothing like the drunkenness in evidence in Manila after our occupation. Another generation of men has grown up to bear arms. Our officers have learned the deadly effect of intoxicants in a tropical climate and how it lowers us in the respect of the natives. In Manila in the early days,



OUT AT TEMBLADERAS, WHERE THE REFUGEE TRAINS COME IN, A DOZEN SLOUCHY MEXICAN SOLDIERS FORM AN OUTPOST OF HUERTA'S FORCES.



a soldier lying dead-drunk to the world on the pavement was not an unusual sight. I have not seen one here.

Let me repeat that this improvement is not alone due to official precautions. It arises from the changed personal conduct of the men, reflective of the new sentiment due to education; or prohibition, if you will, at home. As a soldier is, so are his people. He is merely one of the people trained to fight for the rest. When we have a job like this to do, the way he conducts himself reflects the character of his country's citizenship. While war correspondents long for war that means action and news, you may get patriotic thrills in Vera Cruz, though less exciting than from victory in battle.

As our stalwart patrols pass, the little olive-skinned native policemen on their beats regard the giants with a certain awe and a curiosity that anybody with so much power should be so stupid as to make so little use of it. The town is ours to do with as we please. Why don't we do it? When the native police were first called to service they went tremblingly. They believed that we had a diabolical and subtle gringo plan for taking our revenge on the Huertistas. But no; all they were asked to do was to go



on with their duties as they had before, with certain reminders whose effect weakened with the passage of the days.

The instinct of precedent and training is strong in Vera Cruz's "finest." They have to be watched lest they graft or throw their personal enemies into jail on trumped-up charges, or give their personal friends a chance for a little profit. What is the use of being a cop if you get no pickings? Stupid Americans! They have so much money from home and such big ships and guns that money does not interest them!

The women of the "red-light district" began proffering twenty-dollar gold pieces to the captain of marines in charge. They explained that this was the customary weekly offering. His refusal prompted them to enterprise. They brought him stories of thefts of money and jewelry, apparently thinking the strange, incomprehensible Americans would make good the loss out of Uncle Sam's funds. And there is order and justice for these miserable outcasts, believe me, under that captain of marines who keeps a police docket with a report for the cause of every arrest.

"It's not nice work—not the kind that I should choose," he said, "but it's the work that came to me. It's all in the line of duty.

I've often asked, What next? But I sha'n't any more. I've reached the limit this time."

All native arrests are made by native policemen; but no native may arrest an American soldier or sailor. Any attempt of that sort would mean an outburst. It would be making farcical piffle of martial law.

THE CIVIL MILITARY GOVERNMENT

Our plan of ruling Vera Cruz is very simple. We are a force in occupation, governing ourselves under the regulations of the army with its provost guards; an *imperium* of extra territoriality in a Mexican *imperio*. And the Vera Cruzans also govern themselves. The situation is the same as if the army were encamped in the park and armories of an American city and it kept its own men in order and insisted on certain prescribed conditions for its health; while the normal city government went on as usual with its functions.

We wanted the mayor and the judges and all the other officials to remain, but they refused to consent except under duress. There is Mexican law, made in view of the Mexicans who were serving Maximilian, which punishes as treasonable service to foreigners by any Mexican. The street-cleaners and the police and the minor officials were prevailed upon, but the mayor, the judges, and the higher officials, in all Spanish politeness, asked to be relieved. They had a good excuse—the prospect of being lined up against a dead wall and shot after we were gone.

So Colonel Plummer of the army, the provost marshal, is mayor. He knew Spanish-speaking people in New Mexico and in the Philippines; an easy, agreeable man, sitting at a desk in front of a map, on the wall of the office, which divides the city into military districts rather than wards. He regards himself as transient guardian of Vera Cruz's interests. Only the eagles on his collar spoil the illusion that he is a real elective mayor. You would not think that he had ever anything to do with war, but that he had been a successful business man who had been called to office. Lieutenant-Colonel Kane of the marines, sitting as police justice every morning, passes on the drunks and disorderlies.

The culprit finds that the fact of his being

a Huertista or a Maderista has nothing to do with the case. Did he steal the watch or didn't he? Did he rough-house a *cantina* or didn't he? Serious cases which, with us, would be held for the grand jury go up to the military commission.

A real embarrassment arises in civil cases. If we are not at war, if we are under the laws of Mexico, and not of the United States, the proper tribunal is the Mexican Superior Court which sits at Jalapa. With Colonel Porter, the judge-advocate, as much in doubt as the people of the United States as to our status, he tries to stifle all civil litigation in the bud. When two men interested in a grocery store quarreled about the division of profits and refused to get together, we closed the store pending an agreement between them; and they soon reached one.

But the real power in this town, after all, is with Brigadier-General Frederick Funston. It is interesting that to this peaceful work we should have brought two men in command of our forces ashore, Funston of the army and Colonel Waller of the marines, with redoubtable reputations as aggressive fighters in many campaigns. Martial law reduced to its essence means the rule of the commanding general.

Some people who do not know him have an idea that Funston is a fire-eater. Personally I am always puzzled how such a quiet man as he could be such a fierce scrapper. As a governor of recalcitrant provinces in the Philippines he did work which was thrown in the shadow by the glamour of his charges and his capture of Aguinaldo. He speaks Spanish; he has a positive gift in getting on with native populations.

So far, he has only given one arbitrary order interfering with the life of the town. He closed the public gambling places. In this no arguments would avail against his sense of moral duty to his soldiers and the liberty parties from our ships. They might part with their money, paying double prices for oranges and pineapples, but not in forming the gambling habit. He allowed the Sunday bull-fights without the killing of horses to continue, as our men prefer to see the inter-company army ball-games on the Playa grounds to an exhibition which, as one of them said, is done much more expeditiously in the Chicago slaughter-houses.

The General can not complain of lack of



IN PLACE OF THE RECIPROCATING ENGINES OF THE BATTLE-SHIPS
IS OUR AMERICAN M'LE. HE IS ALREADY A HERO HERE.



officers to assist him. Every ship that arrives brings more experts who have had experience in handling the problems that confront him.

Regular office hours are established. The army is settled in its routine at Vera Cruz as if it had been here watchfully perspiring for a year. If it remains a year, the health of the troops will still be good. We have learned that trick, too, since the Spanish war. But the six thousand ambassadors do not like living in an oven any better than the first ambassador of watchful perspiring liked it. They would not be human or soldiers of a spirited army if they did not want to try out their Texas City training in an advance to Mexico City.

However distressing it would be to the President, no doubt the happiest news that could come in over the field wireless or telephone to the army would be that of an attack. Then we could correct our lines; our military dispositions would not be a joke. At present we have an isolated post at Tejar, five miles beyond our semicircle of troops around the city. All that Admiral Fletcher took we hold, and not a foot more. The reservoirs and pumping-stations are at Tejar; and it was necessary to make sure that Vera Cruz did not go thirsty.

Until such attack comes or some different



word from Washington, the most serious offense a soldier could commit would be to fire a single shot. Every officer is guarding against that, as he would guard against fire in a powder magazine. An army may show its discipline in its silence as well as in the rattle of its rifles. The Mexicans could come up within easy range and hold their thumbs to their noses and we should only ask them to retire, politely and patiently; and, if they did not go—well, the expert riflemen trained against dummy targets would have a try at flesh targets only if General Funston said the word over the telephone.

With all the power of our battle-ships and with all the soldiers we might summon, we sit begging for peace; begging Mexico not to commit suicide. The initiative is with Huerta. He may grin at his own mischief-making; he may grin over the forces he has summoned against him; over John Lind's perspiring in his stuffy little room; over the fleet at anchor in the hot harbor, and over our soldiers fighting ticks. The limelight is his. He makes the tune; we dance.

By simply giving the word, as a last gambler's stroke which sends a ragged regiment against our lines, he might start a war that would cost us a billion dollars and bring three hundred thousand American soldiers into

the field. His is the name oftenest on our lips: not Badger's or Funston's or Woodrow Wilson's. We mention him and the weather in the same breath as one speaks of the devil and of hell. When this is printed, he may be in Paris drinking cognac, or dead from an assassin's hand, or with his back against the wall in battle. No matter what his fate, he has made something of a name for himself in the world; and for all the trouble he has made us we pay—pay in good American dollars which bring prosperity to Vera Cruz.

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE REST- LESS WAR CORRESPONDENTS

Out at Tembladeras, where the refugee trains come in, you are in a world where we do not rule. There a dozen slouchy Mexican soldiers form an outpost of Huerta's forces. With an armistice and Mexicans going and coming freely between our lines, curiosity was all-compelling if watchfully perspiring made you restless. It became a fashion for correspondents to be arrested on the way to Mexico City.

With Davis and McCormick in search of adventure and information, I started; and we had both adventure and information. We hired horses and rode over the break in the railroad which a few peons were leisurely widening by pulling up the rails and sleepers in order to make our engineers a little more work if the armistice came to nothing. I had gone over this route in the days of Porfirio Diaz on a comfortable Pullman. Few then foresaw the chaotic Mexico of to-day.

Pictures we had of dusky awkward squads drilling, who you knew would fire from the hip; of other groups which had learned at least the manual of arms; of the *soldaderas*, or women camp-followers, who are forced into the army—hardy young wenches, cooking their masters' food or resting with them in the shade. We noted an occasional *Rurale* in his felt steeple hat, a relic of Porfirio Diaz's proud police force which has been incorporated into the army. They and the infrequent men in full uniform, with regimental numbers on their caps, were the veterans to give a stiffening to the raw levies which had been rounded up in villages and jails and given bandoliers and rifles.

Going as ordinary travelers, we came to

Paso del Macho. There we hoped to get a train for Orizaba the same afternoon. We had luncheon in the filthy railroad station restaurant, where, at the head of a big table, was a round-shouldered little man, who looked as if he might be pure white, surrounded by a numerous staff. The most impressive of the lot was a negro with a Red Cross badge on his arm—the chief of the Medical Corps which existed on paper. These gentlemen had a long, leisurely luncheon. They did not seem at all busy, but as a matter of fact they were preparing a coup—a surprise for the three travelers.

First, it struck Davis, who was on the platform; then McCormick, who went out to see what had become of Davis; then myself, who went to see what had become of McCormick. I found each standing between two Indians with rifles and enormous bandoliers of cartridges. Two more Indians were waiting for me, as two policemen urged me along. And McCormick called "All aboard!"

We were marched up the street, around a corner to the right, and around a corner to the left. Every time we looked at our guards and smiled, their attitude indicated that taking three gringos out and lining them up against a wall to be shot was a serious matter. They were as solemn as Cortez at court martial. When we were directed into the yard of the police station, there was the blank wall, newly whitewashed, too, and a dozen soldiers—enough to kill us together in a single volley and avoid a piece-meal execution.

But we were only lined up in front of a table in the presence of a group of officials. Now I was glad that I wore low shoes. Davis and McCormick wore high ones and had to take them off; then they were searched for arms. All we had was my pocket-knife, which was taken away from me. Our purses and papers were placed on the table. Topmost of Davis's papers were General Funston's credentials giving him the freedom of the American lines.

THE MEXICANS PLAY DETECTIVE

But this was not the one Davis picked out for identification. He had a note from the Brazilian Consul in Vera Cruz to the Brazilian Minister in Mexico City, and McCormick had one from the British Consul saying he was the correspondent of the

London *Times*. They were not asked for their passports, nor about their nationality. Davis was taken for a Brazilian—one of the most remarkable Brazilians I have ever seen—and McCormick for an Englishman. Purposely I had brought nothing but my card. This had no impressive consular stamp. When I was asked my nationality, I said American. Here dropped the curtain on Act I.

It rose on Act II., disclosing us being taken into a square, whitewashed room where we were offered chairs. Then it looked as if the whole Mexican army was going to pour in after us. But an officer selected four of the bravest and largest to watch us. One was placed at the right of each of us and one at the door, while the rest of the troops had to be content with being lined up outside and watching us from the corners of their eyes. Our guards rammed their bayonets home with a loud, grating, metallic click, and they slipped cartridges from the magazines into the chambers of their rifles. We began talking, but the sentry at the door said "*Silencio*." We had borne up well, but to ask three correspondents not to talk in the midst of such an experience, was too much. We called for an officer. One came, only to repeat majestically, "*Silencio*." Then all we could do to pass the time was to try to get the sentry to laughing. In this we succeeded. That sentry will lose his job with the movies. He spoiled the reel. We too had failed to act up to our parts. We ought to have struck an attitude and recited the preamble of the Declaration of Independence.

With Act III. an officer arrived to say that McCormick and Davis might go on to Mexico City.

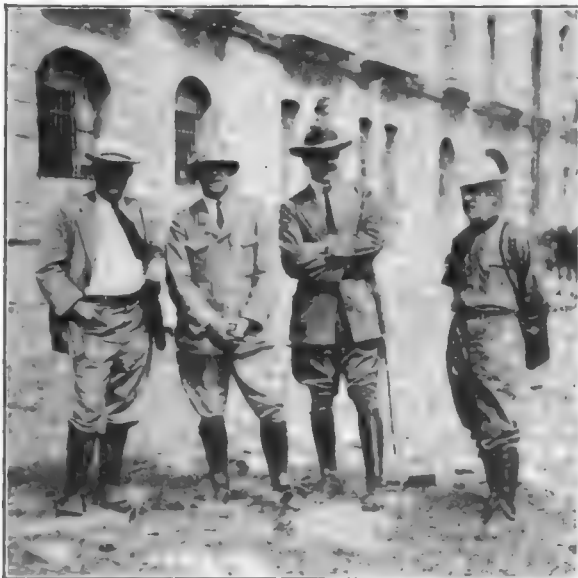
"English, French, Germans, Japanese, Chinese, any nationality, but not you," he told me as he returned my pocket-knife. "You are an American."

"There's nothing like being a Brazilian," said Davis. "Brazilians are the coming people."

We were taken back to the station without guards, where the little man we had seen lunching with his staff, who was General Maas, repeated the decision. I said good-by to my Brazilian and English comrades, who took the train for Mexico City, where they were arrested again and sent back. It was evident that General Maas liked to arrest people. It kept his army in practise. After Davis and McCormick had gone, and he had wired to the capital that they were suspicious characters, he became quite gracious. I asked him why, when we let Mexicans go and come freely through our lines during the armistice, he should not grant Americans the same privilege.

"Vera Cruz does not belong to you," he replied, which proved that he was good at dialectics, like all Mexicans, even if his army was disorganized. I did not continue the discussion of the point, as it might involve too much candor, and I had only a pocket-knife. He said that I must positively leave his lines that night, and I was only too glad, as it meant that I should sleep in Vera Cruz instead of in that dreadful hotel at Paso del Macho. My compliments to him: for an es-

cort he gave me the grandest soldiers he had. Both were in clean white duck; up-country, pure-blooded Indians, one a big fellow with the shoulders of a Hercules and the other a little fellow, but also sturdy. They marched



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—JACK LONDON, FREDERICK PALMER, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, AND JAMES H. HARE.

as erect as the Kaiser's guards, and very solemnly at first.

I had to make up for the time lost when I was not allowed to talk while incommunicado, and mustering my Spanish I told the big fellow what a corking giant of a *soldado* he was, and then I told the little fellow that I knew that he could shoot as well as his comrade. They smiled; they grinned; they almost laughed. If Huerta had only known that!

SPIGGOTTY INSPIRATION

Beyond the regular outpost were three others. Each signified its presence by a terrific "*Quién viva?*" from a hiding-place in a thicket. At the second, when a sergeant asked who I was, and I answered an American on my way to the American lines by General Maas's orders, I didn't know but that I was in for another arrest. The sergeant rubbed his brow in deep thought. He made gestures of bewilderment. Suddenly he struck his brow as a light flashed in his mind.

"Telephone!" he exclaimed.

He disappeared in the brush and returned after a while to say that it was all right.

From the last Mexican outpost I had about three miles—the distance between the two armies—to go to our own, and I had as companions a Spanish-Mexican and a Spaniard who were also going in to town. Plainly they were not used to approaching American army outposts. It was their turn to be worried. They kept asking me if I spoke American. My insistence, which did not seem to abate their skepticism, had a touch of irony since I was being put out of the Mexican lines because I was an American.

It developed that against the four sets of Mexican pickets we had none. Not until I was in the railroad cut between the sandhills of our position did I hear a challenge, and from a sergeant. His captain was with him.

The easy, conversational tone of that "Halt!" in my own tongue was in sharp contrast to another I heard once in the dark hours of the morning in the Philippines, when I had lost my way and got outside our lines. That came in a time of real war—a ripping, piercing "Dismount, or I fire" which brought me off my horse in about one-eighth of a second. The captain asked who

I was; and he bade the sergeant search the Mexican and the Spaniard for arms, which the sergeant did by running his hands up and down their clothes with an absence of fuss and ceremony that convinced me I was really back among my own people.

I brought back impressions other than those of an arrest from that little journey; impressions of a people in subjection to a rule of arms in a so-called republic more oppressive than the rule of Spain ever was; of miserable bunches of barefooted soldiers and their women, facing the precision of a forceful, organized civilization. Your pity rather than your war-fever is excited. There can be little martial glory in fighting such a people when we fight them only for their own good.

Foreigners say our good-nature and kindness in Vera Cruz are a mistake. They say that we are afraid of our responsibilities; that the natives who appreciate only the exhibition of power will regard any backward step as a mistake. But our authority is our own conscience, not the views of others. It is a pretty good national conscience, which is expressed by martial law as we have enforced it here; which keeps the custom-house receipts safe, to be turned over to the Mexican Government when we go, and collects local taxes only for the purpose of local Government; which is solicitous about having the children go to school as usual, when we know that if we evacuate Vera Cruz their school histories will intimate that our soldiers did not dare to get out of reach of the protection of the big guns of our ships.

WHAT THEY THINK OF US

And in the Mexico beyond our outposts there is a great bitterness against us. Huerta's press and Huerta's officers, as they impress the Indians as soldiers, teach the idea that the brutal gringos murder women and children. Though the people of Vera Cruz enjoy the blessings of the order and justice we bring, and profit by our generosity, it is going too far to say that they want us to stay. They recognize our strength; but the very fact of our conscious superiority is irksome. Their ways are not ours; and they like their ways because they are theirs. New Yorkers might even prefer Tammany Hall at its worst to excellent rule by an invading German army.

It is the American instinct to want the Mexicans to make order in their own house because the house is theirs, though we know that they can not manage its affairs as well as we. The longer one studies the situation, the clearer is the conclusion that there can

be no half-way policy. Either Mexico must be left to herself, or else we must go in force from coast to coast, and from the Rio Grande to the Guatemalan frontier, and do a thorough job of reform. This in justice to our national conscience and to Mexico.



WATER-FRONT AT VERA CRUZ.



CAN MEXICO RULE ITSELF?



(BY CABLE FROM TAMPICO)

I HAVE been asking every American resident in Mexico whom I have met, this question: Can order be restored by Mexicans without our intervention? These men, from all parts of Mexico—miners, capitalists, engineers, ranchers, oil-drillers—know the natives and conditions. I have not found one who has not said “no.” Nowhere has the negative been more emphatic than at Tampico, where the Constitutionalists are now settled in occupation. This is the first great seaport they have won.

Tampico is infinitely more interesting than Vera Cruz, because it concentrates every feature of that chaos called the Mexican situation which puzzles people at home. What gold was to California in the '50's, oil is to Tampico. It is like a booming camp, with a firing-line that has been called the oil war, where American interests have fought the British Pearson interests for mastery. If there had been no oil here, the Pearson interests would never have become so strong with Diaz as to compel the American interests to start the Madero revolution.

Underneath tropical swamps, swarming with malarial mosquitoes, are veins of wealth exciting the universal cupidity of

capital. The British, striving to keep their mastery of the sea while oil takes coal's place as fuel for battle-ships, have no oil-fields in their empire, and look toward Tampico, where the British Pearson interests have a strong hold. Oil made Pearson a peer—Lord Cowdray—and the British are back of him in backing Huerta.

All foreigners are in Mexico for money, and in the oil-fields the strife for the control of oil-leases is more intense than that of other great enterprises in Mexico, which are mostly in American and European hands. The drillers and experts are mostly American, as they are in every oil-field in the world. These men are true, sturdy, self-reliant pioneers, as the “Forty-Niners” and their predecessors in the Pennsylvania oil-fields were.

They are doing work which the Mexicans can not do; thus foreign skill and capital dominate this community in all except government. They are the superior caste which ends where manual labor begins; and this latter is done by Mexicans whose land it is, while whatever Mexican faction's rifles are in power rules all hands. Mexico City is only the headquarters for that thing of which Tampico is most expressive.

In the final analysis, the master is money, which may be oil in Tampico or gold or silver concessions elsewhere. Let a native leader organize laborers into an army and he may collect tolls from the foreigners—which is the way the Mexicans get their share of the money.

For six months foreign eagerness to proceed with development and money-making halted while the Federals fought to keep, and the Constitutionalists to gain, this port with its oil-export tax. When we seek, not war, but peace correspondence, when we seek the solution to the problem of Mexico's interests and ours, the mere description of fighting is much less important than conditions in a town three weeks after it has been taken by Constitutionalists; for high hopes had been placed in the Constitutionalists' advance under the banner of reform.

Order was as complete as in Vera Cruz, and, following our example, sanitary measures were undertaken through the employment of foreign doctors. Though in many of the outlying districts Americans were looted by Federals, none was looted by the Constitutionalists. All Americans and American property were protected.

General Caballero, who has the same power of martial law in Tampico as Funston has in Vera Cruz, has gone Funston one better—he closed all *cantinas* and saloons, and kept the troops free from temptation. At Vera Cruz our care not to interfere with native customs and business interests leaves drinking-places open.

Caballero is one of Pablo Gonzales' commanders, the true Constitutionalist leader type, his fortune in his sword, who a year ago was a small storekeeper. His soldiers are all in fresh khaki, which was once condemned by our army and sold to them by a former captain of the Texas Rangers, who found oil not the only profitable business in Tampico. Caballero conducts affairs in an open room, where anybody may approach him with all the democracy of an American political boss of a small town.

He struck me as superior to General Maas of the Federals, as his soldiers were superior to the miserable forced conscripts whom I saw on the road to Mexico City. His men are fighting for a cause. Huerta's

Ypiranga ammunition will not save him if the Constitutionalists hold together.

But the Pablo Gonzales army which took Tampico is separate—not under Villa. Gonzales is a man of education, and a wholly different type from Villa. How long can they work together? Already handbills are being circulated in Tampico saying that Caballero is sheltering hypocrites and traitors who would have short shrift from that true Indian, Villa.

The reiterated question of Constitutionalists and officers to Americans, "When are you going to evacuate Vera Cruz?" is suggestive of the latent public opinion.

Incidentally, Washington has little or no consideration for local officers, for our Consul at Tampico only learned of the taking of Vera Cruz through the notice posted by the Federal commander.

Refugees now arriving are refused work. Those potentates, the company managers, are only getting out surplus oil tankage, having got their isolated drillers and other employees safely out of the country. They are not taking any further risks of drilling and development. They want to be sure of stability before proceeding. The present good order in Tampico doesn't convince them. They think it needs only a match to the fuel to start a conflagration. There may be quiet for one, two, or three months; mediation may temporarily succeed; the Constitutionalists may take Mexico City. But such are the elements that chaos must eventually come and we must intervene. This, at least, is their view at the time of writing, a view which they take only from anxiety for their bank accounts.

No observer can escape the fact of the Constitutionalists' secret resentment at our occupation of Vera Cruz, and of their feeling that they can pacify Mexico without our help. Certainly we have created a legacy of bitterness against us. And our influence for a long time to come in Mexico is dependent only on the threat of our power. In sheer diplomacy of old Latin standards, I venture that even Caballero could outwit Bryan. No wonder that the Mexican situation gives President Wilson a headache. It is bound to give one to any unbiased investigator, and leave him watchfully waiting, unless he is an interventionist.

Mr. Palmer will remain in Mexico for us until the situation clears.



"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

EARLIER INSTALMENTS:

JAMES INGHAM, junior partner in a great publishing firm, has been murdered in his apartments. The only clues are a chiffon scarf left in the rooms, and a dramatic shadow seen on the window blind by Bruce Herrick, a young writer—the shadow of a woman's arm outstretched in a splendid, passionate gesture. Suspicion at first centers on Christina Hope, an actress who had been Ingham's fiancée. At the inquest, the coroner, an aristocrat with a passion for prosecution, makes the evidence bear hard upon her, especially after her confession that the engagement had been broken. But at last a belated witness, elevator boy in the house where Ingham had lived, brings in testimony that clears her: a woman had gone to Ingham's rooms late on the night of the murder—a woman who somewhat resembled Miss Hope, but who had one blue eye and one brown.



After the inquest, blackmailing letters from "The Arm of Justice" are found among Ingham's things, threatening to reveal unsavory incidents in his past life unless he pays for their suppression. Then a succession of events shows that some evil influence is still at work upon the persons connected with the tragedy. Herrick, who has devoted himself to Christina's service, is run down by an automobile driven by an Italian. Later he is attacked by this same man and other Italians in Central Park.

Meantime Herrick and Christina have become engaged, and Christina, evidently in deadly terror of something, has promised to tell Herrick her secret on the day after her "first night."

Her appearance is a wonderful triumph; but when Herrick goes to the stage-door to congratulate her, he sees her, splendidly dressed, a rope of diamonds round her neck, drive off with her enemy the coroner, Cuyler Ten Euyck.

CHAPTER XX—THE SHADOW'S FACE

THERE are violences to nature in which she is reined up so suddenly that after them we are left stupid rather than unhappy. In such a mood of held-in turmoil Herrick walked home and waited for to-morrow. His appointment with Christina was at twelve, noon, and until noon he struggled not to think at all. Till noon to-morrow!

With the morning the papers he had ordered, in a time that seemed long ago,

came to his door, and he found himself opening them, and tracing the dazzling streams of Christina's notices. Their flaming praises left him cold; already they seemed to be written about some one whom he did not know.

He was going that morning to the Ingham offices at ten o'clock to sign his contract for the *Weekly*. The day was oppressively warm, with hot glints of sunshine, and it seemed to Herrick that the bright, feverish

streets swarmed with the rumors of Christina's triumph. The signing of his contract meant nothing to him; he got away as soon as he could. Yet already the atmosphere was changed, the sky was overcast, and as the clocks about Herald Square struck eleven a warm, dusty wind, even now bearing heavy drops of rain, swept down the street. If Herrick took a car he would reach the Hopes a good half-hour too early, and he had no mind, after walking in the wet, to present himself in muddied boots and a wilted collar before Christina. He looked about him. He could choose between hotel bars—where actors might be talking of her glory—shops, and a moving-picture show. Loathing the idea of speech, he chose the last.

The place was not yet full enough to be oppressive, and Herrick sat there in the welcome dark, with the rhythmic pounding of the music stunning his nerves. He closed his eyes; and immediately there sprang up before his consciousness the eternal, monotonous procession of questions—What had she meant, last night, by throwing over everything for Ten Euyck? What was she going to tell him to-day? Whence came all her secret fears, beginning with her terror of that scarf under the lamp on Ingham's table which had broken down all her evidence? Was it her scarf, or did she recognize it as belonging to that woman of the shadow? And what was that woman to her? Who was she?

This woman, he was sure, was the key to the entire situation. She had created it; she would be found, more than he now knew, to have controlled it; and she, and perhaps she alone, could solve its manifold involutions. She was certainly a woman whose relations with Ingham had been long and well established—a woman who had nothing to lose. She had arrived at midnight; she had spoken boldly and insolently to Joe of Ingham; she had forced herself in upon him when he did not want her; she had come openly in a white lace dress—he remembered the lace that hung from the shadow's sleeve—and made herself as conspicuous as possible—why? And as Herrick asked himself these questions in the darkness he could almost have believed himself surrounded by the darkness of that night; the brisk strumming of the orchestra was not much like Ingham's piano, but it had the same excited hurry of those last few

moments; and Herrick's mind called up again the light, bright surface of the blind and then the shadow of the woman cast upon it, lithe and tense, with uplifted arm, the fingers stiffening in the air. His eyes sprang open, and there before him, on the picture screen, among the moving figures of the play, was the same shadow, with uplifted arm, the fingers stiffening in the air.

Then in the movement of the scene the shadow turned clean round and disclosed Christina's face.

CHAPTER XXI

ONE CONSEQUENCE OF—WHAT?

Herrick sat without moving while the shadows played out their play. But he saw them no longer. They had begun and ended for him with that certainty which it seemed to him, now, that he had always felt.

When Christina's film came round again, he watched it carefully all through from the beginning. The play was of some Western episode, and he saw Christina come on, a spare slip of a girl in short skirts and long braids, a little awkward, a little jerky, like a suspicious colt, and he observed quite coolly—what she had gained in five years.

As the action of the play quickened it shook the novice from her self-consciousness; the promise of her great talent began to show; already she did things that were magnificent; and when at last her wedding was interrupted at the church door by a Mexican's attempt to claim her as his sweetheart, her fire and fury became superb. Herrick leaned forward, watching. He saw the Mexican pour out his accusation, he saw the bridegroom hesitate, he saw Christina sweep round, denouncing them both, saw the lithe, tense length of her, and her proudly lifted head, saw her suddenly fling one arm up and out in that strange and splendid gesture of her free, her desperate passion—the hand clenched for an instant and then the fingers slowly spreading and stiffening in the air.

He waited for the shot, but no shot came; only once more the shadow turned and revealed the young face of Christina, as she was at seventeen, and shone upon him through the darkness with Christina's eyes.

Herrick rose to his feet and pushed out of the theatre. The streets were full of wind and rain, but he did not know it, and along



THEY EXAMINED THE PLACE FROM GARRET TO CELLAR. BUT NOWHERE WAS THERE A
LETTER OR ANY SIGNIFICANT WRITING.

the crowded crossings, among multitudes that he did not see, he had the luck of the drunken and the blind.

He walked for hours without knowing where he went. His soaked clothes hung on him like lead, and the wind pounded him and made him wrestle with it; but the burning poison of his thoughts could not be put out by wind or rain.

Once when his hearth was all aglow, had she leaned to him and put her face to his and lied. Oh, liar, liar, liar! For that was the poison in the wound, and the bitterness beyond death—that not for one hour had she been true. His dear, wild, brave, demure Diana had never drawn one breath of life—and the adventuress who wore her mask had all along laughed at him in her sleeve!

What one of the lies with which she had been waiting for him this afternoon could he now believe? What was she, now, to Ten Euyck, who must have been everything to Ingham? She had thrown over Herrick for Ten Euyck as she would yet throw Ten Euyck over for some new fool! Oh, Christina, oh, sweet, my sweet—liar, liar, liar!—oh, Christina!—you! how could you!

He found himself standing at some bar, poured out a strong drink of the raw liquor, and drained the glass. And as he stood there, with the rank fire coursing through his exhaustion, the chilled stiffness of his body and the heavy, reeking damp of his crumpled clothes gave way to a terrible warm sense of life and pain, and to a hunger, such as he had never known, for that pain to be eased. Only one thing on earth could ease it, and that was the sight of Christina's face. He looked at his watch. It was after eight. Mechanically he started for Christina's theatre.

He did not want to speak to her, to have any sort of dealings with her, but see her he must. Now that he knew her he must see her. That would cure him. Let him see her once more and he could forget her in peace.

Through the night and the pouring rain, the lights of her theatre began to gleam. They gleamed on arriving motors; on high hats and snowy shirt-fronts, on opera cloaks and jeweled hair. Despite the storm, the city had driven forth to do homage to the new star. The candles at Christina's altar were burning high and clear; the lobby, all brightness and warmth, was filled with deli-

cate rustlings, frou-frous of light feet and chattering voices, and soft, merry sounds—idle excitement.

Not last night had been more crowded nor more brilliant, and Herrick was very quiet and knew quite well how to behave. There would not be a seat left at the box-office, nor would he appeal to the management. He pushed to the center of the little crowd around a speculator; then, clutching his ticket, went in. Just as last night, the ushers ran up and down the aisles, and the seats clapped into place; just as last night, he was surrounded by a garden of chiffon and satin and perfume, of gossip and murmur. The audience, a little nervous, was waiting to be thrilled.

The overture was on, and the music quivered through Herrick as the drink had done. He sat there very still, muddy and damp, with a wilted collar, a rough head, and no gloves; there was a little, fixed smile on his lips and he stared at the curtain. He was nothing but one waiting expectancy.

They played a second overture and this did not surprise him. Then he saw Wheeler, dressed for the first act, come before the curtain. And his smile broke. Because the delay was so terrible. Then he realized that Wheeler was making a speech.

"You can imagine, ladies and gentlemen, with what regret I am obliged to inform you that there will be no performance this evening. On account of the sudden illness of Miss Christina Hope the theatre will be closed for to-night." There was something about getting back money at the box-office.

Herrick continued to sit there, unable to accept what had happened to him. He wasn't going to see her! It was the snatching back of food from a starving man; he had laid his lips to the spring in the desert and found it dry! The thing wasn't possible! All his nature had been running violently forward, and the shock of its stoppage stupefied him. As for any concern over Christina's illness, it never occurred to him. By-and-by he stood a long while on the corner of the street, not knowing where to go. He was not so lost as to have the slightest wish to seek personal intercourse with Christina, and his own rooms were insupportable to him.

Presently some one jostled him, and he was face to face with Wheeler.

"Great Heavens, man!" Wheeler said. "Where have you been! What are you

standing here for! We've been looking for you all afternoon. Called up your rooms a dozen times! Deutch and Mrs. Hope and I, we've scoured the city—been to the Tombs, the district attorney's, Police Headquarters, everywhere. The Inghams are raving crazy. Ten Euyck's worse. Well, and how about me? After all, it's my loss. Everything's been done that can be done. By to-morrow morning the whole city of New York'll be hit by a tornado. Say something! Don't stand there like a stuck pig!"

Herrick heard his own voice saying, "Is she so ill?"

"Ill? Heavens and earth!—you didn't swallow that drool, did you? Where have you been? Ill? No, the girl's gone—vanished, kidnapped, run away, whatever you like. She's disappeared!"

CHAPTER XXII

LIGHTS CROSSING IN THE DARK

Herrick made no outcry at Wheeler's words. He simply stood looking out into the wet and windy spaces of Times Square, where the great splashes of colored lights wavered and shone in manifold reflections on the gleaming pavement. And a tremendous and ultimate change arose like new life in his heart.

There is a common human fallacy, touching and perhaps profounder than we know, by which we instinctively assume any person in danger to be an innocent person. No more to Herrick than to Wheeler could it occur that Christina, by any possibility whatever, could have deserted a performance voluntarily. Something had happened to her.

Inevitably, Herrick remembered the once laughed-at Arm of Justice, and his new knowledge asked him whether that violence had not, all along, had her in its power. A hundred references of hers, a hundred inconsistencies, were solved at a stroke. Had she tried to-day—all alone with that insensate malignity which he himself had encountered—to break some blackmailing game, and lost? He remembered with a horrid shock that, let her once be identified with the shadow on the blind, and in the eyes of the law . . .

It was as if he heard Christina's cry for help; as if, running out into the storm, he gained her side of the road and took her

hand. That might be the hand of an outlaw, it might be empty of any love or hope for him; but he could feel it, now, in his, and he did not care against what world, whether his own or hers, he held it. For their personal relation was no longer the great thing. The great thing was that, somewhere beyond him in the darkness, she desperately needed help. And the next thing was to find her.

He heard himself asking Wheeler in a commonplace voice, "Well, what's been done to find her?"

It appeared that everything had been done, but that nothing could trace her beyond her supper with Ten Euyck. How did his theory fit in with that?

He didn't know; he knew only that, in the changing of the film, he had suffered himself to be led into some café and at a table near the window was hearing Wheeler's plaint: "What made you break your appointment with her, Herrick? Did you know anything?"

It was like the bite of a trap. Herrick managed to say: "Why, I telephoned her——"

"No, you didn't. Stanley Ingham told me they were looking for you all the afternoon. Mrs. Hope thought she'd gone to the Deutches' for the night; but when it came near your time and no signs of her, Mrs. Hope telephoned to them and it came out that she'd never been there. I can't think why Mrs. Hope didn't let me know. I only heard it from the Ingham boy. Then I thought of my theatre and got busy. I rounded up Ten Euyck; all he knew was that he took her to supper at the Palisades, and she left early." (The Palisades was a new road-house up the river and the rage of that summer.) "I've spent all the rest of the time calling up friends of hers. To the very last minute I had hopes she'd turn up."

"She left early?"

"Yes—isn't it a queer game? Did you know she'd quarreled with her mother about Ten Euyck? I'm no puritan, and yet Chris with that diamond necklace made me sick! The old lady is a great stickler for the proprieties, and I made sure she'd win out. But it ended in Mrs. Hope's leaving the dressing-room in despair. Christina tried to stop her at the door and took hold of her arm. 'Mother,' she said, 'what does

it matter? Oh, my poor mother, try, try, not to care so much about respectability! Dust we are, and unto dust we shall return!" I thought they were the strangest words I ever heard come out of a girl's mouth on the night of her first big hit."

"And Mrs. Hope?"

"Mrs. Hope took her daughter's hand off her arm and walked out of the door and out of the theatre. Well, but it's begun to leak out that once poor Ten Euyck had unbent so far as to be seen with an actress he couldn't be devilish by halves. It seems Chris was annoyed at the character of his other guests as well as at finding supper served in a private room. And with the offended majesty of an injured queen she withdrew to no less public a spot than the entrance porch; where she sat swathed in her cloak, with her skirts drawn about her, till the arrival of the cab she had insisted upon."

He laughed, and then his face seemed to sour. "People who know Ten Euyck tell me that she took, of all ways, the way to hold him. That she couldn't catch him so surely with anything as with an irritant. Why, she threw him over in public—him, the invulnerable corrector of women! He'll never rest till she is seen in public hanging on his arm! And then, poor soul, he values that necklace at forty thousand dollars!"

"She drove away—alone?"

"Exactly. So among other things I went to the police. But they've found the cabman, who returned at a logical time, tells a straight story, and bears the best of reputations. If only his story were not contradicted by unimpeachable people—you know, Herrick, there's something about it all that's *like* Christina! She gets herself up in a white, heavy, silky, crêpy dress, embroidered in silver, and a white lace opera-cloak. Then, in these useful and inconspicuous garments, she vanishes! And with forty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds around her throat! Why the devil did she have herself set down there and not go in——"

"Set down—*where*? Where did the cabman take her?"

"To the very spot where they deny having seen her—to the Van Dam apartment house. Wait—Herrick—what the ——"

The film had changed again. Herrick was speeding up-town in the roadster from

which, through the restaurant window, he had sighted Stanley Ingham descending to grapple with the catch of a streaming curtain.

Stanley had been looking for Wheeler, in the hope of news of Herrick, and he allowed himself to be commandeered and turned toward the Van Dam without question. "You know what they think, Herrick!" the young man heard him say. "You know what they think of her! I've just come from Kane's office."

"Kane!"

"Yes, you know; the district attorney. Herrick, he guesses why you didn't keep your appointment. He's seen that moving-picture!"

Any number of people had reported it, the boy said. "Everything's against her—it's awful! Awful! Even my father listens to them. That scarf they found in Jim's rooms, well—it's true—it's the color she always wore. Jim had his rooms decorated in that color, he was so dead-crazy about her; yet she's never worn it since that night. And Mrs. Hope—this afternoon she never reported to anybody but us that Chris was gone—didn't send for the police or anything. It's just as if, once that picture came out, she were giving Christina time to get away. Kane's sent for her and for the Deutches; and it seems he's been finding out a lot of things against Chris for a long time. That—*that* night, for instance, you know she said she never went near Jim's rooms? Well, they've got another cabman who took her there that night, too, just a few minutes before the shot was fired. And she'd driven to his club, first, to look for him; she'd been telephoning for him, everywhere, all the evening. But she never did it, Herrick! They're off, somehow—she never did it!"

"You're a good kid, Stanley," said Herrick to the man of the world.

"But what do you think of the Deutches? After their telling her mother she'd never been there, those things being found in their flat——"

"What things?"

He saw the boy's pale face turn incredulously toward him in the darkness. "You didn't know? I thought that was why you wanted to go there? While the Deutches are running around, supposed to be looking for Chris, their flat's been searched. And the detectives've found—they found——"

"Yes?"

"A white dress embroidered in silver and a lace opera-cloak. The men are waiting there, now, for the Deutches to get back. Herrick, there wasn't but one thing missing—the diamond necklace."

The car had stopped in front of the Van Dam. Herrick, on the curbstone, stood facing bewilderedly the scare in the boy's eyes. And then, with a thrill, he felt some one touch his sleeve.

In a moment of lessening rain and rising wind a street urchin had grasped his arm. "Say, mister, down the block, yere, in the doorway where that empty house is—there's a lady wants to speak to you."

He shook with the instantaneous earthquake in his breast. But the monstrous hope died almost in its birth. The lady who awaited him in hiding was Henrietta Deutch. "Mr. Herrick," she said, "I can't go back there. Help me to get away. It's for her."

He merely took hold of her, turning her toward the street-lamp, and looked at her with his sleep-walking concentration.

"It is for my Christina. She came to us last night. She was too weary to go home and face her mother. Scarce a word would she speak, my poor lamb, and her eyes she never closed. When the dawn came in I slept a while; and, when I woke, she was gone. She had taken some old clothes of mine to dress herself. Mr. Herrick, those men in my home, they wait to make me tell them this."

"Why did you deny it to Mrs. Hope?"

"Not to Mrs. Hope. It is she who have told us that Christina did not come home."

"What?"

"At half-past one this morning Mrs. Hope calls up for Christina. And then my husband calls up the house of Ten Euyck, and he is not there. Soon after, in comes to us Christina. And I call up Mrs. Hope and tell her myself. Again, quite late in the morning, when her child is not come home, she telephoned again. Then we all had the alarm. We went to see her and to see all that could be done. They made their plans."

Herrick felt something cold breaking about the roots of his hair. So this clinging, this devoted mother did not want her daughter found. . . . What had Stanley said?

There was the blur of the changing film. He never remembered the means by which he found himself slowly driving Stanley's car to some new appointment with its owner, while beside him Henrietta Deutch was saying: "Young man, you love my Christina, is it not so?"

He laughed. "Well," he said, "what do you think?"

"Then I will say to you what I have in my heart. Mr. Herrick, there is something wrong with Hermann Deutch, to make him crazy. He knows something, and it makes him afraid. It has been so since he went up to the room of Mr. Ingham, on that night."

Herrick drew a sharp breath.

"Oh, my young sir, I am ready to tell you. Yesterday, no. But to-day, when all the world has seen the shadow-picture, yes, why not? On that night till near to one I was away, for I had a friend with a sick baby. And there sits my husband, still up, with his coat over his shirt. And he says, 'Christina is up-stairs'—very cross and ugly. 'I have just taken her up in the freight elevator.'

"I said: 'With Ingham? Why, are you out of your mind, that you should let her go up there with that man at midnight?' And he said: 'Tell me one thing. How would you have kept her from going up?' Then I would go to be with her. And then that telephone—" Her eyelids quivered and drooped with the memory. "Joe told us."

"The shot?"

"Yes. My husband was all at once like a man in a fit. 'Go!' I said. 'Hasten! It may be he who has himself shot!' And this gave him heart to go up-stairs. In the hall he met the policeman, and there is no more to do but to go on. Then comes to me Christina, slipping along from the back. I saw her white dress in the dark; I ran and pulled her in and shut the door. And I took her in my arms to warm her, for she was made all of ice. 'Is he dead?' I asked her. And she said, 'Oh, a doctor! Get a doctor, Tante Deutch! And hurry, hurry!' But, indeed, I thought there were enough with him. I asked her the one thing: 'Who did it?' She looked at me with her lips all wide apart. But not a name would she breathe out—neither then, nor to this day. Oh, Mr. Herrick, you know Ingham! He was a wild fellow—wild, too, about her—and she had cast him away—"

The color rushed into Herrick's face, but he could not speak, and Mrs. Deutch went on. "I asked her not one thing more. I held her and tried to give her comfort. And at first she clung to me. She did not cry; but by and by she would sit alone, waiting, listening, and her nostrils made themselves large. But at last it was only my husband who came. And Christina flew up and looked at him. Her eyes were all big and wild with questions, but still speak she would not. But my husband's face, Mr. Herrick, it was the face of him who has been struck, who has been stabbed. He said only to Christina, looking straight at her, 'You left your scarf,' and his voice had in it a sound that was hard. She looked at him a long time, in fear about the scarf, and she said, 'Very well, then, I shall know what to do!' That is all."

Herrick said quietly, "What you only guess, you think Deutch knows!"

"And in all our life, the one with the other, it is to me the one thing he has not told. He is not a secret man. But, to-day, when she vanishes, he tells it to the mother of Christina!"

No hour seemed too late, no scene too strange. "Now, Mrs. Hope will have to tell me!" he said.

Henrietta Deutch laid a hand on his arm, as if at once to comfort and control. She said, "Mrs. Hope is not here. She is gone. A train for some city where there are other boats for Europe. He has left a note saying it is best I know no more. He has gone west, somewhere. Whatever he told her mother, it has made them not dare to stay. My poor boy!" she added. "My poor boy!"

"No!" he cried. "You've forgotten. That other woman—the woman that Joe Patrick saw!"

"Eh, me! Who else has seen her, then? He reads many stories, the little Joe, where there are nightmare women like that." Herrick turned and gaped at her. His one solid piece of earth was failing him beneath his feet. "He is a sharp lad, and always has he adored Christina."

Herrick groaned. "No! Nonsense! What could Deutch do but guess and fear like you? What can he *know*? He went into the room when we did. What can he have found out that we didn't find? Mrs. Deutch, you wouldn't have told me all this if you didn't trust me. Trust me with the one thing more. Look at me. You, too,

are running away. And because you are afraid of being tricked into telling the police something more than that Christina went off in your clothes. Mrs. Deutch, tell me where she went."

She peered into his haggard face, worn and soiled and sharpened and grim, but of an unbroken good faith. "That is more than I know. This is what I know. When I am at Mrs. Hope's this morning she is very nervous because there hangs about the house, peeping and peering, a little, soft, dark man; pretty and slim, like an Italian. And since you have the fight in the park she fears all Italians like Arms of Justice. And to me she says, 'Keep secret this. If anything should happen to me take word to a house in the country. Up the Hudson it stands, five miles inward from the Waybrook station. The second house on the left, after the road turns toward Benning's Point. Remember, a yellow farmhouse, three miles this side of the great Hoover estate. Pascoe's the name.'"

CHAPTER XXIII

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS AND A WASTE-PAPER BASKET

It was after midnight when Stanley Ingham yielded up his steering-wheel to Herrick, within half a mile of the Pascoe house. They had seen Henrietta Deutch aboard a train at an unwatched wayside station and now Herrick ran the car slowly along the unfamiliar road. This was still clogged and rutted with mud, which had begun to stiffen since the rain had stopped; a high wind shouldered the clouds in driving masses.

His destination was the second house on his left; and, as he peered along the roadside, the deep excitement, the terrible questions which glowed in that dark night worked in him with a fearful gladness. Certainty was at hand; no more delay! The second house to the left! There it rose, a blot in the blackness, dark as a stone, and struck cold on his hot hopes.

He brought up the car before the gate and flung a falsely cheerful "Hallo!" upon the wind. Nothing answered. The gate yielded to his hand; he left Stanley in charge of the car and, as he went up the path, a fragrance greeted him like Christina's presence—the cold, moist air had brought him a storm-bruised sweetness of old-fashioned garden

flowers. His fingers missed the bell; but, lighting on the brass knocker, sent loud reverberations through the house.

The silence echoed horribly and went quaking through his breast. Suddenly he knew that house was empty. In his disappointment all discretion vanished. He drew back and scanned the vacant, shuttered windows. He ran round the house; there was still no light. He tried the kitchen door; paused once more to listen. It was as if within the house he could hear silence walking, and her step was ominous. He put his shoulder to the kitchen door and burst it in.

Once again, as on that night in August, a dark room seemed to lie breathing, waiting for him to enter. He had matches in his pocket, and once again the light discovered only emptiness. But he remembered what, that other time, an inner chamber had revealed. He found a candle, then a lamp, and lighted that.

He crossed the dining-room, carrying the lamp, and then through the hall into the living-room. All prettily upholstered, all in order, and vacant as the eye of idiocy. At the foot of the stairs he called out, "Christina!" and stood and listened while his voice went dying about the empty house. "Christina—it's I—



HE TRICK STOPPED SHORT, EVERY MUSCLE TENSE.

Bruce!" But no face leaned over the balusters to him.

He mounted the stairs. His step was heavy, and up there the silence weighed on him like silence in a vault. Two rooms on the left told him nothing. But in a room on his right a desk lay open, all its drawers pulled out and empty. He snatched at the waste-basket; there was a crumpled sheet of paper in it and a handful of torn-up scraps. He shook the scraps into the crumpled sheet and thrust the whole into his pocket. Then he heard young Ingham hailing him from the road.

"Look here, old man," Stanley came calling, "a doctor's just driven by says the Pascoes must have gone a few hours ago. He's seen a neighbor who found a note on his door, asking him to board the horse and cow and things. They must have cleared out without trunks or anything in the midst of all that storm."

"Well," Herrick replied, "let's have a look at their house while we're about it."

They examined the place from the small, bare air-chamber, into which Stanley, mounting on Herrick's shoulders, stuck his head, to the cellar, where only a coal-bin, an ice-box, and an admirable array of preserves confronted them. Up-stairs they found clothes in all the closets: the clothes of working people for the most part; but in one the long, slim, sophisticatedly simple gowns of a pretty woman. In that room they forced another desk, which kept them busy for a while with tradesmen's bills, all made out, regularly enough, to Nicola Pascoe. Nowhere was there a letter, or any significant writing, or any other name.

But when, considerably soiled, they came again to the composed and pretty living-room, there on the mantel-shelf the face of Christina Hope smiled mockingly at them from a silver frame. Indifferent to prayer or scrutiny, it had nothing to tell them.

Herrick set the lamp down on the center table and shook out beneath the light the contents of the waste-paper basket.

Among these were the halves of an empty envelope. It had been blotted in its address, torn across, and thrown aside. But none the less this address, written in a delicate, feminine hand, like copper-plate a little pointed, was plain enough. It was not exactly the direction which they had expected to find in that house. The envelope

had been addressed to the district attorney of the City of New York.

The two young men looked at each other. "That's not Chris's hand," Stanley said.

"No."

"Anybody's you know?"

"No."

"Me neither."

"Well, there's no more of it here. So the enclosure was probably sent. To Kane! I wonder when—and what!—we'll hear from it!"

Herrick smoothed out the crumpled ball of writing-paper. There leaped before him in an illiterate but very firm hand an opening of such unimpeachable decorum as to stagger his prying eyes.

MRS. HOPE,
Honored Madam,

There was no date nor signature. The note ran:

Would say don't come here nor send. You can tell where by knowing my handwriting. She is not here. She came but she has went. Where she is now I got no idee on earth. I surmise she will be heard from.

Herrick bent closer over his handful of torn scraps. They were in the same illiterate script, but more careless or hurried, and in pencil on paper from a cheap pad. They consisted mainly of little flakes ground almost to powder, but there were eight pieces of appreciable size. These came to Herrick's hand in this order:

This time	get rid of her
I say. She	but she can't g
real dau	mother
letters	get out
et rid	writes no
	do the way
	een any
	but
She can	she's got to
mebbe,	ain't ever b
of	ghter to me

The last alone contained, in its two phrases, one that startled:

o the country
more Arm of Justice

Two very pale young men confronted each other, speechless, across those words.

"More Arm of Justice!" So Herrick was again meeting his friends of the park! Pascoe—Nicola Pascoe! An Italian enough name! Apparently the occupants of the yellow house had been writing hither and

yon for help and secrecy when some emergency of haste had sent them flying.

But where?

There was no clue to follow, unless these papers yielded one. Nothing better suggested itself than to sit there—while every nerve cried out for action; to sit there quietly and try to solve the ominous puzzle.

Herrick spread the scraps out on a table and began to join them. He laid them out in the form of one sheet, and he told himself that since they had no envelope and were so roughly scrawled, perhaps they were not to be sent through the mail, but had at first been intended to be left as a message for some one shortly expected in the house; that would account for the carelessness of using the words "Arm of Justice."

Suddenly Herrick uttered a sharp whistling breath and lifted his face. "Do you know where Christina was born?"

"In New York, wasn't she? But wait—they were in Italy a good deal—anyhow while she was a baby, I think. What is it, Herrick?"

"I'll read it to you," he answered, in a high, unnatural voice. "It's a purely domestic statement. Begins with the piece that says 'This time,' and just remember that, whoever wrote it, it wasn't Mrs. Hope."

He read: "This time she's got to do the way I say. She ain't ever been any real daughter to me. But—then there's a bit gone. The next is: 'She can get rid of her'—word missing—'mebbe, but she can't get rid of her mother'—"

Herrick paused and stared hard at the black window.

"But the rest—the Arm of Justice?" Stanley stammered.

"It doesn't hang very close. Yet it's pretty clear: '—out of the country—writes no more Arm of Justice letters.' Or, if one dares to fill it out, 'She's got to get out of the country and she writes no more Arm of Justice letters.' " He made the scraps into a little pile in the fireplace, set fire to them, and then ground them to ashes with his heel. "So much for evidence," he laughed, and continued to look past the scare in Stanley's eyes.

Suddenly his own eyes lighted with a new speculation. "Stan," he said, "we've gone over this place inch by inch. And you know when they left, the blackmailers must have

tumbled into their car and off—no time for anything. They packed nothing, they took nothing. Well, then, Stan, where is Justice's typewriter? And in what room or garret or cellar is the printing-press?"

Stanley gaped.

"Agreed—there isn't any. And so this never was their real shop. Only a blind. Mrs. Hope, who thought she was revealing such a secret, didn't know that much. Their real place of business, Stan, their fortress, their retreat—we haven't found at all!"

"I'm game to hunt it, then! Shall we go back——"

"No. First—" In that abstraction through which Herrick spoke he was following some familiar echo which seemed to sound in the illiterate firmness of those penciled phrases, seeking for some once amusing contrast between that angular, prim handwriting and the Arm of Justice. It led him to a small, square, hard-featured, close-mouthed face, framed in gray hair. "I want you should clear out from here, young man. I'd oughta know Dagoes; I married one." Yes, that was it. "My girl's good Yankee—fair as any one. I brought her up so fine——"

"It's to town we'll go back, Stan," he said, soberly. "Don't you want some breakfast? Come and breakfast with a poor man. Good boy! At a little Italian table d'hôte, near Washington Square."

CHAPTER XXIV

A GLIMPSE OF HER

On the Saturday of that week Christina had not yet been found and Herrick was still fruitlessly haunting the table d'hôte. There were the dogs, the cats, the children, the regular proprietress; but he encountered there no more any gray-haired woman who played solitaire behind the desk. He tried his Italian on the children and their mother, and made some progress in the affections of the small eldest daughter.

Now, after an absence of three days, he still felt his pulse quicken as he approached the place. He could not help hoping; and he needed his hope, for he had just seen a hopeless Stanley Ingham off for Springfield. The boy was dead beat. He and Herrick had lived since Tuesday, save for flying visits to the table d'hôte, in Stanley's car, scouring the roads in the neighborhood of the Pascoe

stronghold, and wherever possible searching private estates within a wide radius.

Perhaps ten miles from the yellow house, the Hoover place struck them as a possibility worth investigation. One of the great show places of the Hudson, it stretched three miles deep to the river-bank and a mile and a half along the road, with no guardians save the little old, old couple at the lodge. Accustomed, during the Hoovers' prolonged absence abroad, to curious sight-seers, the old people welcomed the two young men beneath the winged marble lions of the entrance-gates and the grounds with a host-like courtesy.

But not a footprint, save that of an occasional stray gardener or of their rival searchers, the police, rewarded them; there were no marks of a boat upon the beach; the wooded shores, for a league on either side, yielded no clue.

Through three days they hunted—days and nights like phantoms of interchanging light and darkness, in which there was no real sense of time or place, rest or fatigue, but only futile movement, and for Herrick, a numbness that separated him from human affairs.

In Waybrook, only, they learned something. The Pascoes, contemptible as foreigners, but as small farmers acceptable—yes, a young fellow and his mother, a real neat American lady with gray hair, and their Dago help—had had, off and on, an unpopular boarder: a city woman with red hair, who was supposed to come out there for quiet, for her health. No, hadn't ever seen her real close. So much too good for everybody — never passed good-morning with any but her own friends, come now and then from the city. Going or coming, herself, she was tied up in one o' these automobile veils.

No one seemed to connect the Pascoes with the world-wide search for Christina. Whatever communication the mail had carried to the district attorney he gave no sign. Here and there indeed they stumbled upon the tracks of some experimenting detective; followed the same will-o'-the-wisp; ran down the same clue to nothing. On Saturday they gave it up.

And so, of course, it was on Saturday that capricious luck pointed out to Herrick, through a window of the table d'hôte, the figure of a little old woman with gray hair.

Bonneted and shawled as she unwontedly

was, Mrs. Pascoe, as he now called her, was still playing solitaire; but not this time behind the desk. It was a little early for dinner; some of the tables were not yet set; and she sat at one of these, now and then leaning forward as if to talk to some one within the room. Herrick drew back unobserved, ran up the stoop, and rang the bell.

This was answered by one of the smaller children, to whom he made some excuse about an acquaintance up-stairs. But on reaching the door of that acquaintance he merely turned to look over the balusters till he was certain of the child's departure; then down he came again, soft-footed, into the basement. He felt a sick disappointment when he saw a crack of light in the hall from the door of the restaurant's front room; since it was even a thread ajar the old woman could not be talking secrets. And, indeed, he now heard her say, very much at her ease, "My! Men are funny!"

Herrick stood beneath a hinge and put a shameless eye to the crack. Save for the occasional entries of the Italian proprietress with the tableware, the only other person in the room was a smallish man in the early thirties, who looked as if he had once been a gentleman and whose regular, feminine little features were now drawn into an expression at once weak and wild. His soft, helpless-looking figure writhed and twitched as he now lay down and now sat up upon a sort of lounge which ran along the wall, forming a seat for several tables. His face was swollen with weeping and the tears still flowed from his eyes. Herrick suddenly remembered the man who had hung about the Hopes' on the day of Christina's disappearance. Afterward he had been told that such a man waited long to see him at his rooms.

"Well, if you're goin' to take on that way, Filly," Mrs. Pascoe was saying, "I dunno as I can blame her any. I dunno as I blame her anyhow. You never objected when there was any money in it. It's kind o' late to carry on now. What say?"

The gentleman poured forth in Italian, which Mrs. Pascoe appeared to understand at least as well as he did English, that the lady he lamented had never wished to leave him before; hitherto, it had always been business. The business of the whole family he had never interfered with, but to be left for good and all he would not bear; he had

borne too much. And indeed, from his language, it appeared that he had.

"Well," repeated Mrs. Pascoe, "men are funny! You've hung on to my girl since she was sixteen years old, and she ain't ever treated you like anything but dirt. Well, what do you want to hang on to her for? Clear out. You ain't like me. I gotta stick. She don't want me either. She wants swift folks an' gay folks. She'd forget she was mine if she could. But she can't! An' I can't! I can't deny anything you got to say. You say she ruined your life. She'd ruin anybody's she could get her clutch onto. You say she don't love you. If you ask me, why should she? But it's herself she's thinkin' about first, last, an' all the time. You take it from me, you ain't goin' to sail. Or, anyway, not with us. You ain't ever been fit fer anything but a wife that 'ud take care o' you, an' yer quite a pretty-lookin' little feller. The best you kin do is to get some money out of her, an' let her get clean away."

The young man rolled back and forth and bit the lounge. Mrs. Pascoe, who had hitherto regarded him with contemptuous tolerance, observed a wave of genuine despair in this sea of grief and her eyes narrowed.

"See here, young man," she said, "don't let me catch you doin' anything underhanded—squealin' on us or tryin' to keep us here, 'cause we gotta get out. If I was to say a word to my son that I thought that, there wouldn't be no prettiness left to you. I ain't goin' to have her locked up in no jail for no man that ever lived. Mebbe you think, 'cause I speak harsh of her, I ain't fond of her. Why, you little fool, I ain't never had a thought but for that minx since she was born. She's walked on me an' on the whole blame lot of us ever since. But she's mine. What she wants she's goin' to have."

"False!" shrieked the Italian gentleman. "She's false!"

"Well, there," said Mrs. Pascoe, "so she is!" There was an exclamation and the proprietress of the table d'hôte reentered. "They come?" asked Mrs. Pascoe. "Well, it's as much as our lives're worth, with them fools skiddin' round the roads; but we gotta get there somehow. There, get up, Filly, an' blow yer nose, do! Good-by, Maria. After we're gone don't neglect to send the children out on that visit. It'll do 'em

good. Come on, Filly; an' you mind what I tell you 'bout bein' anyways treacherous now. My daughter's my daughter, an' I won't have her hampered by no Dago!"

Herrick could hear a taxi snorting before the house, and he retreated hastily to the refuge of the cellar door. In the exhaustion of his nerves the new rapidity of events made his brain whirl. Through his mind jumbled pictures of the countryside, the yellow house at night, the long road rolling past the little stone lions that spread their wings above the Hoover gates, the river-banks, Christina's garden, and all the wind and change and hurry of the week. To some point amidst all this whirl these people were making. What means had he for keeping up with them? In a moment the taxi, unless he were lucky enough to spy another, would have them beyond reach. He crept out again into a cleared and quiet hall, the taxi still snorting at the door; but as he gained the area, he beheld the open cab and saw with amazement that it was empty. The Pascoes must have turned the corner into the square; but whether a 'bus or cross-town car was their object, all his hurry never determined.

With the patience of despair he returned to the restaurant as a legitimate guest, ordered his dinner, and began to chatter to his friend, the eldest girl. She looked a little run down; if he had a little girl like her he'd take her for a trip to the country. Oh, she *was* going to the country! Oh, indeed—and out where Auntie was!

He wondered what his smile was like. The child brought him his plate of sliced sausage and sardines, and he made a game of sharing them with her. She would have a fine appetite at the seaside. Oh, she wasn't going to the seaside! Where then? Oh, it appeared, to a lovely, great big house—grass—trees—flowers!—nothing more could be ascertained. Herrick tried the words "Waybridge" and "Bennings Point" to no avail. With "river" he was more successful. Did you go there by boat? Apparently not. Finally, it came out that you went there past Old Auntie's house. And what was there pretty about Old Auntie's house? Come, now, what did she like best?

"The marble kitties with wings."

The marble—! Herrick's face flushed a hot red. It was his lucky day, indeed!

He pressed into her astonished hand the

money for his dinner and hurried into the street. That open taxi was just moving away from the house. As it passed under a street lamp a veiled lady rose in it to her tall height and drew on a long, light coat. And all the pulses in Herrick's body stopped as if they had been stricken dead. For his eyes had recognized Christina.

There was no other cab in sight. But fortunately a 'bus was just starting, and by and by he plunged from that into a taxi. All the way up Fifth Avenue he continued to keep his quarry well in sight; flashing in and out beneath the lamps, the beautiful tall figure sitting lightly erect, and neither shunning nor seeking the public gaze. At first he thought she had come back to be well in time for to-morrow night, but at Forty-second Street she turned toward the station. She, too, was for the train to Waybridge!

A policeman, who should have died before he ever was born, let her cab through the block and held up Herrick's. He saw with horror that it was possible he should miss the train; then, with a thrill of hope, that they would probably both miss it. When he got to the station there was no sign of her. He tore like a madman across the vast stretches and up and down the flights of stairs by which modern travel is precipitated, and came to the gate. She was inside, just stepping on the last car of the train. Officials were shouting at her, enraged, because the train had begun to creep.

"Tickets, tickets," said the man at the gate. He was resolute, and Herrick had to pick him up and lift him to one side. It took an instant, and now the train was under way. But Herrick, as a free-born male, unhampered even by a suit-case, was privileged to risk his neck, and he flew down the platform and gathered himself to leap upon the car. His hand was outstretched for the railing, but it never reached it. A single zealous employee plunged at him, roaring. The sound halted his quarry in the doorway, and when she saw him she stepped back on to the platform of the car, bending toward him with a look of eager amusement, and throwing back her veil. And Herrick lost his chance to jump.

For her face, framed in soft flames of red, of golden fire, was the face of a stranger. It was extremely lovely, but for one curious defect: she had a blue eye and a brown.

CHAPTER XXV

THE HOSTESS PREPARING

Two hours later Herrick lay in the long grass of the wooded lot against the wall of the Hoover estate. Already the night was velvet-black, and hot and thunder-scented as in summer. A million vibrations that were scarcely sound stirred with the myriad lives of leaf and blade in the dense silence.

He remembered, tumbling over the wall from the inside, cascades of ivy which he now hoped might give him a hand up the rough stone. But they tore away, one after the other, and sagged in his hold. He went on down the field, scouting in the darkness for some friendly tree; he found one at last but not so near the wall as he could have desired.

The first branch that seemed likely to bear him for any distance he judged to be about twenty feet above the ground. He crawled along it till its circumference seemed so slight he dared not trust another inch and peered into the pit. There was no way to make sure that the wall was there but to let go; he lowered himself the whole six feet of his length; let go; landed on the coping; by a miracle of balance maintained his equilibrium; and then, dropping cautiously to his knees, flattened himself along the edge. When you have dropped on to a wall which might or might not be there, it is nothing at all to drop on to the earth, which can not escape. He stood up at last within the Hoover grounds.

He had now to make his way to the house through about a mile of perfect blackness. As a good beginning he ran into a tree, and this rebuke of nature's seemed to put him in his place and tell him to walk here like a spy, not like a combatant. He went on, but now with infinite caution.

This part of the ground was as little tended as a wild wood. Presently, though, he came forth upon an old-fashioned garden, run wild, but still sending out sweet smells beneath his trampling feet. Beds of white gillyflowers and feverfew, and white banks of that odorous star-shaped bloom which opens to the night, made a kind of paleness in the dark which perhaps he rather breathed and guessed than saw. It was an approach for a *Romeo*, and seemed to cast a kind of dream over his desperate and grimy business. He sped on to another little grove



THE RED-HAIRED LADY'S RESEMBLANCE TO CHRISTINA LAY ONLY IN A VERY STRIKING SUGGESTION OF THE TALL FIGURE, AN INDESCRIBABLE LIGHTNESS AND SENSE OF LIFE.

upon a rise of ground and, coming to the top of the slope, saw far ahead of him through the trees the shining of bright lights.

He could scarcely believe his eyes, for surely they would never dare to light the house. And then again he remembered how far and lonely that house stood, a mile and a half in from the road, and save through the lodge or from the river how hard to come at. If this was really their haunt, it must have been so a long time; they must have grown used to it like their own house. All the more chance then for his spying! He kept on down the slope, this time recklessly.

Suddenly the light of two lanterns began to rake the wood. Herrick stopped short, with revolver drawn, every muscle tense. Then three shots flew past him, apparently aimed only in his general direction. He dodged behind a huge tree, and felt his way cautiously from its shelter to another, working off at right angles to the direction of the lights. But they turned away as abruptly as they had come. Apparently the searchers had scouted their own fears, or had heard some sound from another direction.

Herrick followed the lights back toward the center of the estate, but did not risk going upright. Sometimes on his hands and knees, sometimes on his stomach, he made his way among the rocks.

The group with the lanterns came out upon the carriage-way and paused. A horse and two-seated wagon awaited them, the horse's head turned toward the house. In the wagon sat Mrs. Pascoe and the little old, old couple from the lodge. As the other men tumbled in, one diminutive creature lifted up his voice: "I ain't slep' out o' the lodge, nor yer ma ain't either, for forty year!"

"Well, you'll have to to-night, pa," said Mrs. Pascoe. "An' there ain't any time to talk about it either." They were off up the drive, Herrick following.

The party easily distanced him. After a while he ceased to hear the wheels, but now again he could see the house shine among the trees, and as he came closer still he listened for the sounds of their arrival, but heard nothing.

It was extraordinary what a stillness had again fallen upon the night. No sound covered his approach, and when he came at last in view of the great entrance, no wagon waited on the path nor did any voice challenge him from the doorway.

He stood among the trees and stared across the wide sweep of carriageway and saw, on either side, depths of lawn, kept cut and roughly trim, merging at last again into the darkness. The drive was bright from the great, glowing portico, and from the entrance doors set wide into a stately hall. The hall was all in order, as if for a reception, with rugs and palms and candelabra, and to its left a vast apartment like a ball-room flung from its long, open windows spaces of lamplight down the terraces.

Save for one pane gleaming overhead the rest of the house stood dark, as if unoccupied. But in that still yet quivering night, in that dense, black, vast, and yet sultry silence, this made a great illumination, and the wing of the old mansion seemed to blaze like a palace in a wood. In the lack of sound or motion, it seemed swept, opened, and made ready by enchantment, and waiting for the conqueror.

He was a fool, if you wish, but at least he knew his foolhardiness to the core. The wagon he had followed must have passed the house and gone on toward the river, but this bright vacancy and quiet had not been arranged for nothing. To go forward was more than likely death. But he was near the goal; he was near the turning of the page, and as far as might be, he must read it.

Thus at last he came up the terraces to the long windows and, huddling at one side, peered in. He saw a proud interior, brilliant and pale, with panels of latticed glass after the French fashion and other panels frescoed with Pierrots and Columbines and with great clusters of wax candles set between the panels. There was a great chandelier with swinging prisms reflecting in the floor that was waxed like satin. This chandelier was not lighted, but the clustered candles and the many lamps made the place afloat with liquid gold, and the room trembled and bloomed with the scent and the beauty of hothouse flowers.

There was little enough furniture: a golden grand piano with Cupids painted on it; a few chairs, from which Herrick guessed the holland had but lately been removed; and near the huge, rose-filled fireplace, a little table, gleaming with silver and linen, with lilies and crystal and lace. It was set for two; and there was a serving-table close at hand with silver covers showing on it and, for a practical and modern touch, a chafing-dish! There was no one in the room.

But the table was hint enough. Here was the center of these preparations. Here two people were to meet, and Herrick thought he knew the hostess. In the departing wagon-load there had been no beautiful, tall figure with red hair. To this little private festivity Fate had led him through the rough magic of his scramble in the night; she pointed at the table with a very sure finger, and now all his vague expectancy was centered in a single question, and his first necessity was to behold the face of the red-haired woman's guest.

Along one wall of the room, just as if put there to tempt him to the final madness, ran a little gallery for dance-music. It had a balustrade about it and within this balustrade hung little yellow brocaded curtains, in a sort of valance, that seemed to Herrick strangely fresh, as though hung there yesterday. And—puffed with his success as eavesdropper at the table d'hôte—he determined, if it should be his last move on earth, to get behind those curtains.

There was no staircase to the balcony from within the room. He crept to the hall door. The hall opened out square as a courtyard, with doorways and arches upon every side. At the rear the great staircase, after perhaps a dozen steps, branched off to either hand, and on its left a little gallery ran along the wall behind that very room and led to a curtained niche. This would be the entrance to the musicians' balcony, and there was nothing for it but that Herrick should traverse the hall and mount the staircase.

It was as if the house had turned to one great eye. He thanked Heaven for the rugs upon the marble and for the scanty shelter of the palms; while, with every step of his muddy boots and every breath he drew, the housebreaker dreaded to hear another foot-step behind him or to see an assailant rise before his eyes. But all remained vacant, and as silent as the tomb. Running up those marble steps he came at one bound to the curtained niche, and darted in between its hangings. No one was there. He had now his private box for the coming entertainment.

He dropped softly to the floor, and as he did so some one in the room below struck a match. It startled him like the crack of doom. He immediately parted the little curtains of the valance, and beheld the

red-haired lady lighting the chafing-dish.

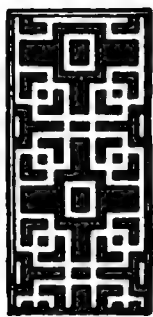
Herrick was not more than about eight feet above the flooring of the room, with the main door from the hall to his right hand and the fireplace on his left, so that the little glittering table was before him and to the left of him but a few feet. And there the red-haired woman blew out the little flame she had kindled, as if she had but meant to test the wick. It was Herrick's first long, clear look at her and he looked hard. The resemblance to Christina lay only in a very striking suggestion of the tall figure, a pose, a poise, an indescribable lightness and sense of life. They had the same gracious, gallant bearing, the same proud carriage of the head; and he suddenly realized that he was looking at one of Christina's gowns.

For the rest, she was five or six years the elder, and her equal slenderness was much more softly curved. Handsome enough, her face at once attracted and repelled by the diverse coloring of the eyes. It was a face at once selfish and fierce and soft, with the softness of a woman who is fashioned from head to foot in one ardent glow; a softness like a panther's.

It seemed that she could never be satisfied with her preparations. She walked about the room, touching and retouching the flowers. Over and over again she scrutinized the appointments of the table: lifted the silver covers; peered into the chafing-dish, and tested the champagne in its bucket of ice. At last she could find nothing more to do. Through all her coming and going she had seemed to be mocking and triumphing to herself; humming, singing, and even whistling very low, with her mouth pursed into a confidant and quizzing little smile.

She was not yet gowned for a festival and, remembering the light in the room above, Herrick, grim as the hour was, smiled to imagine that here was to be played a little domestic comedy like thousands that go on in Harlem flats and tame suburban cottages: the servantless hostess satisfied at length about her cooking and her table, and flying up-stairs at the last moment to dress for company.

So indeed she turned to fly; but then her mood changed. She whirled round upon the vacant table, her comedy, her mockery, quite fallen from her, and supplanted by a black hate.



THINGS *that were*

and

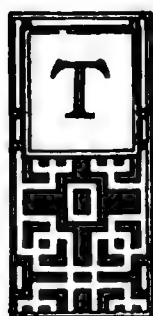
THINGS *that were* CAESAR'S



AN INTERVIEW

by

GARET
GARRETT



THOUGH Charles S. Mellen had been the Herod of New England, his principality had yet been Cæsar's. It will be necessary to keep that clear. The evidence? It is plenty and various.

Some of it lay in clothes-baskets, running over with the books and papers and minutes and other insides of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which two porters brought in every morning and tumbled down at the feet of Joseph W. Folk, counsel of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who represented a certain belated public curiosity as to \$11,000,000 that Commissioner Prouty said had vanished into thin air, and other astonishing matters.

Some of it made its way through the testimony of the Herod himself, a bald, glacial man, whose strength is above his eyes. He passed five days on the witness-stand at Washington.

More of it I got from Mr. Mellen in conversation between times in his room at the Shoreham Hotel, where he sat through his evenings, gently rocking his recollections. He does not smoke. Nobody called but his personal counsel, several newspaper acquaintances whom he was willing to see, and Mr. Folk two or three times. He never went out but to walk to the New Willard, where the hearings were held.

He was very curious about the effect his testimony was having upon public sentiment in respect to himself, and very sensi-

tive to the charge, put forward editorially by many of the newspapers, that he was unloading on the late Mr. Morgan. As president of the New Haven Railroad he had been called Autocrat, Czar, and Dictator, with power of let and hindrance beyond what was safe to be exercised in this country by an individual. He had been called monster and pirate and other names, too.

He assumed full moral responsibility for the great power he had exercised; and yet he had testified as to certain New Haven Railroad transactions that, although he thought them inadvisable, and in one case disastrous, he voted for them first, as the other directors did, and protested afterward. Those were the points at which Herod and Cæsar collided.

"It may be hard for the public to understand," I said.

He answered reminiscently:

"It was Mr. Morgan's way, when he wished to cut opposition and discussion short, to fling his box of matches from him, bring his fist down, and say:

"'Call a vote. Let's see where these gentlemen stand.'

"And we always stood where he expected us to stand. That is to say, we stood in awe of him.

"Men have told me that in my relations with Mr. Morgan I came off with fewer scars than others did. I do not know. He was often very wrong in his judgment of acts and motives, and when he found it out

MELLEN'S

CHARLES S. MELLEN, SOMETIME PRESIDENT OF THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD—
"THERE MUST BE MONOPOLY TO GET EFFICIENCY AND ECONOMY, AND THAT MONOPOLY IS BOUND TO BE THE U.S. GOVERNMENT."



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

he would never apologize. Instead, he would make amends by doing a very handsome thing unsolicited.

"Once he did me a great injustice when I was vice-president of the New Haven Railroad. Afterward he discovered his error. He never mentioned it, but one day he called me up on the telephone and asked me if I would like to take the Northern Pacific."

"What was the injustice?" I asked.

"I was second vice-president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad," he said. "It was in 1893. To my dismay I heard that Mr. Morgan was terribly down on me. I was an element of discord and ought to be got rid of. I thought I knew the reason. One of the first things I did as second vice-president was to force the New York Central to give us a larger division on business exchanged, and the New York Central people had afterward, as I believed,

denounced me to Mr. Morgan. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the elder, was much incensed at the liberties I had taken.

"But the idea that a man of Mr. Morgan's great power should take a violent dislike to a man in my position, getting \$12,000 a year, seemed preposterous. I determined to face him, and I walked into his banking-house saying that I wished to see him on a personal matter. He came out and saluted me brusquely. I asked for a word with him in private. 'Very well,' he said, and led the way. 'Now, what is it?' he asked.

"I said I had heard of his having said some very hard things about me.

" 'Yes,' he said, 'I have.'

" 'I thought you were a fair man,' I said, 'willing to hear the other side.'

" 'I am,' he said.

"Then I gave him my side of the case. When I was through he said, 'I was wrong. I think I know where the trouble is.'

"I never heard from him again until he called me up on the telephone and asked me to take the Northern Pacific."

After Mr. Mellen had been president of the Northern Pacific Railroad for only a few months he came to New York on errands of business and stopped at the great banking-house to see Mr. Morgan. He had something thrilling to tell him. One of the partners met him just inside the door, and asked if he expected to be in town several days, and had not some other things to do.

"If so," said the partner, "I advise you to go away now. Come in to-morrow."

"Very well," said Mellen. "I don't know why, but I can take a hint."

"The wind is in the north to-day," the partner said. He afterward came to know what that expression meant. There in the Shoreham Hotel room, as he repeated it, a picture filled his mind—a picture of Mr. Morgan's private office and Mr. Morgan in it, pacing the floor like a lion encaged, or sitting at his desk tearing paper into bits by the handful and scattering them in a blizzard, filling the whole establishment with foreboding. That was a north wind.

"MORGAN'S MAN"

During his six years as president of the Northern Pacific, Mellen saw a great deal of Morgan and esteemed him increasingly. In the summer of 1903 Morgan one day told him that he was going to make him president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. He was less surprised at that than at getting the Northern Pacific over the telephone.

"That was the point at which Folk asked you if you were not Morgan's man?" I said.

"I think," said Mr. Mellen, "my answer was that I had been proud to be called Mr. Morgan's man, but I doubt if my meaning was understood. In so far as I deserved Mr. Morgan's confidence and had the ability he thought a man should have to run the New Haven Railroad, I was pleased to be his man. I was his personal selection for the place. In no other sense was I his or any other's man.

"These distinctions seem to me important. When Mr. Folk asked me about Mr. Morgan's policies with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad I had to say that he had no particular policies that I was aware of. He had entrusted them to

me. It was his way. I shaped them. It was I who ran the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad from within. In my own province I was supreme.

"But a railroad financed and dominated, as mine was, by a man vastly interested in many other things, is always in danger of colliding as the lesser of two forces with policies outside of its own. When that happened I was not supreme."

MELLEN'S THEORY OF MONOPOLY

On taking charge of the New Haven in November, 1903, he had found a great deal of ill-feeling awaiting him, especially in Boston, which is the capital of New England. The people of Boston had seen the Old Colony and the Boston & Providence railroads pass into the hands of the New York, New Haven & Hartford, together with a lot of lines leased by those two, and felt aggrieved that the management of so much of New England's transportation facilities should have gone from Boston to New Haven, Conn.

It had never been his way to humor people. He mentioned it as a weakness. He had been told that it was a fundamental mistake not to humor Boston. He waived that. He was interested not in Boston particularly, but in all New England. The facts as he dealt with them were:

First, that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad happened to be a Connecticut corporation, which was no fault of his; and,

Second, that the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad was the only organization big enough to achieve a monopoly of transportation in New England. It had the momentum in that direction.

He believed that New England's economic importance could be maintained not otherwise than by a supreme and intelligent transportation monopoly, with the power to command an exchange of business with the rest of the country.

If he were to predict the next great crisis in this country, he should say it would be a severing of political relations along economic lines, and that New England would be the first of the great divisions to secede. It seemed to him to be not only desirable but absolutely necessary to the preservation of New England's ancient supremacy that there should be a transportation monopoly



HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

"WELL, BOSTON THREW ITS TEA OVERBOARD. HISTORY REPEATED ITSELF. IT DUMPED EVERYTHING. BOSTON IS THE HOME OF THE ANTIS. IF THERE HAS ANYTHING EVER BEEN PASSED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ANY INDIVIDUAL, FOR ANY SECTION OF THIS COUNTRY, THAT BOSTON HAS NOT HAD A LARGE OPPOSITION TO, I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT CALLED TO MY ATTENTION." *Testimony of Mr. Mellen before the Interstate Commerce Commission.*

able at every point of contact with the world outside to say: "We will give you this business for that business, this freight for that freight," and dictate the terms of exchange. Otherwise the rest of the country, being so much stronger than any one of a number of independent railroads in New England, would be always taking more than it gave, and New England's economic importance would decline.

THE NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE

One evening's conversation I opened by saying: "Mr. Mellen, I don't believe in what you were trying to do, but I do believe that you believed in it, and that makes an important difference."

"It does," he said, "and therefore I undertake to make you believe in the thing itself."

He went patiently over all the ground he had for thinking that the economic interests of New England required the business of transportation to be controlled by a beneficent monopoly, and that transportation monopolies, either privately owned or under Government ownership, are inevitable. When he had finished I said:

"I might be for it, in the interest of New England, provided you could do it without the interference of bankers."

He sat up, as if lifted by a spring, and brought his hands down with a smack on the arms of the rocking-chair.

The interference of bankers, in his case at least, had been fatal. The turn of the bankers to be investigated had not come yet, but it would, and it was near, and he should be a pleased onlooker when they began to get what was coming to them. But for the bankers' interference, the New Haven Railroad would still be paying dividends.

"And though you had been absolutely right in your theory of what was good for New England," I said, "and had pursued a course dictated by pure intelligence, still you were bound to fail."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "you would have been unable to overcome public prejudice on one hand and private avarice on the other."

Public prejudice, he was sure, could be overcome. Avarice—well, that, perhaps, was insurmountable. He had never known what human avarice was until he became president of the New Haven.

He was thinking especially of the trolleys. They came very dear, and the acquisition of them estranged more public sentiment than anything else the New Haven did.

"I was trying to secure control of the trolleys contiguous to the lines of the New Haven," he said, "because I had the theory and belief that, first, all railroads were going, sooner or later, especially in congested communities, to be operated by electricity. Then there was a great economy in the erection of large units in the way of power-houses, to furnish the electricity for both systems of transportation. When I say both systems of transportation, I mean those now conducted by electricity and those now conducted by steam."

There was another aspect of the matter. He had never mentioned it out loud before, and he chuckled.

"I did tie them up tight," he said.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"It is my conviction," he said, "that the beginning of government ownership of railways is almost imminent in this country. But I said to myself, 'Though that is so near at hand, it will be many years more before public sentiment will submit to government ownership of street railways.' Therefore I proceeded to tie the New Haven Railroad and its trolleys so tight together that it would be very hard ever to untie them. I made street-railway mortgages that were also a lien on a part of the New Haven Railroad, and then railroad mortgages that were also a lien on parts of street-railway systems, saying to myself as I did it, 'Now, when they come to New England with their scheme for government ownership of railroads they will look it over and lift up their hands in despair. They can't take the railroads without the trolleys, and the public will not stand for their taking both.' The result is that now the Department of Justice is in despair. It is a hopeless tangle, as I intended it should be."

It had cost a great deal of money—tons of money. He sighed to think of the amounts. The paramount, unceasing need of the New Haven Railroad was the need of money, and for that he had to rely upon his bankers.

"To raise the millions to finance a monopoly which began to fall apart before it was perfected," I said.

"People are fascinated by the idea of

the millions," he said. "They are continually asking what became of them—who got the money.

"There was a crude suspicion that he and the directors and the bankers had divided it up. The fact was that New England got it. If you could run a string around New England all the millions the New Haven Railroad raised and spent to build a monopoly would be found inside of it.

"Everybody who had anything to sell that the New Haven Railroad needed, held it up and made it pay through the nose."

"My chief objection to your work, to monopoly at all, may be its moral effect upon individuals," I said. "You are almost certain to forget that, and to justify the means by the end, as, for instance, when you undertake to mold public sentiment.

"That touches me on a raw spot," he replied. "Be particular. Specify what you mean."

"CORRUPTING THE PRESS"

"Well," I said, "take the testimony of your Mr. Byrnes. He told how you had newspaper writers in the pay of the New Haven Railroad at Boston."

"They were not paid to put things in their papers for us," he replied. "They were paid for work they did for the New Haven Railroad outside of their newspaper work."

"That is not very convincing," I said. "If you were running an independent newspaper, intent upon printing the truth without favor or bias, would you like to hear that your reporters were in the pay of a railroad?"

"I see what you mean," he said then. "You mean that a man getting two dollars a day from his newspaper and maybe five dollars a day from the railroad could not write for his paper without being somewhat biased in favor of his five dollars a day."

"That is it exactly," I said.

"But," he said, "suppose you were right and knew you were right, and were engaged in a fight with men who were paying to get unfair things printed?"

"In that case," I said, "between you and your enemies the press becomes a harlot, for sale to the highest bidder."

"And again," he said, "suppose you are right and know that your end will justify

itself, but that public sentiment is against you and may defeat your purpose. It will come around in time of its own accord, but for obvious reasons you can not wait. **What** would you do then?"

Never to his knowledge had a dollar of New Haven Railroad money been spent to procure the press to print untruth. Publicity designed to mold public sentiment in favor of a work he personally believed to be right, morally and economically, and for the larger good of a great community, was different.

MR. MORGAN AND MR. MORSE

He had anticipated public sentiment at some points. For instance, he very early began to see that the one kind of transportation property the New York, New Haven & Hartford ought not to own was the steamship. In January of 1907 he had been pleased to be able to lay before his directors a proposition to sell the New Haven's water lines for \$20,000,000. The prospective purchaser had been Charles W. Morse. When Mr. Morgan heard the name he began instantly to denounce him in unrestrained terms, in a way he had toward men he disliked, leaving them no decent alternative but to go and jump off into space.

"The New Haven," Mr. Morgan said, "will have nothing to do with Mr. Morse. It will receive nothing from him, even as a gift, and if you, Mr. Mellen, ever take anything from him for the New Haven Railroad, that will be the end of your presidency here."

His failure to dispose of the New Haven Railroad's steamship lines had been the first disappointment of that sinister year 1907. He had felt obliged a little later, at an awkward time, to buy control of the Boston & Maine Railroad, and then had come, in the midst of a Wall Street panic, the New York, Boston & Westchester affair.

"It seemed to me inevitable," he said, "that the New Haven Railroad in time should control the Boston & Maine Railroad, but I was in no haste to get it. What with combining into one system more than two hundred separate properties all over New England, my hands were already pretty diligently employed. Taking on the Boston & Maine, which with its leased and controlled lines would bring the number of properties up to over three hundred, was

rather more than I was ready to bargain for at that time, and, besides, the panic of 1907 was approaching. Therefore, I was not terribly pleased when Gardiner M. Lane, of Lee, Higginson & Co., who would make the commission, came to me saying that control of the Boston & Maine was for sale.

"I don't want it," I said. "I'm not ready for it yet. This is not the time."

"But he said that the American Express Company and the Vanderbilts, owning the potential control between them, were determined to sell, and that if the New Haven Railroad did not buy, they would sell it elsewhere.

THAT B. & M. SERVICE

"I take full responsibility for the Boston & Maine acquisition. I had intended all the time ultimately to get it, because it was essential to the monopoly on which I was determined. It was unfortunate that I had to take it when I did. The time I could not control. The public was disappointed at not receiving at once from the Boston & Maine Railroad the benefits in the way of improved service that we had promised, and the reason we could not give them immediately was that we could not in that trying year of 1907 borrow the money that ought to have been spent on the road to bring it into condition.

"One of our most dissatisfied patrons, I heard from Mr. Byrnes, was J. P. Morgan. In the capacity of a traveler who had left his private yacht off the coast and was making in haste for New York by rail, he arrived one morning at the South Station in Boston. In another capacity he found Timothy E. Byrnes, vice-president of the New Haven Railroad, and directed him forthwith to call up Mr. Tuttle, who was still president of the Boston & Maine, and tell him over the telephone how unutterably abominable the service on that railroad was. Mr. Byrnes replied that he could not do it. He was vice-president of the New Haven Railroad, which had nothing to say about the operation of the Boston & Maine Railroad, of which Mr. Tuttle was president.

"But you own it," said Mr. Morgan.

"The New Haven Railroad owns control of the Boston & Maine stock," said Mr. Byrnes, "but it has nothing whatever to do with the operation of the Boston & Maine

Railroad. I can't tell him how to run his road."

"Then call him up and say that I say it," said Mr. Morgan. "Tell him I say he runs it very badly."

"Mr. Byrnes declined to do even that, and succeeded at length in persuading Mr. Morgan that the proper course of procedure was to express his dissatisfaction with Mr. Tuttle to the directors of the New Haven Railroad."

Mr. Morgan's wonderful yacht, the *Corsair*, has a considerable displacement in Mr. Mellen's recollections. Mr. Morgan was for a time determined that the New Haven Railroad should take over the Cape Cod Ship Canal. It was supposed that he wanted to make sure it would get built, so that he could take the *Corsair* through.

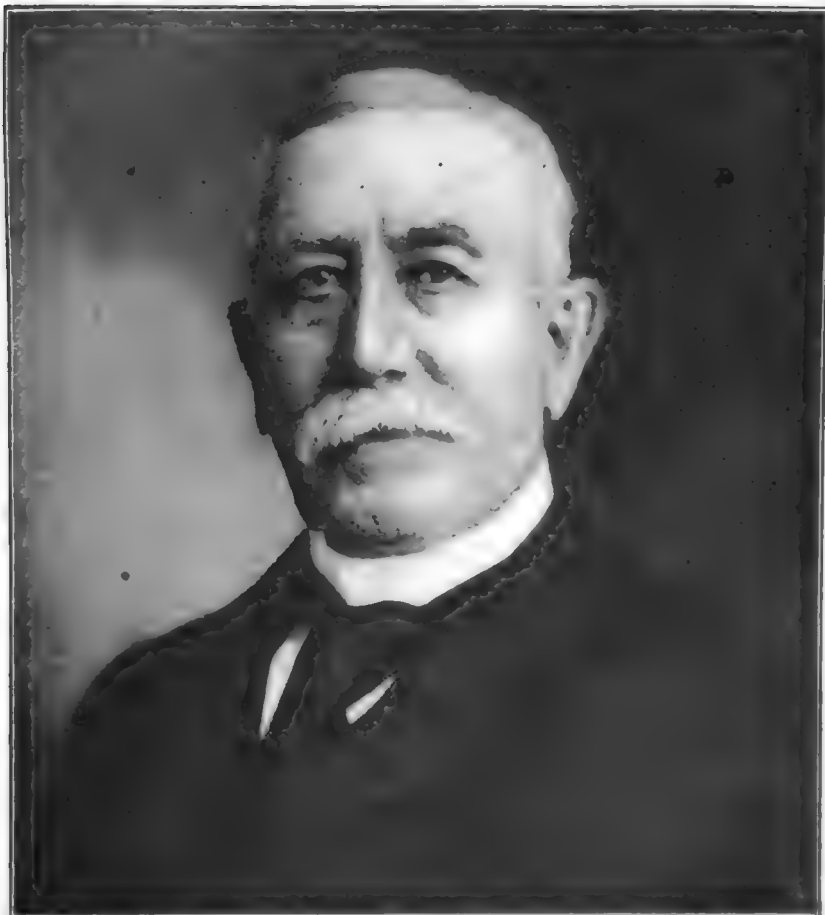
"Mr. Morgan always had an exaggerated notion of the New Haven Railroad's resources," said Mr. Mellen. "It was his habit of mind to think they were practically unlimited—at least, he treated them as if they were—whereas the fact was that never while in my charge was the New Haven free of financial worries. I unalterably opposed him on the Cape Cod Ship Canal, much to his annoyance."

Once the *Corsair* was near to getting wrecked by a New Haven Railroad car-float off Port Morris, where the New Haven Railroad exchanged freight with the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Mr. Morgan was indignant. Instead of blaming his pilot or navigator, he said the New Haven Railroad some day would suffer a great loss from handling its freight in that way at that point, and urged that it abandon a \$2,000,000 investment there and move the terminal. Mr. Mellen flatly opposed him on that. He mentioned it not with the slightest disrespect for Mr. Morgan, for whom he acknowledged the highest admiration, but to illustrate his towering personality, and how utterly unreasonable he could be at times.

THE BILLARD DEAL

Well, returning to the Boston & Maine business, there had been an uproar in New England—rather, that was to say, in Boston—at their taking the control of it.

The Massachusetts Legislature passed a bill depriving them of the right to sell Boston & Maine stock, or to yote it, for one year, on the ground that they had no



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

JOHN L. BILLARD—A VERY EXTRAORDINARY OLD GENTLEMAN, WITH WHOM YOU HAD TO TRADE WITH BOTH EYES OPEN.

legal right to have acquired it in the first place.

On the day the one-year limit expired the New Haven Railroad had sold its 109,948 shares of Boston & Maine stock to John L. Billard, a very extraordinary old gentleman, with whom you had to trade with both eyes open, but whose good faith and integrity were absolutely to be trusted. To buy it he had borrowed \$2,743,500 from the New England Navigation Company on his unsecured note, and \$11,000,000 from the National City Bank in New York on notes secured by the Boston & Maine stock as collateral. Legally, he had been free to do anything he pleased with that stock. He could have sold it to the Grand Trunk or the Canadian Pacific or Harriman. Morally, however, Mr. Mellen felt sure that Mr.

Billard wouldn't dispose of it without his consent, and that if the New Haven Railroad wanted it back it could get it.

Public sentiment had swung around in time, and in its own way, and Governor Draper had procured to be enacted by the Massachusetts Legislature a bill creating the Boston Railroad Holding Company, for the express purpose, and no other, of holding Boston & Maine securities. The New Haven Railroad was allowed to hold the shares of the Boston Railroad Holding Company. Then immediately the New Haven Railroad had repurchased from John L. Billard at \$150 a share, the 109,948 shares of Boston & Maine stock that had been sold to him at \$125. That was a difference of \$25 a share, and if you multiplied 109,948 shares by \$25 a share, as

everybody did at once, you got an apparent profit of \$2,748,700.

But it was apparent only. The situation as Mr. Mellen left it had been that Mr. Billard's actual money profit remained to be adjusted at what is called "services and risk, cost, loss, and expense," which might have been not to exceed \$500,000. That had been much less than it would have cost the New Haven Railroad to leave its Boston & Maine stock in the hands of its bankers, and, besides, so far as he, Mellen, was concerned, he had been readier to trust the personal integrity of John L. Billard than the business instincts of bankers.

But Mr. Billard had been a very shrewd trader, and after Mr. Mellen's retirement he had been able to swap securities with the New Haven Railroad and come off with a clear profit of perhaps \$1,200,000.

"I was surprised that Mr. Folk, though he asked you a lot of questions about the Billard transaction in detail, did not ask you for your personal opinion of it," I said.

"And do you know what I should have said?" Mr. Mellen answered. "I should have asked him if he knew anything about dogs. He would have said, 'Dogs? What have dogs to do with this?' And I should have said, 'They have a lot to do with it. I keep dogs. They bring their bones out on the front lawn and lie down with them, each with his own bone, and all in peace. Then suddenly a strange dog pops in and makes off with one of the bones, and all of my dogs go yelping in pursuit. That amuses me, just as this Billard transaction does. A strange dog jumped in and got a bone off the New Haven Railroad's lawn. That was Billard. You can guess the rest.'"

But the black beast of all the New Haven Railroad's collection of things that swallowed up money had been the New York, Westchester & Boston. After spending a day under Mr. Folk's interrogations, he was full of it in the evening.

"Although as President of the New Haven Railroad," he said, "I was ex-officio member of all committees, and therefore a member of the special committee consisting of Messrs. Morgan, Rockefeller, and Miller, who entered into a contract with Messrs. Thorne and Perry to buy the securities of two paper lines called the New York & Portchester and the New York, Westchester & Boston. I disapproved of the purchase in no unmeasured terms, and I

believe there is no director but will do me the justice to so state. Still, I acquiesced, and did not record myself in the negative. As Messrs. Thorne and Perry called for money, I was instructed to deposit it with J. P. Morgan & Company, in Special Account No. 2, and there my responsibility ceased, as I thought, and I took no further interest, other than to see that what I had to do was properly done, and under the advice of Francis Lynde Stetson, who acted as the lawyer for all three parties—the New Haven Railroad, J. P. Morgan & Company, and Messrs. Thorne and Perry.

THOSE "TEN-CENTS-A-POUND" SECURITIES

"The understanding at the outset was that the New Haven Railroad should not be let in for more than \$5,000,000. It was already in for \$11,155,000 when the crisis came. In October, 1907, panic raged in Wall Street, and one afternoon, at my office in New Haven, I was got on the telephone by Mr. Stetson, who desired me to come to New York post-haste. I arrived in the evening and met Mr. Stetson at the Trust Company of America, where we were until after eleven o'clock. He had a mass of papers ready. I had only to sign them. He was acting, as from the beginning, for all three parties. There, at that time and under unusual conditions, the New Haven Railroad took over from J. P. Morgan & Company, out of Special Account No. 2, all the New York & Portchester and New York, Westchester & Boston securities that had been deposited there by Messrs. Thorne and Perry. Advances by the New Haven Railroad amounting to more than \$11,000,000, carried in its accounts until then as 'cash,' became an investment in the securities of two 'strike' companies worth at that time, I have somewhat cynically said, perhaps ten cents a pound.

"At the next meeting of the New Haven Railroad's board of directors the special committee (Messrs. Morgan, Rockefeller, and Miller) reported that during the fourteen months of its existence it had acquired through J. P. Morgan & Company control of the New York & Portchester and the New York, Westchester & Boston securities for \$11,155,000; it proposed a vote of ratification and discharge, and the vote, purporting to be an account of what had happened, was unanimously carried. I asked Mr.

Morgan for a word with him in private. He followed me into the dining-room, off the board room.

" 'Mr. Morgan,' I said, 'that vote isn't right.'

" 'What's the matter with it?' he asked.

" 'The form of it,' I said. 'It ought to show in detail what we've bought, in detail what we've paid for it, from whom we've bought it, and why.'

"He labored under great excitement. I do not wonder. He had been dealing with the worst financial panic of our generation.

" 'Mr. Mellen, do you know who drew up that vote?' His manner was ominous.

" 'Mr. Stetson,' I said.

" 'Well, do you think you know more than Mr. Stetson?' he asked. And at that he violently took up his hat and stick and went out.

"My great mistake was not to resign at that time and place. I've regretted it since. Never had I felt more deeply humiliated.

Then the directors came down upon me for explanations. Not one of them had cared to withhold his assenting 'aye' or lift up his voice in Mr. Morgan's presence. How shall that be accounted for? I think it was the power of his presence, his dominant personality, his enormous, astonishing success. The papers were ringing his praises. He was the savior of the day and generation. He had been doing the work of a superman. No one would have said him nay at such a time. No one did."

I asked Mr. Mellen for his theory of the thing as a whole.

He had no theory of his own. He called attention to the fact that neither he nor any of his directors had suspected for an instant that Mr. Morgan personally gained a dollar by it, beyond the commissions his firm got for handling Special Account No. 2. But his directors had evolved a theory, which contented them. It was that Mr. Morgan had acted upon the dictates of sublime expediency; that he had levied an assessment of \$11,155,000 upon the New Haven Railroad to save Mr. Thorne's Trust Company of America, just as he levied an assessment upon the United States Steel Corporation by obliging it to exchange its bonds for the Tennessee Coal & Iron stock that was breaking the back of Moore & Schley.

"The weakness of that theory," I said to Mr. Mellen, "is that the New Haven Railroad's money had already been spent—that



Photograph by Bruen Brothers

J. P. MORGAN, Jr.—"THERE WAS NO DOUBT IN HIS MIND THAT HE SHOULD CONTROL THE NEW HAVEN ABSOLUTELY, AS HIS FATHER DID BE-

Original from

the \$11,155,000 had been going from the New Haven Railroad to J. P. Morgan & Company and through them to Messrs. Thorne and Perry, in instalments, during a period of fourteen months preceding the panic."

"Yes, I see that," said Mr. Mellen.

"And in the end it cost you more than twice as much as the Boston & Maine—this thing you didn't want and did not need?"

"Not only had we saddled ourselves with an initial investment of \$11,155,000," said Mr. Mellen, "but beyond that the New Haven Railroad was committed to undertake the construction of a high-speed electric railroad from the Harlem River to the Connecticut state line, which it did not need, and which ran ultimately into an outlay of more than \$35,000,000. In looking it over on paper I saw that we should need an extension of time for construction, the perfection of certain franchises that were intrinsically faulty, permission to merge the New York & Portchester and the New York, Westchester & Boston, and some other concessions the granting or withholding of which might become a profitable pastime for some of our political acquaintances. Therefore, it seemed to me a stroke of luck that some minority shares were outstanding in the hands of politicians and contractors who were anxious to 'cash in.' Former Police Inspector Byrnes came to me representing them.

"I bargained with him. I would exchange New Haven Railroad shares, or the equivalent in cash, for the stuff his people wanted to turn in, *provided* and not until the concessions I have referred to were obtained.

"Bear in mind that the minority shares in question had got into the hands of the people represented by Mr. Byrnes before the New Haven Railroad came into the thing at all. If it was a crime, it had been committed beforehand. Though they may not have been in a position to deliver anything, they were possibly in a position to obstruct us in getting what we needed, so that in requiring that certain things be changed before we took in their shares we were only making sure that whatever influence they had would not be used against us. It is another instance of a corporation wishing to be let alone. We had undertaken to get all of the minority shares in any event, and we did take in some unconditionally."

"But as you already had control, in a large majority of the securities," I asked, "why was it necessary to get in all the minority shares?"

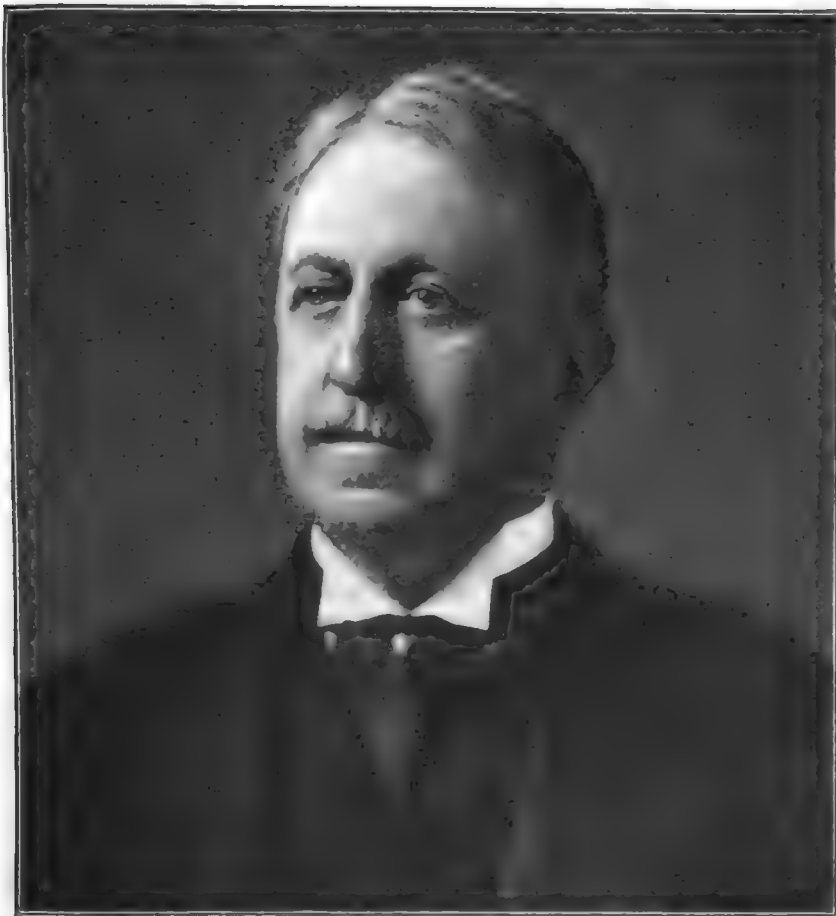
"My God, I don't know," said Mr. Mellen. "Some of my directors evidently thought it was very valuable stuff. Mr. Morgan repeatedly said to me that the Westchester would turn out to be the biggest achievement of my time with the New Haven Railroad. He said the franchise through the Bronx alone was worth all that we spent on the whole undertaking. Mr. Morgan had vision. It may turn out as he said, but it will take time, and the point I make is that though it became a great success ultimately, it would still not be essential to the New Haven Railroad."

BOSTON BUCKS MR. MORGAN

"You spoke, Mr. Mellen, of a bankers' row. What was that?" He had mentioned it several times, without coming to details.

That was another thing that had occurred in the sky overhead. His difficulties, though they had been increasing in New York, had seemed to be diminishing in Boston, where sentiment had begun at last to come around, and he had begun to feel very hopeful when suddenly Kidder, Peabody & Company of Boston and J. P. Morgan & Company of New York had a violent falling out. He knew the details not of his own knowledge, but by hearsay.

J. P. Morgan & Company and Kidder, Peabody & Company of Boston had been handling the New Haven Railroad's financing jointly, as they handled many other things—particularly, among the others, the financing of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company. They had brought out a large issue of American Telegraph and Telephone bonds, which failed to find an immediate market. They had been left with a lot of unsold bonds on their hands. They had agreed, on that account, that neither firm should bring out any more Telephone & Telegraph bonds without the participation of the other. That was to protect their market. But Kidder, Peabody & Company had then brought out a large issue of New England Telephone Company bonds without inviting J. P. Morgan & Company to participate, holding that the agreement covered only American Telephone & Telegraph bonds strictly, and did not affect



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

FRANCIS LYNDE STETSON, COUNSEL FOR J. P. MORGAN & COMPANY, AND ALSO FOR THE NEW HAVEN R. R. AND MESSRS. THORNE AND PERRY IN THE NEW YORK, WESTCHESTER & BOSTON DEAL.

bonds of the New England Telephone Company, which was a subsidiary concern like the New York Telephone Company.

Mr. Morgan, however, had taken it as an act in bad faith, and in a matter touching him that way his indignation was boundless. He decreed that Kidder, Peabody & Company should never again be allowed to participate in any New Haven Railroad financing, which Morgan & Company absolutely controlled. That was a bitter form for reprisal to take, not only to Kidder, Peabody & Company, but to New England bankers generally, none of whom had ever become quite reconciled to the idea of the New Haven Railroad's finances being controlled in Wall Street.

Robert Winsor, head of the house of Kid-

der, Peabody & Company, had complained loudly, had sought in vain to restore relations as they were, and when he couldn't stand it any longer, he declared war.

"He served notice on me to that effect," said Mr. Mellen. "It was not a personal fight, he assured me, but I happened to be the person who embodied the Morgan domination of the New Haven Railroad. Mr. Winsor is a very powerful man. He loves power more than money, and will spend money very freely to gain his ends. I believe he spent it lavishly to undo what we had accomplished with public sentiment. I believe, also, that young Mr. Morgan from the outset secretly sided with Mr. Winsor, against both his father and me.

"If there is not luck there is at least a

perversity of coincidences in the affairs of men. On the best part of the New Haven Railroad, where physical conditions were as nearly perfect as money and intelligence could have made them, three heartbreaking wrecks occurred in succession. I can no more account for them than for the sun or the stars or any other arbitrary fact of existence. Men failed who had never failed before. Mechanism failed that has never failed since.

"Now, on top of all that came, late in 1912, the indictment for conspiracy, to prevent the New London Northern Railroad, leased by the Central Vermont Railway, which is owned by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, from building a competitive line to Providence. That has been called the Grand Trunk case. Such a line, if constructed, would have occasioned me no uneasiness, and besides I was sure they wouldn't build it, because money all over the world was very tight, and the Grand Trunk was hard up.

THE GRAND TRUNK COMPROMISE

"So one day I had in my office Messrs. Smithers and Chamberlain, representing the Grand Trunk, and we were about to get down to a parley over traffic, which was the whole extent of my intentions, when Mr. Morgan suddenly appeared. He addressed himself to Messrs. Smithers and Chamberlain in vigorous fashion. There could be no peace between the New Haven Railroad and the Grand Trunk, he said, until the Grand Trunk made up its mind to behave in good faith and hand over the New London Northern, which it had agreed to do many years before, as part of a transaction by which the New Haven Railroad had taken the Central Steamboat Company off the hands of the Grand Trunk. Having delivered himself of that ultimatum he stalked majestically away. I turned to Messrs. Smithers and Chamberlain, saying:

"I am not a very rash man, but I now ask you, so far as we are concerned, to disregard what Mr. Morgan has said. That is his business. What I want to settle with you, and all I propose to discuss at this time, is an exchange of traffic between the New Haven Railroad and the Grand Trunk. I don't care anything about the New London Northern or its proposed extension to Providence. The worst that I could wish

you would be that you should succeed in building it.'

"Well, we discussed exchange of traffic, and we found a basis to go on; the Grand Trunk did not give up its New London Northern. Instead, it abandoned the idea of building to Providence, and when the public learned of that, we were alleged to have conspired against it in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Feeling was shrewdly inflamed, the Federal Grand Jury in New York took the matter up, subpoenas were issued for Mr. Morgan, for me, and others, and somebody was going to get indicted. Mr. Morgan's health at this time was causing his relations and friends intense uneasiness. They believed that if he so much as heard that he was in danger of being indicted it would kill him. His doctors were sure of it. Mr. Morgan was on the verge of collapse. His nerves were unstrung and he was at intervals in tears. I undertook, therefore, to assume the whole responsibility in the Grand Trunk matter. I wrote a letter to that effect to District Attorney Wise.

"The success of my New Haven Railroad policy absolutely depended upon the survival of Mr. Morgan. We had piled up a huge floating debt, which he had promised to fund. He was perhaps the one man big enough to do it, and certainly the only man morally obligated to do it in a way to avoid disaster.

HAD MORGAN LIVED

"You think he intended to see it through?" I asked.

"Why," said Mr. Mellen, "in November, 1912, he proposed to finance all the New Haven Railroad's requirements with an issue of stock, which he would underwrite at \$120 a share. We had already issued a great deal of stock, which was a strain upon the old shareholders, and the directors thought it would be better to mortgage the property and issue bonds. Mr. Morgan wouldn't hear of that. The mention of a mortgage on the main line of the New Haven Railroad had always been enough to throw him into an attitude of violent opposition. I have heard him say that before he would consent to a mortgage on the main line he would get out and fight. He wanted to be able to boast that the main line of the New Haven Railroad was the one piece of unmortgaged railroad property

in the country. There was already a little mortgage of \$1,000,000 on a piece of the main line between Providence and New London, and he fretted continually about it."

"And you think that was sentiment?"

"He was a very sentimental man," Mr. Mellen insisted. "His interest in the New Haven Railroad was sentimental to the point at times of being whimsical. You would hardly believe it. The name—New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad—is a misnomer, and very awkward. The subject of changing it often came up, but we never could do anything with it because Mr. Morgan would insist upon Hartford staying in. We might call it the New York & Hartford, the New York, Hartford & Boston, or simply the Hartford Railroad, if we liked, but we had to keep Hartford. That was where he was born. One of his whimsical notions was of a fast train between New York and Hartford, which should run through New Haven at twenty or thirty miles an hour. He wanted to be on it when it went through New Haven without stopping."

"That must have been an interesting side of him to see."

"I saw a good deal of it on our trips, going special, between New York and Boston," said Mr. Mellen. "The electrification delighted him beyond words. He was like a boy about it. He used to beg me to make haste with it, so that before he died I should be able to give him a ride by electricity all the way from New York to New Haven."

"And it was only a few months after he had proposed to finance the New Haven Railroad's requirements with an issue of stock at \$120 that he died?"

"Yes. When he was in Cairo, Egypt, I was shocked to hear that his life was despaired of. The first definite intimation of that reached me through a newspaper friend, who came to my office one day with the news, and told me they were preparing his obituary. Then he went to Rome, and from there I heard that his end was but a matter of weeks."

"Presently I heard other things to distress me personally. Young Mr. Morgan was already issuing *post-obits*, arranging to distribute New Haven Railroad patronage in his own way, and negotiating with Mr. Elliott, then president of the Northern Pacific, to succeed me, all on the assumption

that he would control the New Haven Railroad like any other inheritance. One of the first things likely, upon the passing of Mr. Morgan, was a reconciliation between Kidder, Peabody & Company and J. P. Morgan & Company."

"His death put an end to the strain?"

CÆSAR AUGUSTUS

"Young Mr. Morgan attended the next meeting of directors," said Mr. Mellen, "and afterward asked for a word with me in my office. He walked about, as if ill at ease."

"'Mr. Mellen,' he said, 'I don't see how you can manage all the affairs of the New Haven Railroad.'"

"'I have made shift to do it,' I said."

"'These newspaper attacks,' he continued, 'your wrecks, and the indictments—I should think they would so distract you that you really couldn't attend properly to the business of the New Haven Railroad.'"

"I said: 'We are both over twenty-one. Sit down, Mr. Morgan. I know what you are coming to. You mean to say that I ought to retire.'"

"'I do think so,' he said, relieved."

His father, I was thinking, would have approached it very differently. He would have said, brusquely and without embarrassment: 'See here, Mellen, it's no use; we can't stand it; you'll have to get out.' And I should have preferred it that way."

"I said to young Mr. Morgan that my position had been impossible for several months, and that I wanted to retire."

"'When?' he asked."

"'Day before yesterday,' I said."

"'That means,' he said, 'that I shall have to hire somebody right away.'"

"I noticed that he said 'I.' There was no doubt in his mind that he should control the New Haven Railroad absolutely, as his father did before him. I did not tell him that I knew he had already hired Mr. Elliott. I said that I had been unwilling to get out under fire, and that I would not retire without first having discussed the matter with my directors. I spoke of the Grand Trunk indictment, and told him the whole truth about it—how I had taken it to save his father. He walked to the window with his back to me, as if to compose his feelings, and admitted that to have been indicted in the Grand Trunk case would probably have killed his father."

"There it rested for a time. We were to consider it. I talked it over informally with my directors, some of whom strongly urged me not to retire. At a later interview with young Mr. Morgan it was arranged that I should raise a committee to consider my relations to the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, and it was then that Mr. Morgan said:

"Of course, Mr. Mellen, we want to be very generous with you in this matter. We should want to retain you in an advisory capacity."

"I am not thrown upon your generosity," I replied. "I am not going to become a pensioner."

BALM OF GILEAD

"As a railroad man I had experience and knowledge to sell. If the New Haven Railroad wanted my services, I was willing to sell them, but strictly on a business basis. He agreed to that. No sum was mentioned. I made a memorandum of a committee to consider the matter, and he revised it, and the committee consisted of himself, Vail, Rea, Skinner, Milligan, and Taft. The substance of my conversation with Mr. Morgan was in a contract, retaining me in an advisory capacity for five years at \$30,000 a year, and before this contract was executed I was particular to say to the committee that I had not solicited it, and that I desired the thing to be considered in purely a business way. The contract was entered into with that understanding, and yet within thirty days the committee welched on it."

Mellen had dreaded the ordeal of giving testimony before the Interstate Commerce Commission. He had contemplated the helpless moments, as the one in which Mr. Folk should ask, unbelievably, "And you don't remember what that million was for?" and he should answer, "No, sir; I can not remember;" and all the reporters, not one of whom could imagine a million dollars, much less a man forgetting what it went for, should fall suddenly to writing, "Another instance of the fertile forgetfulness of high financiers," etc.

It had not been quite so bad. He had been treated less as a forgetful financier than as a human being, and he had made everybody see that he was telling the truth. But there had been incidents to show the

other kind of feeling. One of his valuable papers had been held aloft by Mr. Folk, at arm's length, between thumb and forefinger, as if it were somehow tainted. His personal check-book, produced for the purpose of proving the physical origin of a certain exhibit, had been afterward passed around among those who wished curiously to turn the stubs and examine his private disbursements.

On the whole, he could not help feeling that it had been so far, and was likely to be in the end, a futile performance. The New Haven Railroad had not been looted in the way people imagined. It would be impossible to prove that the directors or bankers ever had helped themselves to its funds in the crude and unfashionable manner of Mr. Folk's St. Louis aldermen, sharing up spoils on the street-corners or in hotel rooms. Finance was not so stupid. But there had been material in the history of the New Haven Railroad for an important contribution to the literature of the American railroad problem, to be used as the basis for future action.

UNCLE SAM TO SUCCEED MORGAN?

One aspect of the problem was the tremendous power of one man at the head of a monopoly.

An absolutely unscrupulous person at the head of a large railroad corporation, with the knowledge and ability and the where-withal, could accomplish almost anything. People might get a beneficent monopoly, but they could not know who was going to succeed the beneficent man at the head, and they would perhaps rather not have the advantages of monopoly than run the risk of the disadvantages that might ensue if the monopoly were handled improperly.

Therefore, there must be monopoly to get efficiency and economy, and the monopolist was bound to be the United States Government.

"Mr. Morgan," I said, "was a——"

"Beneficent monopolist," said Mr. Mellen.

"And the New Haven Railroad was not looted?" I asked him.

"Not as people think it was," he answered. "Not by its directors. But the table is now set. The Government is assisting."



IT WAS DEAR LITTLE PERCY
DAY WHO THREW THE LUMP
OF PUTTY.

The BRICK *with the* YELLOW STREAK

by

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT



PROLOGUE

HERE had to be rain that morning in order to make dear little Percy Day's foot slip; so there was rain; rain on the distant gray-pastelled city, rain on the misty river with its thousand shades of pearl in fog and steam and rolling smoke, rain on the steaming sides of the knobby old gray horse which plodded round and round the clay-pit; and rain on the porch of the rickety Day shanty.

Dear little Percy stepped out into the rain and looked for a sharp rock to throw at the horse. Alas, for the joys of childhood! There was nothing but a lump of dried putty, which was light and smooth and could scarcely hurt. Nevertheless, Percy, a philosopher in his way, accepted the best to be had. He was an expert marksman; but,

at the very moment of throwing, his foot slipped on the wet porch, and the lump of putty, which would normally have bounced off the bony rump of the gray horse as it made the turn near the fence, fell squarely into the clay-pit.

Sorrowing, dear little Percy Day went inside the house; and that night, having accomplished his mission in life, he got the croup and died.

Fate, filing away Percy's index-card in the Completion Department, smiled with grim satisfaction; for a wife-beater by that name would have been unbearable.

Having attended to this little detail, Fate followed particularly the lump of putty which she had so carefully deposited in the clay-pit. With the aid of the old gray horse she ground it into the dough, and with the



THE FAT SURGEON SMILED
"DR. FLETCHER HAS PER-
TIMES WITHOUT

REASSURINGLY AT PRETTY MRS. WEYLAND.
FORMED THIS OPERATION SEVENTY-THREE
A FATALITY," HE TOLD HER.

aid of the youngest of the Grogans, the one with the squinty eyes, she molded it into a brick which came out of the kiln with a slight yellow streak running through it from end to end.

A common house-fly has a thousand eyes comprised in one. Fate has countless minds, clustered, harmonious, and yet independent. She fixed one of her minds on the brick with the yellow streak, and took precious care of it, since it was to play a part in the assassination of President Sawyer.

A battered wagon, its boards red with the dust of many bricks, creaked out of Grogan's yard; but that load would have gone into a Harlem cellar, so the driver was given a twinge in his rheumatic wrist. Thereupon the right reins tautened, the horses veered, the off rear hub bumped a gatepost. That noon old man Grogan, who walked stooped and always saw the ground, picked up the streaked brick and carried it back to the pile.

For days Fate juggled that brick; she hid it, she shifted it, she dropped it; until at last she sent it across to the city on the big truck of Hennegan and Hennegan, contractors. Red-headed Dennis Fogarty load-

ed it into a hod, and whistling Dan Clancy laid it in the very top course of the chimney-coping of the new five-story Longnecker Building.

At this point Fate rested. Snow and rain and wind and baking sun and cracking frost set to work on the yellow streak—and they worked for fifty years.

I

THE BEGINNING OF A LONG JOURNEY

The fat surgeon with the black hair smiled down reassuringly at pretty Mrs. Weyland. "Dr. Fletcher has performed this operation seventy-three times without a fatality," he told her.

Pretty Mrs. Weyland also smiled; quite cheerfully, too. "This is to be his failure," she stated with quiet conviction, though her large brown eyes were clear and unafraid.

"Nonsense," said the thin interne. "In his specialty, Dr. Gregory Fletcher is the most skilful surgeon in the world; and he is particularly gentle with beautiful children."

She smiled again, partly amused with the compliment and partly pleased; for she was a

child in this place. The nurses and the doctors had made a child of her. "Dr. Fletcher should be here," she commented.

Surgeon and interne glanced at each other significantly.

"He's usually a few minutes late," said the surgeon, as if it did not matter.

"He is a very busy man," added the interne, in a tone which was a trifle too nonchalant. "I'll see if he has arrived."

They went into the hall together, while the prettiest nurse patted and smoothed things around little Mrs. Weyland.

"He's at it again!" declared the fat one.

"Surely not!" The thin one was explosive in that denial, but not convincing. "With a crucial case like this on hand?" He was already at the telephone.

Fate at that moment smoothed her silken eyebrows, which, by the way, were beautifully arched, and touched a button marked "Immediate action." A clutter of cards tumbled out in Department G. One of them was the card of pretty Mrs. Weyland.

Then Fate, serene in her pink-throned, nebulous interspace, and still paying as careful attention to trivial human affairs as if they were momentous, led Dr. Gregory Fletcher through fields of scarlet poppies where, hand in hand with a ravishing houri, he basked in the warm sunlight which quivered with the song of full-throated birds. Fate had other work for Dr. Gregory Fletcher, so she left him in that delicious languor, that joy of flaming color, that delight of tender music, that soft, sweet lulling of all the senses, while pretty little Mrs. Weyland died for the want of him. The fat surgeon and the thin interne had given her ether and had done their best.

Dr. Gregory Fletcher passed from the fields of poppies into a deep, dark dungeon, with an iron circlet pressing relentlessly about his head, while in his ears was the infernal din of a high-pitched bell. It was cold here, and dismal, and full of pain, and worse—fear!

Slowly, tortuously, he dug his way outward and upward, each thrust of his numbed hands into the dank earth accompanied by an anguishing throb in his temples; but with each stroke he was farther away from that awesome something down there in the blackest corner.

Air! He was suffocating! He felt himself slipping back into the darkness and, as he did so, that nameless horror sprang up after

him, cold, slimy, dreadful beyond all the visions of hell to express! Shrieking, he plunged forward—and into the light! He closed his eyes quickly, his eyeballs searing, his eyelids burning, and the throbbing in his temples an unendurable agony. He had been too long in the darkness.

But that bell! Loud, clangorous, insistent, it yet had a familiar sound. Again he opened his eyes, and they fell upon his case of surgical instruments. He turned in shame from that grim reminder of his duty. Slowly he lifted his throbbing head from the pillow and answered the telephone. . . .

Well, it had happened again. Once more he had inserted complete oblivion into his veins through the tiny needle which lay now on his bed-stand. Once more, in the hour of crisis, he had failed in the exercise of his high gift. It should be the last time!

When rest and stimulants had brought life again to his dead flesh and his sodden mind, he locked his door behind him, and walked out in search of death. Department G, now busy with the assassination of President Sawyer, put Dr. Gregory Fletcher on an ocean steamer and registered him as plain John Brown and caused him to shave off his beard the moment he reached the privacy of his own stateroom.

And Fate tucked a pink rose in her hair.

II

AT WORK

Behold how Fate, eagerly bent now on the assassination of President Sawyer, shuttled Hilaire Marien into the warp of her intricate pattern. She let him see a hawk swoop down from the clouds, grab a minnow as it leaped from the water, and sweep up into the air again.

"*Voilà!*" cried Hilaire. "I shall be the greatest aviator in the world!"

He waxed his tiny black mustache upward, he trained his very eyebrows to point, so that he was like *Mephisto*, and he became the greatest aviator in the world. Others had looped the loop, and had played leap-frog with the clouds, and had flown upside down, backward, and edgewise, until there was no more daring thing to be done. And this was why Hilaire had hitherto remained unknown.

But now Hilaire dropped from the clouds, broke a slender stick on bars fifteen meters

high, and swept upward again, unscathed! He reduced that low altitude record to ten meters; to five; and then it began to rain aviators all over France. They splattered the landscape everywhere; but Hilaire remained the undisputed champion, because he was the only contestant left alive.

Click! See now the Herr Professor Grossmittel, of Leipsic. He is at work in his laboratory, his glossy red beard held in with a rubber band and tucked out of the way inside his worsted coat. For fifteen years the Herr Professor has sought a great secret. In the meantime he manufactures pills; and he believes in them, every pill.

During all this time he has had the great secret in his microscope, just at the edge of the field of vision. To-day Fate, consulting her schedule, at precisely 11:42:21.85 A.M., permitted him to slip under his microscope, by mistake, the segment which he had always discarded. As the Herr Professor leaned forward, automatically he was humming "Im Tiefen Keller" in a voice which rumbled and roared and thundered like a pipe-organ in a well. He was still singing as he mechanically focused his eye-piece. Suddenly, his best and lowest note wedged in his throat.

"Herr Professor!" called an assistant from the adjoining laboratory.

The Herr Professor straightened from his work. "*Halt den Mund!*" he roared. He was greater than the Kaiser! Alone and unaided he had discovered the secret of sex-determination! Suddenly he was miserable. His eager search was ended; he did not know what to do with his secret now that he had discovered it!

Department G, working unflaggingly on the assassination of President Sawyer, wrapped a copy of the *Petit Parisien* around the Herr Professor's luncheon *Blutwurst*. The first paragraph which met the great

discoverer's eye disclosed the fact that the French Academy of Science was deeply interested in the question of sex determination. The next day the Herr Professor went to Paris.

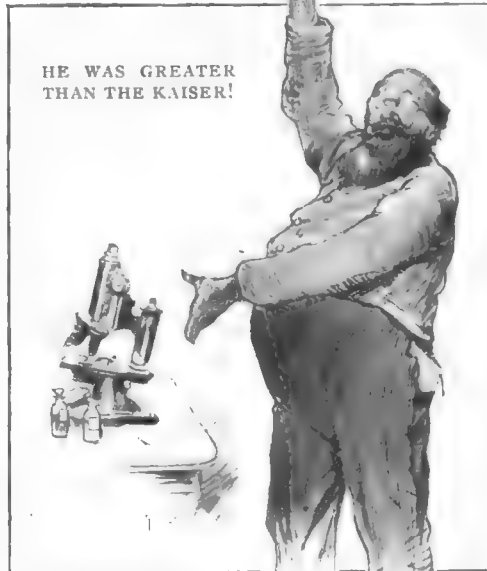
Stefan Gurrak was a smart young man. Next week he would be of conscription age. Other young men of Stefan's acquaintance had been conscripted and sent down into the Holy War, and shot into perfectly useless fragments. Stefan decided that this was an undesirable end; so he wrapped up his entire personal belongings in a red handkerchief and slipped out of his mother's house at dead of night, and walked through the woods to the border, twelve miles away.

There was a little ravine leading off to the right, where stood a sentry-box. The fugitive was a smart young Balkan. He did not go down through the ravine, he went up over the hill; but, as he descended, Department G placed a loose stone under his foot, and slid him down across the border, boots foremost. The sentry stopped snoring and, running up the line in anger because he had been disturbed, flashed the dim light of his lantern on the broad cheeks and the wide mouth and the small beady eye of Stefan Gurrak!

The next week they gave Stefan a dollar - and - a - half gun, and sent him down to fight. Fate needed him in the war, as a part of her

scheme for the assassination of President Sawyer.

Now Helga Bjark. It was so easy to ensnare Helga in the web of the plot for the assassination of President Sawyer, since Helga had the brightest golden hair and the pinkest cheeks and the bluest eyes of any girl in Stockholm. The bait was a scarlet red ribbon, put in a shop window just as



Helga passed with her strapping big brother Bjark Bjorn, the son of Bjorn Bjark. Helga was strong; but there are some temptations so great, some sins so irresistible, that it is wrong to hold poor humanity accountable for weakness.

For days Helga concealed that ribbon from stern Bjorn Bjark, one of the few who still remained rigid in the old orthodox faith which teaches the joy of misery. Helga wore the ribbon in her own room until habit had made her careless. Then one day she wore it into the big tiled kitchen, with its rows upon rows of shining kitchenware on the walls.

The wrath of Bjorn Bjark was like the sullen, implacable advance of a glacier. "Take it off," he said, without the movement of a muscle in his face. He sat still in his chair.

"It is my ribbon," said Helga, sitting quietly down and folding her hands in her lap.

"I bought it for her," said Bjark, the son of Bjorn. He sat down and rested his hands on the arms of the big splint chair.

"Burn it up," ordered old Bjorn. There was no raising of the voice; there was no glint in the blue eyes.

"I shall keep it," announced Helga, looking straight before her, with not even an added flush on her pretty pink cheeks.

"You will burn it, or you will leave my house," remarked Bjorn.

Helga rose. "Then I will leave," she stated. It was the first time that she had defied her father, but she had known that she would do it some time. It might as well be now.

Thora, the maid, had been standing stolidly by the door, with her wrists crossed and her gnarled red hands drooping. She had been with the family of old Bjorn Bjark since the children were born. She was very much attached to them. She came over now and lifted the lid of the huge stew-pot on the porcelain range. The stew needed more water and she put it in.

"If Helga goes, I go also," observed Bjark, the son of Bjorn, rising to his six feet of muscle.

"Then go," replied old Bjorn. He did not rise. He sat still.

After Helga and her brother Bjark had left his house forever, old Bjorn went over to the National Geographical Society and donated all his money for the express pur-

pose of discovering the origin of the Aurora Borealis, with the specific injunction that every effort be made to accomplish the discovery before a Norwegian or a Danish expedition should do it. Afterward, old Bjorn grieved himself to death; but he never confessed it.

"Above all things, I love an intrepid horseman." The beautiful Countess Vladikoff accepted from her husband a light for her cigarette, but her gaze was upturned to the young Duke Alexander.

"Then I shall become an intrepid horseman," immediately promised the Duke, looking down at her fondly. The jewels which shone in her black hair were no brighter than the sparkle of her black eyes.

"You ride splendidly now," the young Countess assured him, with frank admiration in her gaze. Duke Alexander was handsome, with his glossy black beard, and his broad shoulders, and his long, straight back.

"But not intrepidly," he laughed. "I shall need intrepid horses."

"Have a match for my white one; do!" she begged. "We shall ride together."

She rose gracefully and, bowing to the Count, whose beard was tinged with gray, she slipped her hand in the arm of Duke Alexander, and they strolled across to the velvet-hung window above the courtyard. The Countess's white barb stood champing at the bit; its nostrils were pink, its silken mane rippled half-way to its knees, its silken tail was like a white rainbow.

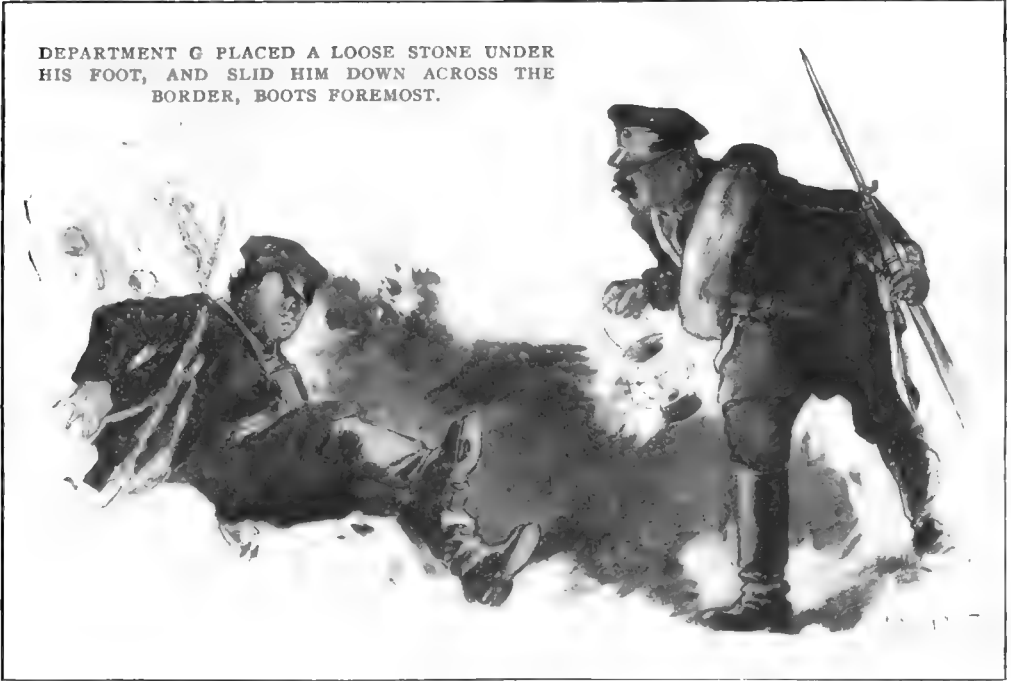
"I shall search through all Russia for a white horse of sufficient beauty to match yours and of sufficient fire to demand intrepidity," promised the Duke.

Department G was ready. She had delayed the exit of the Grand Duke Borel's carriage for half an hour, so that his splendid team of blacks should drive out at this instant. Fate, to aid in the assassination of President Sawyer, had already selected a fiery black steed for the Duke. It was now in Arabia.

"No! Have a black horse!" cried the Countess, turning to him with such glowing vivacity that he caught both her hands and drew her toward him. He bent his head. His voice was low and vibrant.

"You are wonderful!" he exclaimed. "Your eyes are more beautiful than the stars, your lips are sweeter than the rose!"

DEPARTMENT G PLACED A LOOSE STONE UNDER HIS FOOT, AND SLID HIM DOWN ACROSS THE BORDER, BOOTS FOREMOST.



Count Vladikoff rose and dropped his finished cigar in the wide fireplace. As he passed out of the high, gold-fretted room, he paused for a glance of admiration at the handsome young couple in the window.

All day long the famous New York oculist, Dr. Paul Corbex, watched carefully a yellow dog. Hourly, in his disused little consulting-room on the top floor, he took the dog's temperature, respiration, and heart-action. As the evening drew on, the doctor's broad, high brow became grave. There was nothing whatever the matter with his patient. It was as bright, as active, as normal as any dog could well be.

Suddenly, near five o'clock, the doctor's benevolent eyes brightened and he leaned forward. The dog, in the very midst of chasing a fly, had stopped in the center of the floor. It swayed for an instant and then, without further warning or any attempt to catch itself, it dropped flat on the floor—dead.

Dr. Paul Corbex sprang to his feet, revealing himself as a tall, thin, gaunt man, slightly stooped, and with abnormally long arms. They hung nearly to his knees. First of all, he looked at his watch. Nine hours and thirty-seven minutes! He en-

tered the time in a little notebook, then he hurried over to the dog. As he stooped, his delicately practised nostrils were met by a faint, sweet odor akin to freshly crushed cherry-blossoms, only more pungent.

Fate checked off another step toward the assassination of President Sawyer.

III

THE MAN WHO SOUGHT DEATH

John Brown looked up into the sky, his eyes fascinated by one grotesque cloud which came slowly out of the horizon. It was Death, in a flowing robe, her grisly face shielded by one upraised arm.

"I have no aeroplane," said John Brown.

"I have them for sale," the amazing Hilaire informed him. "Monsieur will know that for excellent reasons the plane must be paid for before he ascends." His laugh was as engaging and care-free as a child's.

"Certainly." The stranger almost smiled. He produced his wallet. It was stuffed with the hugest of French bank-notes.

"But a moment." Hilaire, looking into those chill gray eyes, held forth his hand. "Monsieur has ascended before?"

"Yes, when aeroplanes were new; but as a sport, then."

Straight up toward that slow-moving, fantastic cloud, which seemed now, as he advanced toward it, to uncover its head and stretch both arms toward him. For the first time in weeks John Brown laughed, as, high above indifferent Paris, he wheeled and circled and dipped, and trained his hand to the long unused guidance of this frail craft. A dozen men had died in this attempt. He was number thirteen, since the marvelous Hilaire had made the new low-altitude record of five meters. The thirteenth! He brushed his hand across his brow. It was still dull from last night's sodden stupor.

He circled slowly now, as he gaged the aviation field below; then, just before he shot downward, he gave a mocking glance at that eery figure of Death which had moved majestically over him from out of the horizon. The arms were fully extended by this time, and, as he took the plunge, he noted that one hand held a wreath.

Down like an arrow, straight down; down like a stone! The wind smarted his eyes, it whistled in his ears, it flapped at his canvas wings with a sound like the song of a cricket. The earth leaped eagerly up at him. It was just beneath his feet. A firm hand now and a steady nerve, a keen eye and a clear head; for it was no part of John Brown's intention to lift one finger against his own life. That sin was not in his bigness. The sudden thrust of a lever, a swift outward curve, a marvelous judgment of distance, and the long-sustained low-altitude record of Hilaire was beaten by a full two meters!

As the new champion swept upward again into the sky, his gray eyes fixed themselves reproachfully on that chimerical figure in the clouds. Once more he had been mocked and tricked. It was not Death who hovered there, but Fame!

That night all Paris, and the next morning all the world, knew of the daring American aviator, John Brown, who had out-Hilaired Hilaire! For two weeks he startled Paris, and then he met the Herr Professor Grossmittel. It was for this alone that Fate had made him leap into the air in search of death. Otherwise, how could the assassination of President Sawyer have been carried forward?

Herr Professor Grossmittel, being German, had quarreled violently with the

French Academy of Science; and he still possessed, alone, the great secret of sex-determination. He meant to carry that secret back with him to Leipsic.

But why was he not gone to Leipsic? Why was he walking in the Bois de Boulogne this morning? Fate needed him here! His part in the assassination of President Sawyer was now to come.

As he stood at the edge of the deserted Longchamps race-course, he cast his eyes upward into the blue sky and saw there a slowly circling white blot, which he knew to be the fool American aviator. He strode majestically, if not gracefully, out into the center of the course, so that he might have a better view. With his hands behind him and his girth protruding so that his rippling beard lay flat upon it, he gazed straight up, and perceived that the American was coming straight down.

Very interesting. The Herr Professor spread his thick legs a trifle farther apart, and enjoyed this demonstration of the laws of perspective, which made the aeroplane seem larger the nearer it approached. Suddenly it dawned upon the scientist that the aeroplane was descending to the exact spot upon which he then stood. With all the dignity belonging to an honored member of the Studienundplaudergesellschaft von Scientific Wissenschaft, he walked sedately twenty yards away from that spot in a direct line. Then he looked up again; for, understand, it is impossible that one of large girth should look upward well while walking.

Himmell The huge contraption, its widespread wings now covering half the sky, was descending straight upon the spot where he *then* stood! Forgetting entirely the dignity belonging to an honored member of that society the name of which it is not necessary to repeat, the Herr Professor returned to his original position, moving this time in much haste.

Potzblitz! Donnerwetter! The infernal thing was almost upon him. The Herr Professor clapped his round fists upon his breast, he shut his eyes, he stuck his rippling red beard straight out, and ran, as fast as his thick legs could pound, three large and complete circles!

On the third round the frantically active John Brown caught him! After the crash came they found themselves sitting flat on the ground, facing each other across a tangle

of gnarled and twisted and splintered rods and wires, and sheltered under shredded wings. So it was that Fate introduced plain John Brown to Herr Professor Grossmittel.

"*Verdammt noch einmal!*" exclaimed the Herr Professor.

"I tried my best to avoid you," said the aviator, in whose grave eyes there was much weariness. "My rudder broke. It was my first accident. I thought that I was to die!"

There was such sudden savage regret in his tone that Herr Professor Grossmittel looked at him analytically. "You wish to die, not?" He noted the pupils of the eyes, the color of the flesh, the bluish line about the lips. "*Ja, ja,*" he rumbled. "*Ach Gott!* You must have the drug!" He leaned forward amid the wreckage with sudden eagerness. His heavy face lighted with a smile of surprising kindness. "Come with me to Leipsic," he invited. "I cure you."

"There is no cure," replied John Brown sadly; but he went to Leipsic.

Three days later an explosion in Herr Professor Grossmittel's laboratory destroyed quite a portion of the Herr Professor. So the laboratory was closed, and John Brown went away; but he took with him the secret of sex-determination. It was necessary.

Death moved her main office to the Balkans, where a bloody war raged fierce and long in the cause of holiness. By special permit, the new American war-correspondent rode always in the front, but bullets passed him by as cleanly as if they had curved round him, though poor, ill-fed, ill-clad, mired, and hopeless soldiers fell on every hand. Weariness settled in his chill gray eyes as, day after day, Death mocked him.

A week of this, two weeks, an eternity, and then, one day when the fighting had surged near to the hospital camp, a stray bullet shot down the surgeon. A groan of despair burst from the lips of those wounded devils stretched in rows on their rude cots. The new American war-correspondent, galloping by on his lean horse, sprang to the ground in an instant. He threw off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. He seized the surgeon's case and spread it out before him.

The first thing his eye lit upon was a tray

containing a hypodermic needle and a number of small vials. He examined these vials with feverish eagerness. He pulled the cork from one of them, and extracted a tiny pellet. He had no time for the needle now! He swallowed the pellet and stuck the vial in his pocket. Then he went to work.

The next day the world knew of the brilliant surgical feats performed on the field of battle by the cool and daring new American war-correspondent. Again the mask had been removed from the smoke-clad figure he had thought to be Death, and Fame smiled on him in derision!

One patient amused him: Stefan Gurrak. Stefan was a smart young man. He had sustained a slight flesh-wound in his arm. He rubbed it with the three-leaved ivy, so that it became inflamed; and he had no more fighting to do. It was far better in the hospital camp, and there was more food.

The substitute surgeon hunted earnestly in the hills for medicinal herbs. He brought back to camp a strange new plant, a bulbous flower-like growth which gave forth an odor akin to freshly crushed cherry-blossoms, only more pungent. He sniffed at it delicately. He rolled it between his fingers. He was about to touch the tip of his tongue to it when the short, wide hand of Stefan Gurrak clutched him by the sleeve. The tongue of Stefan was a series of grunts and gurglings, which not over fifty soldiers in that army understood; but he was an adept in the universal language. He pointed to the flower, he pointed to his mouth, and he gave a startlingly realistic imitation of dropping down dead.

Thus Stefan Gurrak played his part in the assassination of President Sawyer.

A world of pure white; maddening white; shimmering, glaring white, as far as the eye could reach! Hummocks, hills, mountains, valleys, and plains, all smooth, glistening, crystalline white! Above, an empty sky, a dull, blue-gray void, the very air of which seemed to crackle and to feather at the slightest disturbance. Across this frozen desert there came a blessed relief to the monotony. Three long sledges drawn by plodding, thick-furred, pointed-eared, sharp-nosed dogs; behind, eight wide, shapeless, fur-clad, plodding figures.

It was the leader of the foremost dog-sledge which stopped at a low hummock and sniffed; then he sat upon his haunches,



POTZBLITZ! THE INFERNAL THING
WAS ALMOST UPON HIM.

in his harness, and howled, long and loud!

A flat-faced Eskimo hurried up to the hummock and shook his head. It was a rounded pile like any other mound of snow, and would have been passed by, except for the dog. The dog kept on howling. Another flat-faced Eskimo came up and he accepted the dog's decision. He brought a pick from the foremost sledge and dug into the snow. It covered an igloo which had been buried deep in the drifts.

The six other men were tall and blond, and they stood stolidly by until the uncovering of the igloo disclosed a half-frozen white man; then they set soberly to work. It took them three hours to resuscitate him. He was an American, with somber gray eyes.

The first word he uttered was: "Cocaine!"

The doctor shook his head.

"Morphine! Cocaine! Anything!"

The tallest of the blond explorers had already produced his case. He injected a drug into the man's arm. The color came slowly back to the deathlike face.

"You are of Eglar's expedition," guessed the tallest one.

The man nodded his head.

"You joined it in Copenhagen?"

Again the man nodded.

"Where are the others?"

The man looked up, and into his gray eyes came an ineffable sadness.

"Dead!" he husked. "All dead!" He laughed, a shrill, cackling laugh. "All but me!"

The widest of the six bent forward slowly. "Did Elgar discover the cause of the Aurora Borealis?" he inquired in heavy, even tones.

The man shook his head.

The tallest of the six straightened until his fur cap scraped the low ceiling of the igloo.

"We did," he stated; "for the National Geographical Society of Stockholm."

Calm satisfaction was reflected on all six of the blond faces.

When the man was able to travel they bundled him up and led him outside. He grew dizzy and staggered as soon as his eyes rested upon that painfully white landscape.

He covered his face with his hands, and fell! "Snow blindness," diagnosed the tallest one.

That was the only gain, in the frozen North, of the man who had sought death: snow blindness! He had been sent with the Elgar expedition to get it, and the Bjorn Bjark Fund expedition had been sent to bring him back. But the snow-blindness was necessary to the assassination of President Sawyer.

Just as the new black horse of Duke Alexander turned into the Nevsky Prospekt, cavorting proudly by the side of the Countess Vladikoff's white barb, Department G sent a gust of wind down St. Petersburg's most stately thoroughfare.

It was a playful gust of wind; it traced little eddies on the pavement, like a dog chasing its tail; it tossed little handfuls of leaves into the air, and caught them and tossed them back again; it tore at the clothing of pedestrians, and then let them flap gently back to place; and it formed a glorious, dancing little whirlwind, which snatched up all the loose paper it could find and, circled with these twirling adornments, went swaying and pirouetting up the street, to flourish its most fantastic step suddenly and directly before the eyes of Duke Alexander's coal-black horse.

No animal of such fire could brook an indignity so insolent. The four steel-strung legs promptly crouched and straightened in a sidewise jump, which caught Duke Alexander unaware as he was repeating a delicate little love sonnet to the Countess, and tossed him far over against the curb, where he lay quite still.

The Countess Vladikoff was by his side in an instant, her white barb standing as if graven just where she had left it. She was at the Duke's side no sooner, however, than a tall, thin stranger, with somber gray eyes and a bluish line about his lips, a stranger who was so deft in his swift examination and so authoritative in the exercise of his sure knowledge, that the Countess drew back respectfully.

"The man must not be moved," said the stranger; "not farther than the nearest house—" and he glanced behind him at the frowning-fronted marble building.

The Countess smiled as she too glanced at it.

"It is the residence of a very good friend,"

and she ran lightly to the gate to ring the bell. She came back immediately, repressed anguish in her face.

"Where is he hurt?" she asked.

"Internally." He was straightening the Duke's right leg and feeling lightly along its bones.

"Not fatally?"

The stranger looked up at her steadily a moment. "There is a chance to save him. Send for your best surgeons immediately." Then he superintended the removal of the Duke into the house, and prepared him for an operation.

The surgeons arrived. Briefly, crisply, without the loss of a word, the stranger gave them his diagnosis. Listening as he worked, a silver-bearded old surgeon examined for himself, and then he gravely excluded the Countess from the room.

"If our diagnosis is correct, this operation is so dangerous as to be almost certainly fatal," he said.

The other surgeons were silent.

"The man will die in half an hour unless the operation is performed," urged the stranger quietly.

The silver-bearded surgeon opened his case. "There must be a double incision," he decided.

"No; one," quickly corrected the stranger. "The incision must be made here," and he indicated the line.

The old surgeon looked at him sharply. "Who are you?"

"I prefer not to say."

"After you have made this single incision, what then?"

The stranger lifted the Duke's eyelid and turned briskly to the others. His jaws were set and for the first time his chill gray eyes had a glint in them.

"You have no time to lose," he told them. "After the external incision is made, you will proceed precisely in this manner." And to the four eager listeners he described the forthcoming operation to the most minute detail.

Smiling, the silver-bearded surgeon handed him the scalpel. "I had never expected the honor of seeing Dr. Gregory Fletcher operate," he said, with a bow.

There was a flush on the stranger's face. "How do you know?"

"There is but one man in the world confident of performing that operation successfully. You apparently wish your incognito



THE COUNTESS WAS BY HIS SIDE IN AN INSTANT. SO TOO WAS A TALL, THIN STRANGER WITH SOMBER GRAY EYES AND A BLUISH LINE ABOUT HIS LIPS.

preserved. If so, that name shall not be uttered again."

Dr. Gregory Fletcher threw off his coat. "Have you the aseptics prepared?" he asked.

Three weeks later Duke Alexander lay

happily on his bed with his right hand in that of the Countess Vladikoff, but his grateful eyes were turned upon the American stranger.

"How shall I reward you, my friend?" he asked.

"Secure me a post in the Russian Secret Service. I came to St. Petersburg for that purpose."

The Duke smiled and shook his head. "That is a particularly unhealthy profession in these days," he objected, "and an annoying one. We lose our best men so quickly."

"So I have heard," returned the stranger. "However, that is my wish."

On the day the stranger with the somber gray eyes was taken into the Russian secret service, Fate nonchalantly stamped and reindexed another card in the case of President Sawyer.

IV

THE ANSWER

There was an epidemic of heart-failure among the Russian government employees in America, and this prevailed, not only among the openly known officials, but among those still more important personages who kept their affairs out of the newspapers and their connection with the Russian government modestly to themselves. A Russian gentleman, apparently in the best of health and spirits, would be chatting comfortably with his friends along about midnight, suave, polished, and agreeable, when he would suddenly drop dead. Midnight, or a little before, was one of the favorite hours for this strange new custom. The other favorite hour was from five to six in the morning.

The cleverest minds in the Russian government set to work on this queer habit, but they could make very little of it. One statistically minded delver called attention to the fact that these sudden demises occurred in every case an approximate ten hours after luncheon or after dinner, but that seemed to lead to nothing, since there were no traces whatever of poisoning.

When the new Russian ambassador suddenly succumbed to the prevailing fancy, a certain somberly gray-eyed American, quite well known to three or four of Russia's most trusted representatives, was sent for, post haste, at his standing request; and it was he who detected the odor which less delicately trained nostrils had not taken into account. It was a fragrance akin to freshly crushed cherry-blossoms, only more pungent!

On this slight and almost intangible clue, the stranger worked from early fall until well into the winter, but with no result; and

at last he gave up in despair. Nothing to which he turned his hand seemed fruitful. Discouraged even with his pursuit of death, he took to vanishing for days at a time from the haunts of his few acquaintances, lying, in these periods of retirement, in a state of nightmare-vexed stupor, with his hypodermic needle on the bed-stand by his side. When he did appear, it was with thick, dark glasses on his eyes; for with the first fall of snow his temporary semi-blindness had returned, most painfully.

It was then that Department G led him to a consultation with the famous New York oculist, Dr. Paul Corbex. In the doctor he found a cultured, intelligent man, of great benevolence from the cheek bones up; but, as he was detailing his symptoms, the American suddenly paused. His nostrils had caught a faint, delicate fragrance akin to freshly crushed cherry-blossoms, only more pungent!

"The pain is just here," he said to the famous oculist and, taking the long, flexible hand of Dr. Corbex, he drew it over his own face, with the thumb at the outer corner of one eye and the middle finger at the corner of the other. Thus placed, the palm of Dr. Corbex's hand was just over the nose of his patient. That peculiar odor was clearly apparent here, and quite pungent, as if the hand were often in contact with the substance which gave forth that fragrance.

Quietly the stranger with the somber gray eyes submitted to the examination, and quietly he accepted his prescription.

For a man of the gray-eyed stranger's wide travel and experience, it was an easy matter then to chat for half an hour on topics of general interest. In that chat the stranger determined that Dr. Paul Corbex was without doubt a Russian, the name probably being corrupted from Korbek; he discovered that Dr. Corbex was a man of extensive philanthropy and humanitarianism, who gave much to the poor and took their woes romantically to his heart; and he found that the doctor was intensely grieved because Fate had denied him a son. He had only daughters, four of them, and there was sterner work to be done in the world than daughters could do.

For some unknown reason the gray-eyed stranger gave to Dr. Paul Corbex the secret of sex-determination; and then he went away.

When he reached the street he had an

important question to decide; whether it were better to set a watch upon Dr. Corbex, and so run the chance of arousing his suspicions, or to arrest him at once on any trumped-up charge which would permit a search of his house.

Linking thought to thought, he headed across to take the subway. As he walked, his head bent, his eyes fell on a trail of small seeds scattered along the edge of the pave-

ment. They were apparently bird-seeds. His conscious mind continued with the problem of Dr. Paul Corbex, while his automatic mind followed the trail of the bird-seed. He bumped against pedestrians and was jostled to the curb, and wormed his way in and out of traffic, enduring all sorts of physical discomfort so that he might follow that trifling track. He had meant to cross Broadway, but since Fate had sent the



A STRAY BULLET SHOT DOWN THE SURGEON, AND THE NEW AMERICAN WAR-CORRESPONDENT SPRANG FROM HIS HORSE IN AN INSTANT.

bag of bird-seed down that thoroughfare he mechanically followed for a full ten minutes.

Suddenly, midway of one of those neglected old blocks which seem to have been thrust up through the soil of New York, like the rocks in Central Park, to last for enduring ages, he decided on what to do about Dr. Paul Corbex. He would cause the man to be arrested immediately.

No sooner had he reached this important conclusion than he became conscious of having wandered far out of his way on account of the bird-seed trail, which still went scattering down the street. He smiled grimly as he realized this absurdity, and, being of a curious turn of mind, he speculated on it.

"Why," the man who had sought Death asked himself, "why did I follow this quarter's worth of bird-seed, and why, having followed it so far, should I have stopped in this particular spot?"

Immediately the answer fell on him from the chimney-coping of the decrepit old Long-necker building. The answer was two-thirds of the brick with the yellow streak; and it killed him instantly!

Now, for the first time, we begin to perceive the pattern in Fate's wondrously matched design; for if dear little Percy Day had not thrown the putty to make this streaked brick, more than fifty years before, Dr. Gregory Fletcher would have been

spared to cause the arrest, conviction, and execution of Dr. Paul Corbex.

This would never have done, since Dr. Paul Corbex, having now the secret of sex determination in his possession, was destined to become the father of the assassin of President Sawyer of the United States of America.

You understand, of course, that the assassin of President Sawyer is not yet in existence. Nor, for that matter, is President Sawyer. He is to be born next June.

EPILOGUE

"Strange how simply Fate works," observed the younger ambulance-attendant, as he helped pick up all that remained of the unknown man.

"Yes," agreed the older and wiser attendant. "Just drops a brick on a fellow, and settles it!"

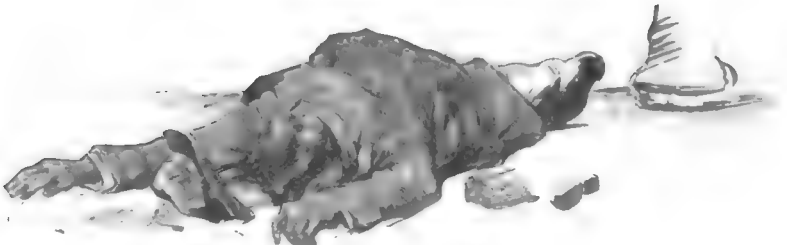
The younger one was silent for a moment.

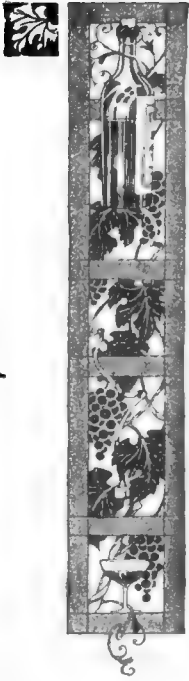
"You don't suppose that would require any special preparation?" he suggested, with the vague beginning of thought.

"Not a bit," promptly replied the older and wiser one, who was authoritative, and had the final, decisive say in everything.

Fate, overhearing that conversation, searched out the older and wiser one's index-card and shortened his date by a good two years.

Fate is but a woman, after all.





WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT RUM

by
EVERYBODY'S
READERS

Altogether we have received 8,960 letters from our readers on what they know about Rum. We are overwhelmed, not only by the numbers, but also by the amazing mass of facts and thought they contain. We could fill one whole issue of **EVERYBODY'S** with really invaluable documents. Unfortunately we must pick out only a few for publication.

The letters below are not only interesting, but offer aspects of the liquor question not commonly considered. Here you have the sociological, psychological, and administrative view-points. The writers are not indulging in mere theorizing. They give you the human, common-sense side. Read, and be that much wiser.

The Editors.

JUST MEN CONCERNING RUM AND MODERN INDUSTRIALISM

BY GORDON THAYER, NEW YORK CITY

DID you ever hear of "Occupational Intemperance"?

Have you ever asked why the saloon dominates the heart of our manufacturing communities?

Have you contrasted the morning tread of twenty million workers' feet with the noon footsteps, and night-time shuffle, of



the hundreds of thousands who pass behind those swinging doors?

Have you counted the cost in wrecked bodies, in needless disease, poverty, accident, and death

that scrawls its daily record across the balance-sheet of American industry?

Wage-earner or profit-taker; victim or

immune—has the tragedy of a silent partnership between the unsanitary trades and the rum-shop come home to you in all its terrible significance?

This is a theme which calls for such blunt questions and the facing of unpalatable facts; for the axe of truth, rather than the delicate scalpel of theory. For it is a theme which brands us as our brothers' keeper; stains us with his blood; sears us with the tears of countless women and children; and lays bare the price of ignorance and greed, and the sin of apathy. In so far as it is the history of human weakness betrayed, it is to-day the world epic of despair. But it is also a theme of growing hope; of social justice to those caught in the grip of circumstances; of a sounder economic policy in industrial relations; and of a saner understanding of the claims of the common brotherhood of man.

IN THE DANGEROUS TRADES

Two facts may be said to dominate the horizon of the average working man—the factory and the saloon. This does not mean that—million for million—we match the heavy drinker against the wage-earner. The so-called "standard trades"—those which offer a fair wage, reasonably healthful employment free from excessive physical strain or habitual handling of dangerous materials—are not the commercial allies of the brewer or distiller. The "moderate drinker," the man who goes to the Poor Man's Club chiefly for sociability, and who—provided he could get pure beer and whisky—might suffer little in body from the practise, commonly comes from the "standard" factory or workshop.

But the "dangerous trades"—those which reek with noxious fume or dust; torture with glare and heat; drain the last dregs of physical endurance; poison, break, and cripple; exact blood, lungs, heart, and muscle from their workers—these are the makers of drunkards by a process as inevitable as the swing of the pendulum or the recoil of the bent bow.

The victims of lead in one hundred and fifty trades; the mercury-poisoned and steam-sodden hatter; the consumptive potter; the army of "lungers" in the textile and grinding trades; those who toil in smelter and mine; the thousands who sweat and shiver in an endless chain of foundries;

who stagger from the fume-laden air of "dope" rooms; who keep pace with the merciless iteration of crowded machinery, and become a part of its monotonous whirl in the foul air of unsanitary work-rooms; who match lowered physique against the insidious attacks of over two score industrial poisons—all these, and hundreds of thousands as helpless as they to choose the conditions of their employment—these have no panacea but a stimulant, and no doctor but the saloon.

THE INEVITABLE DRINK

Are they to be condemned? The law of gravitation itself embodies no more resistless force than the craving of an exhausted or diseased body for rest, food, and clean air.

But rest, to the point of actual nightly recuperation, is impossible for these unfortunates. The deadly frying-pan; the baker's unwholesome sweets; the tinned meats and vegetables of the corner grocery or delicatessen shop, are the daily stone offered them in place of bread. The close air of crowded flat or inner bedroom; the fretting of children or overburdened wife; all the unrest and discomfort which fall to the lot of the overworked and underpaid, are hardships from which there is an actual and inevitable physical recoil. Beer? Whisky? Since adequate rest, and food, and air are debarred them, these are but the obvious keys to unlock a door of brief escape through the blank walls which confront them on every side.

There is a saying that to understand everything is to forgive everything. But the pity is that the millions of our industrial underworld have no words to bring home to the heart and conscience of our legislators, our social reformers, and all those who shape or guide public opinion, the fact of their utter helplessness and need for hygienic protection.

How shall those from whom, by an almost automatic process of induced alcoholism, are recruited the defective, the criminal, and the mentally and physically unfit, hope to escape for themselves and their children the consequence of conditions into which they are thrust without their own volition?

Can any words of theirs bridge so wide a gulf?

THEY MUST DRINK!

You who read this page—have you ever been thirsty from eight in the morning until six o'clock at night? Have you felt your tongue thicken, and your throat parch, and your eyes grow raw from tormenting dust you could not escape? Consumption-breeding dust from emery, corundum, and rag wheels; flint and stone dusts that lacerate the tissues of the lungs; pearl and ivory dust; wood and leather; sifting dust from cork or rubber or celluloid; deadly lead dust, white or red or litharge, which saps the red blood day by day; poisoned fur dust, that wounds like tiny spears at every breath; innumerable fabric dusts, so fine and pervasive that a shaft of sunlight lies like a bar of gold on the heavy air; torturing dusts which burn and corrode their way through bleeding membrane; insidious dusts of death that doom as surely as the sentence of the Court of Last Appeal—these are the thirst-breeders and body-wreckers of hundreds of thousands who toil for a daily wage.

Thousands who drink not because they choose to, *but because they must!*

OVERSTRAIN!

Have you ever been hot? Do you know the meaning of industrial heat that becomes a torture hardly to be endured? Have you groped blinded by the glare of molten metals? Has your flesh blistered as you poured the ruddy iron, brass, copper, or fuming lead into the waiting molds? Dizzy, heavy-footed, with pounding arteries and unsteady hand, have you shrunk from the sheet of flame that leaps to the opened furnace door, shielding the while with up-flung elbow the raw burns upon your cheek and brow? Have you sweat until the blackened streams have filled your shoes and glued taut to your body your scanty clothing? And then have you faced a winter wind so bitter that the dripping shirt has frozen on your back; while the sleet has cut what the flame has spared; and the chill of death seems clutching at your very heart-strings? Heat that exhausts; succeeding cold which numbs—these are the lot of hundreds of thousands who must match their bodies against the wage in hand. So long as the end of their shift, or their day's work, finds every fiber of their being crying out for a stimulant;

and while the flaring lights of the saloon offset for the hour the flaming chimneys they have left behind them—so long will a tithe, a share, even the total of their earnings, go to swell the receipts of those who wisely profit from the sheer physical reaction of the bodies of those whom our metal-trades use and abuse.

EXHAUSTION!

Have you ever been tired? With a fatigue that finds you heavy-eyed in the morning, and dogs your footsteps through each succeeding day? That week by week numbs your power of recuperation, until even the noon whistle seems like a too-distant goal to a tired runner? Have you dragged an industrially poisoned body to your daily tasks, with only the loathing memory of your untasted breakfast for sustenance? Have you felt your strength slip from you hour by hour? Have you fought with torn lungs, or palsied muscles, or with the first agony of lead upon you, to hold your job, and to keep yourself and your family off the street?

If so, you have made your fight on stimulants; and like thousands of others you have turned to the saloon as the only friend of the physically down and out.

WHY OCCUPATIONAL INTEMPERANCE?

In a certain dangerous factory may be found three clues to the persistence of Occupational Intemperance as a reflex to occupational fatigue and disease.

The first is—or rather was—a washstand; but the enamel is discolored, and faucets and plumbing have been ripped away. It is shown you by a man young in years, but emaciated, partially paralyzed, and prematurely senile, from the effects of the poisonous leads he uses all day long. It was put in because of his plea for a chance to "clean up" at noon and nightfall—a sanitary precaution which, in most countries, is compulsory for all handlers of white and red lead, or litharge. But the superintendent found that other workers were surreptitiously using the washstand; men red from head to foot with powdered antimony; men white and choked with talc dust; men dripping with sweat from the galvanizing-room.

"So he says, 'Cut it out', he says,"

mumbles the lead victim, feeling the faucet-holes with trembling fingers. " 'I'll not be imposed on,' he says—and he takes away our only chance."

The second clue is not localized; it chokes us with soapstone and talc; it lies heavy in the air of the buffing-room; we hear it in the hacking cough of the man at the unprotected wheel; see it in the blood-flecked sputum tracked on the flooring; it fills our eyes in the spraying sawdust from saw and planer; it strangles us in fume; and bands our chests, and spikes our temples, in welding-room and forge-shop.

And the third? Only those who wear the yoke can measure the tragedy for those who fall. God help the overspeeded and overtaxed; the straining muscles that refuse their task; the weary, dazzled eyes which miscalculate; the uncertain footsteps of exhaustion and disease.

CLEANLINESS—THE REMEDY FOR OCCUPATIONAL INTEMPERANCE

Is it an anti-climax to match against so tragic and so complex a problem as Occupational Intemperance so simple, so obvious a remedy as cleanliness? Clean air, clean work-rooms, and whisky's physical antidote—clean water?

Yet disproportionably momentous in its significance, that dismantled washstand typifies the fundamental error in our industrial world—the American employer's belief that the human machine can be wrecked by neglect of its most obvious physical requirements, and that neither the trade itself nor society will be called on to pay the price of habitual violation of the common-sense laws of nature.

But the price is paid to the last farthing; and the score is kept in the hearts of women and children; and in the records of hospitals and dispensaries, of police-court and asylum.

Hydra-headed as is the drink problem, here is one phase within the direct control of

the state. The "social" aspect of the impulse which drives the worker to the saloon, and his legitimate demand for relaxation after hours of toil—this is the province of a more enlightened development of municipal social economics.

THE GOVERNMENT'S DUTY

But the physical protection of the millions now exploited by ignorance and greed; their safeguarding in the conditions of their employment—this is the duty of the Government; imperative, and irrefutable.

There is no theory in this statement; the necessity for, and benefits from, the sanitary care of the worker have been scientifically tested in half a dozen countries. American Occupational Intemperance can be controlled by laws governing compulsory washing facilities, mechanical fume and dust removal, and hours of work. Provided always that our Departments of Labor become constructive, efficient organizations for expert administration, rather than continue as the haven for political derelicts, or for men utterly untrained and therefore ineffectual.

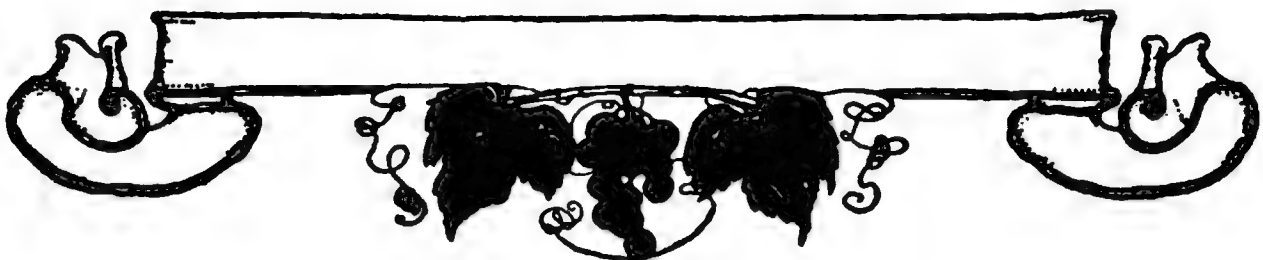
THE NATION'S SHAME

Remember, the "Industrial Scrap Heap" is an American Institution; the "Dangerous Trades" flourish unchallenged only on American soil.

Has not the time come in this country for a new chapter in the history of the fight against Rum?

And should not our industries, like those abroad, be compelled by law and public opinion to recognize the unchangeable limitations of the human machine?

The tragic burden of alcohol-bred evils we carry is ours from ignorance, not necessity. Humanity and Justice alike forbid that our workers should longer sacrifice for a daily wage their health, their manhood, and their useful citizenship.



THE FACTS IN THE SOULS OF MEN

BY GEORGE TRUMBULL LADD, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

You have asked your readers to write you a letter in answer to the question, "What do you know about *Rum*?" And you have placed two very reasonable conditions upon the answer. It must be based upon facts, and the facts must be guaranteed by personal experience. But in this case, as in the case of all the greater human interests, there is an almost infinite number of facts; some of them are trivial, some really important, and some of a fundamental character. If we attempt to analyze, classify, and interpret any considerable number of these facts, we are sure to find them pointing in different or even in opposite directions, according to our point of view or prejudice.

There are, for example, the startling statistics with regard to the economic waste of the drink habit. But in this, as in all forms of expenditure, the amount is conditioned upon the economic prosperity of the people. And there are the facts which go to show that, while the drink bill has grown enormously in Great Britain during the last century, the economic condition of the great body of the people has been rising, and the amount of drunkenness has been notably decreasing.

Again, there are the elaborately prepared tables which display the alleged facts of the mix-up of drunkenness with other forms of vice and crime. But there is also the difficulty of telling what facts are causes and what effects, and what are effects of common but less obvious causes.

There are, still further, the facts as witnessed to by the authorities in hygiene and physiology; but there is little or no agreement among these authorities as to some of the most important of these facts, and less as to their correct interpretation.

And when we come to inquire as to the trustworthy facts regarding the results of the different legal measures for controlling the evils caused by the drink habit, candor obliges us to confess that there are scarcely any other kinds of facts which are more

capable of misunderstanding or more subject to misinterpretation.

In general, the truth is that we do not as yet know many of the facts about the whole subject, which it is most highly desirable that we should know.

The class of facts which I am going to present is undoubtedly fundamental, universal, and practically unchangeable. For they are *the facts in the souls of men*. It is to these facts that we must look for the causes of the use and the abuse of all stimulants and narcotics.

But some one is sure promptly to ask: How do you assume to know these facts in any such manner as to make a valuable contribution to the solution of so practical a problem? To this challenge I will only answer that for more than half a century "the facts in the souls of men" have been with me the subjects of incessant and devoted study. Nor has the study in a personal way been confined to this country or to parts of Europe: it has been in the Orient—in Japan, Korea, Ceylon, India, and the Near East. I have acquired a great appetite for the facts that belong to the soul of man as man; and these facts do not differ as you find them in the souls of all men.

THE CRAVING FOR EXCITEMENT

There are three classes of facts in the souls of men which are the chief causes of the use and the abuse of all kinds of stimulants and narcotics. The first of these is *the universal craving for excitement*. I mean to take this fact in the broadest possible way. It accounts for the maniacal jollity of the Swedes whom I have seen raving good-humoredly in the streets of the quiet little town of Northfield, Minn. It is largely the motive for the intoxication of the Yogi, as I have talked with him, smeared with cow-dung, his long hair matted, drunk on hashish, on the streets or in the temple enclosures of India. It is the

same thing which my friend who spent his entire life as a missionary physician in China agreed with me to be back of the opium-smoking, which worked such lamentable results among her millions.

Everywhere, it is the craving for a dream that should lift the soul for a time above the downpull of ennui and the depressing levels of life's monotony.

THE SOLITARY DRINKER

But then the craving is not essentially different from the pleasure which quickens the pulses and enlivens the conversation when the gentlemen, after bowing the ladies to the drawing-room, remain over their glass of whisky and soda at the dinner-table. It is the same thing that lures the sailor to a rollicking or fighting drunk when on shore-leave; the tired shop-girl to the moving-picture show or to the dance-hall, with its dangerous treat to a glass of wine; the workman to the saloon when he comes home to find his wife slatternly and his children frowsy and saucy. It shows itself in the demand for cocktails and "appetizers" of nondescript and fearful composition.

But it is not in convivial drinking alone that the craving for excitement gets its only satisfaction. The solitary drinker who wants to be spurred into a good appetite, or fitness for some particular task, who wants to experience the refreshing glow in the entrails and about the heart which a moderate indulgence in alcohol affords, is under the seductive influence of this craving in a no less dangerous way.

For life, physiological and mental, moves in a sort of rhythmical manner. "Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down, good Lord," is a refrain which tells the story for nine-tenths of humanity. With most there come not infrequent times when the plantation song of the worn-out slave tells the story: "My poor soul goes inching along like a poor inchworm."

But there are many other ways of satisfying these cravings for excitement which are quite as productive of suffering, vice, and crime. Intemperate in one thing, intemperate in all, is quite as apt to be true as "False in one thing, false in all." The craving for excitement, when it becomes rank and uncontrolled, whether it be in business, in society, or even in religion, is a most dangerous and mischievous feature of the

psychic life of the individual or of society. And this I know to be true as a lifelong student of *the facts that are in the souls of men*.

The second class of facts is even more obvious and more powerful. It is a fact of the human soul, which it shares with every form of sentient and conscious life, that it shrinks from pain, and when in pain seeks for some manner of temporary or partial relief. And here again I am using the word "pain" in the most general significance known to students of psychology. By *pain* psychologists are accustomed to understand all that is disagreeable, from the acutest anguish to the slightest discomfort. Since it is uncomfortable to be ennuied or depressed in any way, this cause for the resort to drink hitches on to the one which I have found in the craving for excitement. The wisest thing, therefore, I have ever heard said about the sources of drunkenness was said by my friend in London, Mr. Gates, the manager of the Medland Hall Mission, situated away out on Commercial Road, near one of the most hopeless sections of the world's greatest city. "I used to think," said my friend, "that it was the drink which made all the misery; but I now know that it is the misery which causes most of the drink."

This I most assuredly know to be true. And it is a causal tie so strong and universal that no legislative reform which does not recognize it can ever be successful.

THE CRAVING FOR RELIEF FROM PAIN

But this connection of the facts that are in the souls of men is not confined to sordid misery and sodden drunkenness in the multitudes: it is powerfully operative between all degrees and kinds of pain and suffering and all the abuses of stimulants and narcotics, among all classes of people. The girl who, craving excitement, takes her first glass of wine, to the final issue of losing that which is of priceless value to her womanhood, takes many more glasses of cheaper and stronger liquors to drown her shame and remorse. The wealthy men or women who enjoy the excitement of gambling in Wall Street or at Monte Carlo console themselves in similar manner for an inferior kind of loss. The man who has already parted with the best of his manhood by devoting it in an unrestrained way to the excitement of

business, to "playing the game" without reservations for quieter and more refined means of satisfaction, is quite as likely when he loses in his game to mitigate his feelings of chagrin in the same dangerous way.

And if you get into the confidences of those who have given way to any of these bad habits, you will find that in four cases out of five *it is because the victim was not brave and strong enough of soul to stand up and take life's inescapable disappointments, losses, sufferings.*

THE CRAVING FOR ACQUISITION

The third class of the facts in the souls of men, that are the causes of the vices and crimes connected with the abuse of all sorts of stimulants and narcotics, is the love of acquisition. Especially when it becomes unscrupulous avarice, or the truly devilish greed which is willing to make a profit at the cost of ruin to the bodies and souls of other men. Such are they—and many are themselves total abstainers, and some, alas! are members of Christian churches or orthodox synagogues—whose business or source of profit it is to nourish these very vices and foster the habits which lead to these very crimes. But the charge does not by any means apply to all distillers or brewers, or even to all keepers of saloons. On the other hand, it does equally well apply to many proprietors of dance-halls, of moving-picture shows, and all-night cafés, and to a considerable number of manufacturing, wholesale, and retail druggists.

It is not at all necessary, however, to tell what *I* know in order to establish this charge. For everybody knows that it is so.

But it is the same avarice and unscrupulous greed that chiefly stands in the way of enacting and enforcing truly wise laws; and, curiously enough, the most influential allies of these men are sometimes the very men and women most prominent in fighting these evils by law. Greed joins hands with fanaticism to increase the misery and crime.

And now the other half of our question comes to the fore: How to control the vices and the crimes that are caused by these facts that are in the souls of men.

Of one thing I am absolutely sure: the facts themselves can never be abolished. They underlie the whole structure of human

society. They are sources of many of its most excellent virtues, and of not a few of its most precious and indispensable achievements. If men and women did not crave excitement, did not desire to mitigate their own and each other's misery, did not have, and give play to, the love of acquisition, from what sources would the activities and advances of society—what we call "social progress"—be derived?

Least of all means in effectiveness, would be the effort to control these facts in the souls of men by enactments of law. Laws, and all other means used for the control of these sources of misery and wrong-doing, must be aimed at the ultimate end of increasing the *efficiency of self-control.*

WHAT LAWS CAN DO

The first thing for legislation to undertake (and in my judgment about the only thing which legislation can undertake) is the suppression of the commercialized vice of intemperance. The same thing is true of this vice which is true of the vice of prostitution and of all those other similar vices that grow out of the uncontrolled but natural cravings of mankind. Wise laws, faithfully and consistently and persistently enforced, *can make vice unprofitable.*

But if the laws are to be efficient, they must go straight for the patrons of the commercialized vice of the drink-habit. These patrons are the gentlemen who manufacture the compounds which even the politicians, who use other "brands," shy at when they are asked to legitimize their manufacture under the euphonious title of "whisky," or some other consecrated name. They are the owners of the buildings in which the traffic is illegally carried on. They are very especially the makers and advertisers of a numerous progeny of so-called "bitters," recommended for all kinds of "sufferers" from physical and mental ailments. They are the compounders of other poisons, or inert substances, with cocaine, morphine, opium, and a great variety of similar drugs, devised to relieve the headaches of those who have been disobeying some of Nature's laws, or the heartaches of those who have lost their faith in the offer of religion to ease and cure all the heartaches of mankind. They are the brewers, whose avaricious control of the saloons has made it well-nigh impossible for the keeper

of one of them to be a half-way decent man.

And what the laws most need to do, wherever there are saloons at all, is to diminish their number.

I have said that the control of this form of commercialized vice should be the primary object of so-called "temperance legislation;" and all sincere advocates of temperance will in the long run find it wise to concentrate legislative wisdom on this end, and to refrain from the attempt to carry legislation to the extent of making it a substitute for the honesty of the dealer or the self-control of the consumer.

As long as uncontrolled craving demands dangerous excitements, and the uncontrolled shrinking from suffering seeks temporary relief, the vices and crimes of every form of intemperance will flourish in spite of both law and Gospel.

THE SANE SATISFACTION OF "CRAVING"

How, then, shall we handle these two classes of *the facts in the souls of men*?

We must aim at developing self-control in the same souls that crave excitement and that shrink from suffering; we must substitute saner and safer forms of satisfying the craving and of preventing and assuaging the suffering.

At the present time almost everything in American business and social life tends to whip up the appetite for sensational excitements. The hours of business are intense and prolonged. The satisfaction of the natural craving for social pleasure requires wild dances, "joy-rides," moving pictures that present scenes of robbery, murder, or the extravagances of sexual passion, legitimized or unlawful. The stories in our books and magazines must be "red hot" with adventure or with lasciviousness.

To remedy the evils which flow from this source, let all those interested in the good "cause" of a genuine and thoroughgoing temperance first of all control themselves; and let this control have respect to all forms of the satisfaction of their natural or acquired cravings. Next, let all do their utmost to bring up their children in habits of self-control, and to influence all about them to the same habits, which are so essential to every form of virtuous and happy living.

There are increasingly abundant sane

and safe ways of satisfying this natural craving for excitement.

But quite impossible are all the attempts to cure by laws or other external and direct means those vices and crimes that breed on human misery. The sad and threatening thing about our modern civilization is, that in spite of science, and conventional religion, and exploitation of the earth's abundant resources, and the ease of intercommunication, so much remediable but unrelieved misery still exists everywhere. Men and women will continue to drink, and to use morphia and cocaine, and kindred means that flatter them with the promise of speedy and easy relief from suffering, just as long as the suffering confronts their weakened and half-degenerate bodies and souls.

Much can be done, however, to mitigate, if not wholly to abolish, a large part of the unbearable misery of great multitudes of men and women. By wise and persistent efforts, guided by science and directed against avarice, the "submerged tenth," or fourth, or whatever fraction it may be, can come to be better housed, better fed, better amused, better educated, better fitted to enjoy the sane and safe pleasures of a well-ordered life.

But there will always remain a large *residuum* of suffering which will have to be bravely faced. And brave hearts must be trained to face it.

WE ARE A COWARDLY GENERATION

There is spreading all over this country an extravagant demand for what is easy and pleasant, an extravagant shrinking from pain. And this is one of the most ominous of the facts in the souls of the individual men and women who *are* the country. At the same time there is a great decline in the adherence to moral ideals, and to those faiths of religion which make it unnecessary for human beings to resort to drugs that drown misery by stupefying and subjugating the divine spirit which is in man.

How the case stands in our time and land with respect to these fundamental and all-controlling *facts in the souls of men*, which are the real and persistent causes of all kinds of intemperance, I can not tell better than by quoting a passage from Marion Crawford: "We are a cowardly generation, and men shrink from suffering

now as their fathers shrank from dishonor in the rougher times. The Lotus hangs within the reach of all, and in the lives of many 'it is always afternoon,' as with the Lotus Eaters. The fruit takes many shapes and names: it is called Divorce, it is called Morphia, it is called Compromise, it is designated in a thousand ways and justified by ten thousand specious arguments, but it means only one thing: Escape from Pain."

Legislation, if wisely directed, wisely limited, and honestly enforced, can do much to curb the vices and crimes that come from the abuse of stimulants and narcotics. It can do as much, or more, by preventing those miseries of body and mind, which

inflict themselves on multitudes of the people, that originate in the same greed which feeds upon the commercialized vice of the drink-habit. But education, good sense, and moral discipline are the only means of turning to good uses the natural, inextinguishable, and valuable craving for excitement, for a quickening of the pulse, an uplift of the currents of life, a dream, a spurring to unusual action and strenuous endeavor.

And moral sentiment and religious faith must be evoked to help us all endure and improve those hardships and sufferings from which human life here on earth can never wholly escape.



COMMON-SENSE TEMPERANCE

BY JAMES SAMUEL, MARIETTA, O.

I WILL venture to offer a *Real Remedy for the Ravages of Rum*.

A real remedy, I say; for remedies, and plenty of them, have been devised by all sorts of social doctors; but they have proved to be either more harmful to the body politic than the malady itself, or simply quack nostrums.

To those who offer Prohibition as the real remedy, "drunken" Maine, with its thousands of juvenile and female common drunks, offers itself as a horrible example. Prohibition at best is but a negative measure, and no negation, however strong, will ever save the world. Even the ten commandments could not.

We are forced to confess that all the other approved temperance methods of the past are also found wanting. Just think how many countless meetings in derogation of strong drink have been held in our country, how many thousands, both adults and children, have had their emotions stirred to the point of signing an iron-clad pledge; and yet the consumption of arduous spirits grows from year to year like an avalanche, notwithstanding the large increase in nominally "dry" territory.

Worse yet! Partial Prohibition has been

responsible for the surreptitious appearance in our midst of a far worse demon than Rum. (Compare Matthew xii. 43, 45.) It is a startling fact that more opium and kindred narcotics are now illegally consumed in our country than in China in her palmy days.

All prohibitory decrees fail most miserably, and are bound to fail, from the fact that in our present stage of artificial life we have evolved a race that demands some stimulus.

That, I observe, is a bottom-rock fact, which unfortunately can not be denied, all the statistics and anathemas of theorizing fanatics notwithstanding.

THE VERMONT TEMPERANCE PLAN

After it became utterly disgusted with fifty years of futile Prohibition, the state of Vermont in 1902 labored earnestly to introduce a common-sense excise law. Comparatively speaking, that is not such a very bad law; and legislators might well study its various provisions. Besides, a practical trial of a dozen years has revealed its strong and its weak points, but has also unmistakably shown a real advance along all lines. Let me point out one comparison, especially

odious to, and for that reason studiously overlooked by, our friends of the other camp. In 1899, under Prohibition, there were more than eight hundred internal-revenue licenses in force; at present less than one-fourth that number survive.

The greatest weakness in the law is found in its too complex structure. Whereas it recognizes seven kinds of licenses, it yet manifests the proper spirit of discrimination, and points the way toward sanity.

Now my plan is the following:

A DOUBLE-STANDARD LICENSE

Instead of granting only one kind of license which permits each saloon-keeper to sell whatsoever kind of alcoholic beverage he thinks may be profitable, I would favor the introduction of a double-standard license. Let the one kind be very low and be granted to any citizen of moral character who would handle only beer, ale, and light wines, the maximum alcoholic percentage to be specified. But let the other kind be exceedingly high, and be granted to no saloon, but only to a liquor-store, where higher-proof alcoholic beverages might be purchased, but only to be taken off the premises. The most approved restrictions and safeguards might be continued.

Or, inasmuch as our age is becoming more infatuated with that form of referendum called local option, I would suggest, that if there must be local option, let it apply only to the second kind of license mentioned.

The injustice falling upon the moderate users of liquor would not be so great, as they might learn to take kindly to malted instead of distilled beverages. The present form of local option accomplishes the very opposite result: it drives the beer-drinker into the deadly embrace of the demon Rum.

In other words, let a few grains of common sense be injected into temperance work. It is high time to get rid of the superficial notion that temperance can be promoted by enacting laws which are obnoxious to nearly a majority of the population, and broken by a far greater number. Instead of following the quixotic hypothesis that man can be entirely remade by prohibitory legislative enactments, saner experiments ought to be tested, by means of which the people may be gradually weaned away from

excessive indulgence in harmful drinks, and may be educated to form the clean personal habit of all-round temperance.

Now let me soberly and seriously state that the best promoter of temperance that thus far has been devised is beer. That may seem like a stunner to those who have lent their ears to unreliable agitators; and yet I coolly repeat, that the greatest foe of drunkenness is beer. To be sure, there are people who guzzle beer like pigs. Such guzzling may nauseate and eventually injure them, but its intemperate use will not produce violence or other anti-social menace. Whisky may produce such results, but so may coffee. And yet coffee, *par excellence*, is the stand-by of the Prohibitionist. It would be far better for our nervous age if coffee, that Mohammedan concoction, were superseded as a daily beverage by a mild and nutritive beer, the beverage of a Luther, a Bismarck, and the Pilgrim Fathers.

Again, *Prohibition is an aristocratic measure*. The rich need not care what the law stipulates. They can stock their cellars with the choicest brews, vintages, and products of the distillery. But what about the poor laborer? If I had the power, I would make every theorizing Prohibitionist work in a steel-mill, a tannery, in any stuffy factory; as a miner, or glass-blower, preferably in the hot summer months. Then and there the miracle might happen. He might begin to comprehend that in the long daily grind the modern galley-slave needs some mild stimulant to sustain him, to reconcile him to his weary lot.

BETTER BEER

Now listen to this: Beer when moderately used has that subtle faculty of making man oblivious of the untoward conditions of industrial slavery, for a few hours at a time. It makes him light-hearted, hopeful, optimistic. It opens his mouth to laughter and song. It makes him loving and jovial, forgiving and contented. Whole-souled "Gemütlichkeit" is the principal stock in trade of the German character—an enviable distinction, encouraged and nourished, no doubt, by the age-long habit of the regular consumption of a reasonable amount of this kindly beverage.

If all that may be claimed for beer, imperfect though this beverage is as now produced, is true, what might the situation

be if the Government should take its manufacture under its special supervision, as was done in Denmark with such splendid results? While the brewery industry of America has greatly advanced, and some of the highly capitalized plants produce a remarkably good article, yet the industry is largely handicapped because of the supineness of the Government and the hostility of individual states. For beer is not a fit beverage until the process of fermentation is finished, a process requiring the larger part of a year. This necessitates larger storage plants than most breweries can afford. And the demand for the article being so keen, the beer is generally shipped out long before it is fit to drink; and as this unfinished product will not keep, its alcoholic percentage is unduly increased.

As consumers, through the agencies of the breweries, are required to pay more than sixty million dollars a year toward the maintenance of the national Government, you might expect that in consideration of this sum the Government would feel itself obligated to guarantee the proper quality of that article. No such thing is even attempted. And yet how easily could it be done by the Government's declaring a 50 per cent. revenue discount on beer of less than a 3 per cent. alcoholic basis. For such a cut-rate would be premium enough to induce many breweries to increase their storage facilities; and much more so if at the same time individual states were to lower the license on such a mild brew.

However, there is still another item that demands attention, and that is the saloon. All temperance-workers say you must grant that the saloon is an unmixed evil; for the American saloon, don't you know, is so different an institution from the place where on the European continent drinks can be obtained. That is generally the clincher in any dispute, the last battery sent into the engagement, which, it is hoped, will wrench victory out of the jaws of defeat.

But here, as everywhere, a too-sweeping, generalizing condemnation will never do. We must look this matter fairly and squarely in the face. The saloon-keeper has been hunted down and shunned like a leper. In

the most supercilious spirit of Phariseeism he has been ostracized by society, given the cold shoulder by fraternal organizations, and largely handed over to the devil by the churches. Is it any wonder that a considerable percentage of the trade has been recruited from the devil-may-care sort of fellows, who have little conscience left, who will strain every point to make money? Our system of high license has fostered this very condition. Now is such a spirit calculated to promote temperance?

REFORM THE SALOON!

Inasmuch as American men spend far more time in saloons than in the elevating surroundings of the church, would it not have been the better part of wisdom to hedge about the business, to make it as respectable as possible, instead of giving it the vilest names and kicking it down to the very gates of hell?

Right here is where the greatest service to American manhood could be rendered, if by the introduction of the double-standard license a number of decent places were opened where only mild beverages could be obtained. There people could come to meet friends, read the papers and magazines, discuss matters of interest, etc., without running the risk of intoxication. The bar, that altar of a god worse than Bacchus and Gambrinus, could be entirely dispensed with. These places, already the poor man's clubrooms, might be standardized so that the poor city-tenement dweller could take his family to such a place.

The present system banishes ladies from the saloon, in order that man may be free to carry on his carousings in as rough and uncouth a manner as he may elect. Has not Mark Twain given us a realistic description of the unspeakable beastliness into which a society made up of the male species alone is bound to lapse without the refining presence of woman?

The remedy suggested above is a wholesome compromise, not merely expressive of emotional morality, but embracing the whole variety of complex human necessities. A trial could do no harm. Eventually it might help to dislodge the terrible demon, Rum.

WATCH FOR MORE LETTERS NEXT MONTH



The Revolt of Phoebe

A Row of Books

by
N P DAWSON

WHEN Professor Pickering, the astronomer, discovered a new and ninth moon of Saturn and named it "Phoebe," was he thinking of "feminism" perhaps—the newest manifestation of the revolt of women?

We imagine yes. For when he found her she was a long way from the parent planet—much farther than a little lady-moon ought to be; and, moreover, she was revolving in exactly the contrary direction from what she should have been, thereby upsetting a long-accepted theory of the universe.

And speaking of feminism (you were, were you not?), it seems only the other day that we first heard the word, and now books are full of it. Especially novels, since the novelists may always be depended upon to mirror the hour, and are alert to pick up new trimming for old tales.

For example, could there be better proof of an epidemic of feminism in current fiction than that it is found, in somewhat virulent and "anti" form, in Joseph Conrad's new novel, "Chance"? (Doubleday). Even Conrad, of whom his friend Galsworthy has said that with him it has always been nature first and humanity second; and in whose stories of the sea and ships and distant shores the passing of current events has hardly cast a shadow—even Conrad

must now interrupt one of his most enthralling stories to make numerous skirmishes against the "feminists."

But, still tingling from the excitement of Conrad's electric prose and not yet released from the story's magic thrall, we, personally, are not disposed to quarrel with Mr. Conrad because of the character of "Mrs. Fyne" (irony here), with her tremendous revolt against this "man mismanaged world," and her book of counsel for women with grievances. Nor do we care to argue Mr. Conrad's conclusion of the whole matter—even in the face of the English militants—that women are the passive sex, and were not made for the "attack."

On the contrary, mindful of much that is fustian and fad in contemporary fiction—as purely commercial as the making and selling of cheese—we can only be thankful for a great artist like Conrad. Reading "Chance," we have recalled a story the late Richard Middleton tells in his essay on London, about the man newly fallen from Scotland, who startled the echoes of a quiet street one night by laughing aloud to himself, and when asked the reason for his mirth, replied:

"Oh, I was just laughing at Glasgow!"

Every one who reads "Chance" (except possibly the feminists) will also laugh at

Glasgow: namely, at other novels they have recently read, and thought superior perhaps, because they hadn't Conrad's for comparison.

And Conrad himself may now laugh, for it looks as if at last he might be coming into his own, and were to dine, a little late maybe, as Meredith said of himself, but sumptuously. We may now expect a collected and uniform edition of his works, instead of the scattered fifteen or more volumes, no two of a size, and almost every one with a different publisher's imprint. These tell the story of many an unsuccessful "flyer" taken in the writings of this Pole, who until he went away to sea, at twenty, did not know a word of English. Yet Galsworthy, who has written some good books himself, has said of Conrad's that they are the only writing of the past dozen years that "will enrich the English language to any great extent."

Although we have the sea and ship's peril and disaster in "Chance," the story touches land all the time, as you might say, and unlike Conrad's other stories is chiefly concerned with people. The only thing that may prevent its being a popular success is the roundabout—yet how true to life—manner of its telling.

We have it all at second hand, through several narrators, chiefly Marlow, whom we have met in Conrad's books before.

We plunge straightway into the middle of things to learn how young Mr. Powell gets his first berth as second mate on the ship *Ferndale* and, going aboard at night, is warned by "the asthmatic shadow of a ship-keeper" not to make a noise in the passage, as there is a lady on board!

Then we must go back a good many years to learn who the lady is and all about her; of her childhood, and her father, who perpetrated the biggest financial swindle of his day and went to prison for it. Now forward again, to learn how the lady happened to marry the "parfait knight" who is the captain of the *Ferndale*, and be sailing around the world with him.

And finally, we go far, far ahead, when young Mr. Powell (now perhaps no longer quite so young) is advised, in regard to one whose champion he has been since first he saw her—that "the science of life consists in seizing every chance that presents itself."

And so a happy ending, if mellowed and

tempered with the passing years and their toll of sorrows.

LADIES WITHOUT MONEY

And now to get back to—Glasgow, let us say. Although is it any fault of the buildings in the Main Street of the home town if they look strangely mean and shrunken after one has been gazing upward at the topmost gilded tower of a metropolitan sky-scraper?

To make the descent from Conrad less sudden, we might pause midway to glance at Mr. Galsworthy's new play for women called "The Fugitive" (Scribner). Galsworthy is said to be Conrad's best "shore" friend, so one may imagine they have had some lively tilts over feminism. For Galsworthy seems to say that if women are not born for the "attack," they should be trained for it. Instead of the "hey-ho" refrain from the old English hunting song, "This day a stag must die," which Mr. Galsworthy takes as the text for his play, he might have used the words of one of the characters, "God help all ladies without money."

What is a woman, or rather a lady, to do if she can no longer live in honor with her husband, and has neither money nor the capacity for earning it? Must she be hunted, especially if she be young and pretty, like "The Fugitive," covert to covert, until she is finally run down?

If so, instead of helping working women, we are all for pensioning ladies. They need it more. Either ladies should have money—or they should not be ladies. Once more Mr. Galsworthy shows himself interested in social wrongs and maladjustments, and on the side of the weak.

THE NEW-STYLE HAPPY ENDING

But putting "ladies" aside, the favorite fiction heroine to-day is a forthputting young woman, who not only proposes marriage to the man, but insists upon her right to support him. (And yet there are men opposed to feminism!) Nor is the feminist heroine called upon to make the old choice between marriage and a career, between being a school-teacher and having babies. She reaches out two hands and takes both.

In "The Precipice," by Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, for example (Houghton, Mifflin), we have the feminist marriage, which at

the same time provides an absolutely new happy ending. Mrs. Peattie's heroine agrees to marry the man, but will go on with her work for children (other people's children) in Chicago, while he will stay with his mines in Colorado. Some day they may settle down to a common hearthstone.

Her title is Mrs. Peattie's agreement with Conrad that feminism has its risks. But she makes the Chicago University graduate say that she is not afraid. Women must "break into the human race," from which—this may be news to some—they are now excluded. They must make themselves as necessary to the commonwealth as were the old-time chatelaines with their big households and multifarious duties. As for marriage, it must be made a luxury and a privilege, not a necessity. To this end, agreeing with Galsworthy, Mrs. Peattie says woman must have her own money—in addition to her own a good many other things.

As fiction, "The Precipice" is not highly interesting, but as a declaration of feminist principles it is a little exciting. Truly, when Ibsen's Nora slammed the door of her "Doll's House," now many years ago, no one could have foretold how popular door-slamming was to become.

THE OLD STYLE

But Mr. Samuel Merwin, redoubtable champion of feminism as he is, balks at the new-style happy ending in his story "Anthony the Absolute" (Century). When we are all ready for some such solution, in order to escape sad renunciation and parting, Mr. Merwin has the woman exercise the old-fashioned, unfeministic prerogative of changing her mind.

So although Mr. Merwin injects some feministic doctrine into his book, his chief aim, as the ending seems to prove, has been to tell a story of the long-approved love and adventure kind. Given a man so old-fashioned as to think he has the right to chase his wife around the globe with a gun, when she chooses to leave him, and an up-to-date feminist Don Quixote, who thinks a fair Dulcinea in distress has a right to do as she pretty well pleases—especially if she can sing quarter and even eighth tones—and you have matter for a first-rate story.

Which "Anthony the Absolute" is, and very well told. So home and to bed with it, as old Pepys might say.

WOMEN—NOWADAYS

"What the hell's come over women nowadays?" George Middleton makes the father exclaim in his play called "Nowadays" (Holt). For Mr. Middleton (yes, he's married to "Miss" Fola La Follette), although a feminist convert, appreciates the consternation spreading in some households over this new revolt of women.

Here not only does a daughter persist in making a career for herself, against her father's wishes, but Mother is beginning to tell Father his pipe is probably where he put it! Moreover, the secret is out that the mother has been sending money to the daughter (doesn't the father help the worthless son?), and has earned it herself.

A pretty state of affairs, indeed, and Mr. Middleton so nicely holds the balance that one can sympathize with the bewildered father as well as with the recalcitrant women-folks. After the daughter has won the sculpture prize, she asks Peter to marry her. She can afford the pumpkin-shell very well, even if he can not. She may even be able to give him an allowance. And Peter, being a reporter on a progressive paper in a small town, accepts—wisely, as it seems to us.

A pleasing comedy of contemporary American life, with an answer to "what's coming over women nowadays?"

MILITANCY IN LOVE

It is strange nobody ever thought of it before. Wild oats, for a boy, of course, but "Garden Oats" for a girl. Only it seems a little inconsistent that in her story of this title (Lane), which is the latest 1914 feminist model, Alice Herbert should be willing to admit any difference between the oats sown by a man and those sown by a woman.

"Oats for Women!" say we, as wild as those for men.

It may be significant, however, that the oats of Mrs. Herbert's heroine are chiefly talk. She is out to throw rocks at the conventions and man-made assumptions. She would drop the "maidenly business," and do "the manny part of making love." Instead of simpering, "How dare you, sir," she would hold him fast.

Whereupon, it will be seen, timid male lovers should be on their guard, since militancy is to be carried even into the fields of love.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of
a chestnut is in the
ear of the stranger."



EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

A telegraph-clerk in an outlying district of the Sudan found the desolation getting the better of his nerves and telegraphed to headquarters: "Can't stay here; am in danger of life; surrounded by lions, elephants, and wolves."

The hard-hearted clerk at headquarters wired back: "There are no wolves in the Sudan."

The next day the desolate one replied: "Referring to my wire of the 16th, cancel wolves."

At the time of the *Vollurno* disaster a literary critic for a certain New York newspaper was acting as substitute for a copy-reader who was ill. It fell to him to write a head for the story of the disaster. The story was full of thrills, of course, and he was told to condense them all in a big black line to extend across the page, leading the paper. He thought for some time, tore up several attempts, and finally submitted this: "O Restless Seal!"

The governor of an Eastern state was so annoyed by office-seekers that he was compelled to make a public announcement through the press that, in view of the great number of applications for office, it would be impossible for him to give consideration to them all.

A few days after this announcement the governor received the following hastily scrawled letter:

"Honorable Mr. Governor: I see by this morning's paper that you be going to take a few weeks off to destroy thousands of applications for jobs. Mr. Governor, I ask, if everything else is gone, may I have the job of helping you tear up the letters?"

Irving Fisher, head of the Political Economy Department at Yale, tells this story of a professor of drawing who is remarkably absent-minded.

"Not long ago my colleague had occasion to take a cab, and, looking around, he espied one coming in his direction, drawn by a miserable specimen of horse-flesh. He signaled to the cabman and was about to enter the conveyance when, glancing at the horse, he stopped short in dismay.

"'What's this, driver?' queried he in a most reproving tone.

"'A horse, of course, sir.'

"'A horse, eh?' mused the professor, abstractedly. 'Well, rub it out and do it over again.'"

The lady of the house was explaining things to the new colored maid.

"An' what's this, missus?" asked the girl, indicating a metal bottle.

"That is a bottle which will keep things either hot or cold, whichever you desire," replied the mistress.

"Well, foh the land sake!" ejaculated the

girl. "How is it gwine to know whether you want things hot or cold?"

Colonel William C. Gorgas, Surgeon-General of the Army, tells this story about a National Guard encampment last summer:

"Jim Wheeler, a new volunteer who had not quite learned his business, was on sentry duty one night, when a friend, knowing his fondness for pie, brought him one from the canteen.

"While he sat quietly on the grass devouring the pie the major sauntered up in undress uniform. Not recognizing him, the sentry did not salute, so the major stopped and asked: 'What's that you have there?'"

"'Pie,' answered Jim, good-naturedly. 'Squash pie. Have a bite?'"

"The major frowned. 'Do you know who I am?' he asked haughtily.

"'No,' the sentry answered, 'unless you're the major's groom.'"

"The major shook his head.

"The barber from the village?"

"'No!' thundered the other.

"'Maybe—' the sentry laughed—'maybe you're the major himself!'"

"'I am the major,' came the stern reply.

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed the sentry. 'Hold the pie, will you, while I present arms!'"



A section foreman on a Southern railway heard the following conversation between two of his dusky laborers:

"Jim, you bettah come here an' he'p me. I's takin' up fer you."

"How's dat?"

"W'y, dis here niggah say you ain't fit fer de dawgs, an' Ah tole him yes you is!"

"Oh," said the Boston girl fervently, as she scanned the jeweled heavens, "I do *love* the constellation of Orion! It is *so* becoming to Beacon Street!"

A young matron, giving a dinner party, was nervous lest the new cook might not prove equal to the occasion. Going down to the kitchen at the eleventh hour she exclaimed:

"Why, Ellen! If we haven't forgotten all about the entrées!"

"Shure enough we have, mum!" replied Ellen, poising in mid-air a large platter she was wiping. "Ain't we the couple of blunder-headed mutts!"

Tommy was throwing stones, and his mother caught him at it.

"Don't let me catch you throwing stones any more," she cautioned him.

"Well, what will I do when the other fellows throw them at me?" demanded Tommy.

"Just come and tell me."

"Tell you!" he exclaimed. "Why, you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn!"

Jim Brown lives in a community noted for the corruption of its politics. He drove into town the other day with an old horse.

"Hello," said his friend Bill. "That horse of yours looks almost old enough to vote."

"Ye-as," drawled Jim. "He *has* voted two or three times."

Chaplain Silver of the United States Military Academy tells this story:

A wind was blowing the sand about down at the maneuver camp at Texas City, and a good deal of it sifted into one of the kitchens. Of course, some got into the food.

A lieutenant, inspecting during the mess hour, heard one man grumbling. "Did you enter the army to serve your country or to grumble?" he demanded sternly.

The man stood up, saluted, and replied: "I enlisted to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."

During a recent examination of enlisted men in Uncle Sam's navy this question was asked: Name the principal parts of a sentence.

The answer was: Solitary confinement and bread and water.

A clever member of the Manhattan Club of New York was being painfully bored by his vis-à-vis at a table in the café one evening. It developed that the second was as dull as the other was bright.

Finally the conversation became unendurable to the first member. In his desperation he chanced to observe a man at the far end of the dining-room yawning in a manner that threatened to dislocate his jaws.

"Look!" he exclaimed. "We are overheard!"



EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

TRUMBULL WHITE, MANAGING EDITOR

PUBLISHED BY
THE RIDGWAY
COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY
PRESIDENT
RAY BROWN
SECY AND TREASURER



SPRING & MACDOUGAL STS. NEW YORK CITY

STRAIGHT TALK
WITH
EVERYBODY'S
PUBLISHERS

THE letters that follow are typical of comment that we have been getting on Mr. Creel's article in the May EVERYBODY'S called "Full Time for the Church Plant."

They are typical, too, of the positions being taken within the churches throughout the country toward propositions for church socialization. One group opposes them, shocked at any change in the established forms, sincerely fearing that religion is in danger of losing spirituality. The "insurgents," on the other hand, realizing that spiritual faculties can not arbitrarily be set off by themselves, believe that the church must reach the *whole* man. They believe that when Christianity breaks through old observances or fixed traditions it is only proving its living power to adapt itself to changing conditions.

As with other things, the test of the new idea lies in its capacity to meet a need. The churches have been losing ground. Perhaps E. L. W.'s reason is the right one. Perhaps the new idea of socialization is the remedy. At any rate, there are signs that socialization is spreading—more, as E. L. W. says, in the North than in the South, but by no means in New York and New England alone.

Do you remember Mr. Creel's article a few years ago on the Insurgent Sunday-school? There were the two types of comment then as now. New methods in the Sunday-school are still spreading. Whether or not there are to be similarly radical

changes in church administration, the churches do seem headed away from the old insistence on dogma at the cost of humanness.

DISAPPROVAL FROM DIXIE

May I protest in your Straight Talk space against the sentiments set forth in the article by George Creel, in your issue for May, entitled "Full Time for the Church Plant"?

No more pointed evidence of the decay of Protestantism could have been given than this article affords. The church and its buildings exist not to amuse or entertain, but to minister to the moral and spiritual needs of mankind. Roman Catholicism sets the example before the whole world of tending strictly to the business of ministering, in its way, according to its conception, to the spiritual and moral needs of its votaries. How would the proposal be received by the parish priest to turn the church buildings into a picture-show or a dance-hall?

Through the whole Southland Protestantism is a mighty living power, and there are more church members and more regular church attendants south of Mason and Dixon's line than anywhere else in the United States. The ministry in the South is not chasing fads, but preaching the old-time Gospel.

I am a constant reader of EVERYBODY'S, and see much in it to admire, but such articles as the above-mentioned one miss the mark. The eighteenth century was more brutally materialistic than our own, but out of it rose a great spiritual movement. We shall have another such movement ere long. Spiritual progress has never been in straight lines, but rather along the crooked line. The matter of religion in New York and New England has fallen into the

hands of a professional clergy with more culture than heart religion—the class that is afraid of the emotional.

E. L. WENDELL,
Pastor First Baptist Church.

Nashville, Ill.

SOME CHURCHES WORK "FULL TIME"

Your article on "Full Time for the Church Plant" is very much to the point. George Creel has again made a correct diagnosis of a church situation. His article a few years ago on the Insurgent Sunday-school was an admirable interpretation, and in its spirit was prophetic of developments that have since taken place. The Sunday-school is continually changing along the lines Mr. Creel described, continually adapting itself to the actual needs of actual children. Mr. Creel has pointed out the course for church insurgency with equal clearness.

But he seems hardly to be aware of the ferment of insurgency already stirring inside the church. Doubtless the brevity of his article made it impossible for him to pick out exceptions; yet, even with that allowance, his statement of conditions falls farther short of optimism than it should. The idea of church socialization is already planted and in some sections growing rapidly.

In Hartford, Conn., there is a down-town church which has a real community center, with the reading and rest rooms, parlors, and stage appliances which Mr. Creel mentions a bit defiantly, as if no one had them. In Kansas City a church in the heart of the shopping district is open throughout the day and evening, and is used by hundreds of shop-girls and stenographers at noon-time. Numerous churches have moving-pictures as a regular weekly feature; a good many provide facilities for dancing and games. Los Angeles is building a wonderfully well-equipped social church. Cleveland's Federation of Churches is noteworthy for its cooperation with community institutions in the service of the city. One Cleveland church has related itself by paid or voluntary workers to seventy community institutions.

In Benzon, a township in southern Michigan, a country church, once looked upon as a mere building for six days out of seven, is now a high-powered parish plant, meeting the needs of an entire township. At Hanover, N. J., the little country church is the center of all the activities of the farmers, including granges, institutes, entertainments. The University of Wisconsin Bulletin on Rural Social Centers lists four community churches. The Department of Church and Country Life of one of the leading denominations recently issued a bulletin describing fifty country parishes in the state of Ohio, all of which have the forward look.

I do not wish to appear to be controverting

Mr. Creel's analysis. I am deeply grateful for it, and it is bound to be of service in spreading the new spirit—in inspiring people to prove that Christianity is a living, growing, changing force, and not something to be carefully preserved under glass. The instances I have given (even multiplied as many times as I could multiply them) may still be called exceptions, perhaps, but they do indicate a definite tendency and a rapid development.

R. E. DIFFENDORFER,
Secretary, Missionary Education Movement,
New York.

THE CHURCHES AREN'T "LOSING"

"Reliable statistics prove that the denominations are losing ground instead of gaining."

This is the statement of George Creel in the opening paragraph of his article, "Full Time for the Church Plant," in the May EVERYBODY'S. I wish to call in question the accuracy of this statement. H. K. Carroll, former Commissioner of Religious Statistics of the United States, has given the very opposite of this statement, and we have always believed that he was reliable. The Reformed Church in the United States has more than doubled its membership in the last quarter of a century, and has advanced at a remarkable pace in every department of its work. Other denominations have done the same. It would at least be the part of wisdom for writers to investigate a subject before subjecting the reading public to such statements.

Mr. Carroll says: "Considering the immense difficulties the churches have had to encounter, the growth of the last twenty years has been most remarkable. There never was, it is safe to say, a more active double decade in the history of the country. The problem of finance alone, which has been carried to a successful solution, would have brought a paralysis of discouragement upon a previous generation. The building of new churches for new communities; of costly cathedrals and churches of modern character and equipment in cities and towns; the call for home and foreign missions, schools, colleges, hospitals, and other necessary church institutions—these and similar demands have tested the loyalty and resources of church members.

The net gain in membership for the twenty years (1890-1910) was 14,626,989—a growth of nearly 71 per cent.

As to the use of the church every day—not many active congregations in the cities fail in that; but as to having dances, card-parties, and other suggested amusements in the church—many, thank God, are opposed, and rightly, as there are other amusements and entertainments which are helpful and uplifting, instead of degrading.

J. J. L.

Akron, Ohio.